



Class _____

Book _____

PRESENTED BY



F.C. Compté-Calix. Pinx.

J. Cousen Sc.

YOUTH AND AGE.

ILLUSTRATED
HOME BOOK

OF
POETRY AND SONG.

COMPRISING CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS OF
ALL LANDS AND AGES.

EDITED BY ELMO. *Elmo*

Handford, Thomas W.

WITH SIXTY FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL AND WOOD BY DALZIEL,
MCINTYRE, LUMLEY, CUTTS, IRENE JEROME, COMPTE-CALIX,
DE HAAS, HART, AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

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PREFACE.

It is impossible to over estimate the value of poetry. It stands in the front rank of those great educational forces that serve to develope and enrich the human mind. There is a habit—growing more and more common—on the part of some people, of speaking slightly of poetry, as though it were almost exclusively the expression of shallow sentiment. This habit is a pure affectation, to be accounted for mainly on the ground of general ignorance, and the absolute lack of any poetic faculty.

It is a difficult thing to define poetry; some things are so great, so beautiful, so comprehensive, that they outrun all the limits of possible definition. Our scales are not large enough to weigh the high mountains; our balances are too small for the everlasting hills. Any definition of poetry that regarded it as the expression of sentiment only, would be both misleading and incomplete. The greatest and deepest truths of the ages have fallen from the lips of poets, from the days of Job to the poets of these later years. The gravest and the sweetest lessons of life have come to us robed in poetic garments; the gladdest messages of hope, and the saddest requiems of despair, have alike been swept from the poet's harp.

Poets are the revealers and conservators of the highest truth. At their girdles hang the keys that lead to halls of solemn thought, and palaces of sweet enchantment; they are guides to nature's treasured glories, and the best exponents of her beauty. If they cannot solve all the problems of life, they at least succeed in investing life with majestic meanings. SHAKESPEARE, with firm and fearless tread, has entered the secret chambers of heart and mind, and has penetrated the very Arcana of the soul; he has marched along the sounding corridors of history, and made dead heroes live; and, because he has dealt with primal and universal truths he has become not the English poet of the Sixteenth century alone, but the poet of all lands and ages. JOHN MILTON essayed the task of investigating the Origin of Evil, and wrought at his chosen work till Satan looked sublime, and the fallen chiefs of hell assumed an august mien. So fully did he expound that "great

disobedience," that there is but one conclusion left, and that is:—that man must indeed be great or he could not so greatly fall; and in that conclusion the poet discovers for us the only possible germ of future hope. GOETHE has fathomed so completely the mystery of ever-recurring temptation, that he has made the world his debtor forever.

These poets of the past, are kings and rulers in the realms of thought; kings who abide in power, untouched by the caprices of men, or even the revolution of years.

"Behind their forms the form of Time is found,
His scythe reversed and both his pinions bound."

They were not singers of empty, barren songs; they did not challenge the world's attention to shallow sentiment; but set the greatest truths to glad, sweet, pensive music, and we, through the poets very largely, have become

"The heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of Time."

The singers of the elder years deserve a high place in the world's grateful thought. They enriched all ages by their legacies of song; but they have had worthy successors in these later years. It requires diligent study to keep abreast of the growth of modern poetry. We may not have every year a MILTON or a LONGFELLOW, a SWINBURNE, a LOWELL, or an ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING; but every spring time brings fresh flowers to make the waste places beautiful; and every autumn brings new corn to enrich the garner of the earth; and every year, new singers break the silence, and gladden the world's heart with melody and song; and, though the old wine may be richer by reason of its age, the new wine should not be despised. And such is the bountifulness of these later songs, that a large volume would be required annually to represent them fully.

In this connection it may be remarked that the higher education of women which has obtained during the last thirty or forty years has done much to develop in them the poetic taste, if it has not actually inspired poetic genius. THOMAS DE QUINCEY believed and declared that a female poet was an impossibility, but ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING lived to prove how a great Essayist could be mistaken. From her quiet home in Wimpole Street, London, and later from Casa Guidi windows in Florence, she sang through much suffering such songs as have made good the claim of womanhood to a lofty place in the temple of literature. Indeed, PETER

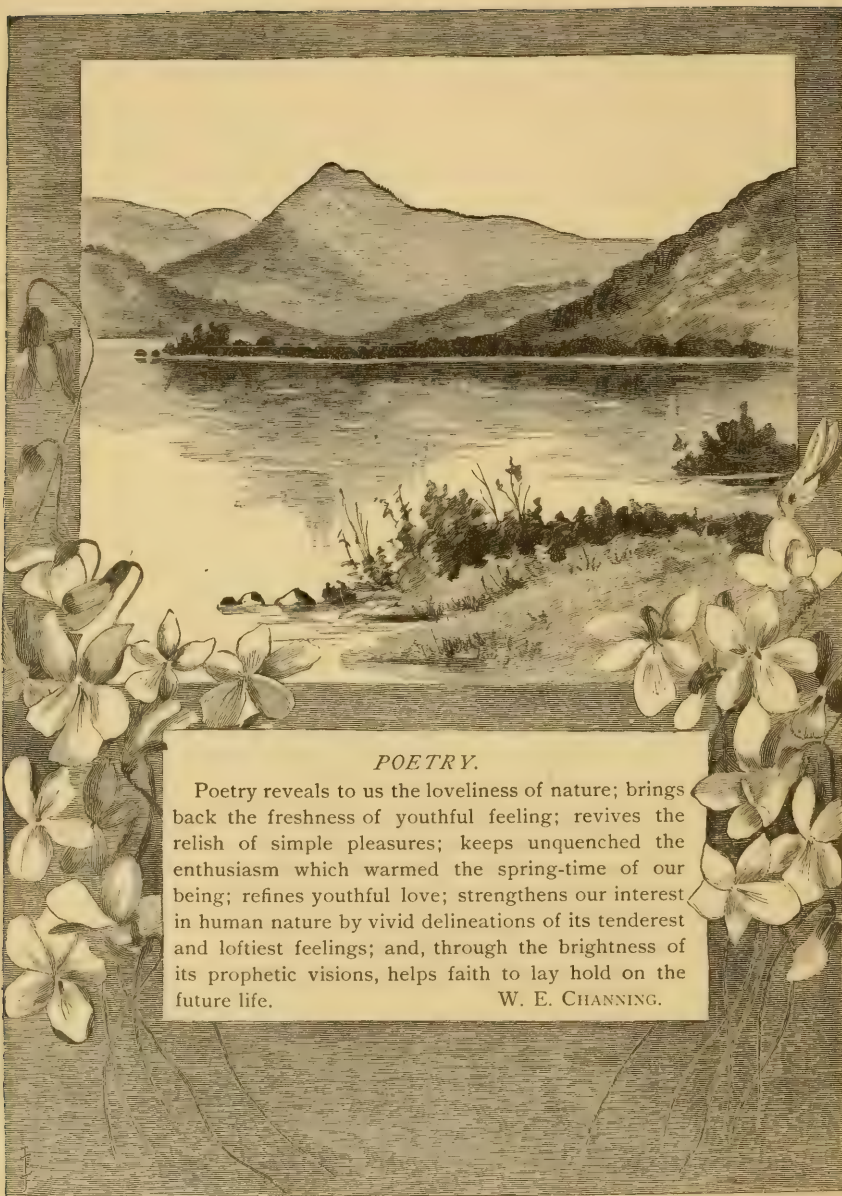
BAYNE, a critic of the first order and authority says, writing of MRS. BROWNING: "The reader may not be prepared to sympathize with me in the feelings with which I regard the poems of MRS. BARRETT BROWNING. * * * * * Allowing that between her and SHAKSPEARE, as well as between SHAKSPEARE and many other men, there can be instituted no comparison; I, yet, deliberately assign her the same place among women that SHAKSPEARE occupies among men." This is, indeed, high praise, but it is not without sufficient foundation. MRS. BROWNING has set the precedent, and has been followed by such women as JEAN INGELow, and ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER; and, in the days to come, we may fairly anticipate large legacies of song from the daughters of the land.

The Illustrated Home Book of Poetry and Song is the result of the study of many years, and aims to present in reasonable compass a comprehensive and exhaustive selection of the brightest gems of poetry from ancient and modern mines. For the student, this book will be found to be invaluable, containing as it does the choicest and best selections from the poets of all lands, from Chaucer down to the last candidate for poetic fame. In the home, this selection is without a rival, and will be found to be eminently suitable for fireside reading. As a volume for presentation, nothing could be more desirable.

The editor, from different standpoints, has surveyed the whole field of poetry, and with long and patient care has scught to gather together in the following pages, only what is best. No great poet has been overlooked, and many unknown poets have been introduced. The singers of the olden times have not been forgotten. He has turned the pages of ancient books

"Or at times a modern volume. Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl,
Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie—
Or from Browning some 'pomegranate,' which, if cut deep down the middle
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

Great care has been taken in the arrangement of a three-fold index to authors, subjects, and first lines, to make the Illustrated Home Book of Poetry and Song a book of easy reference.



POETRY.

Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature; brings back the freshness of youthful feeling; revives the relish of simple pleasures; keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being; refines youthful love; strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings; and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

W. E. CHANNING.

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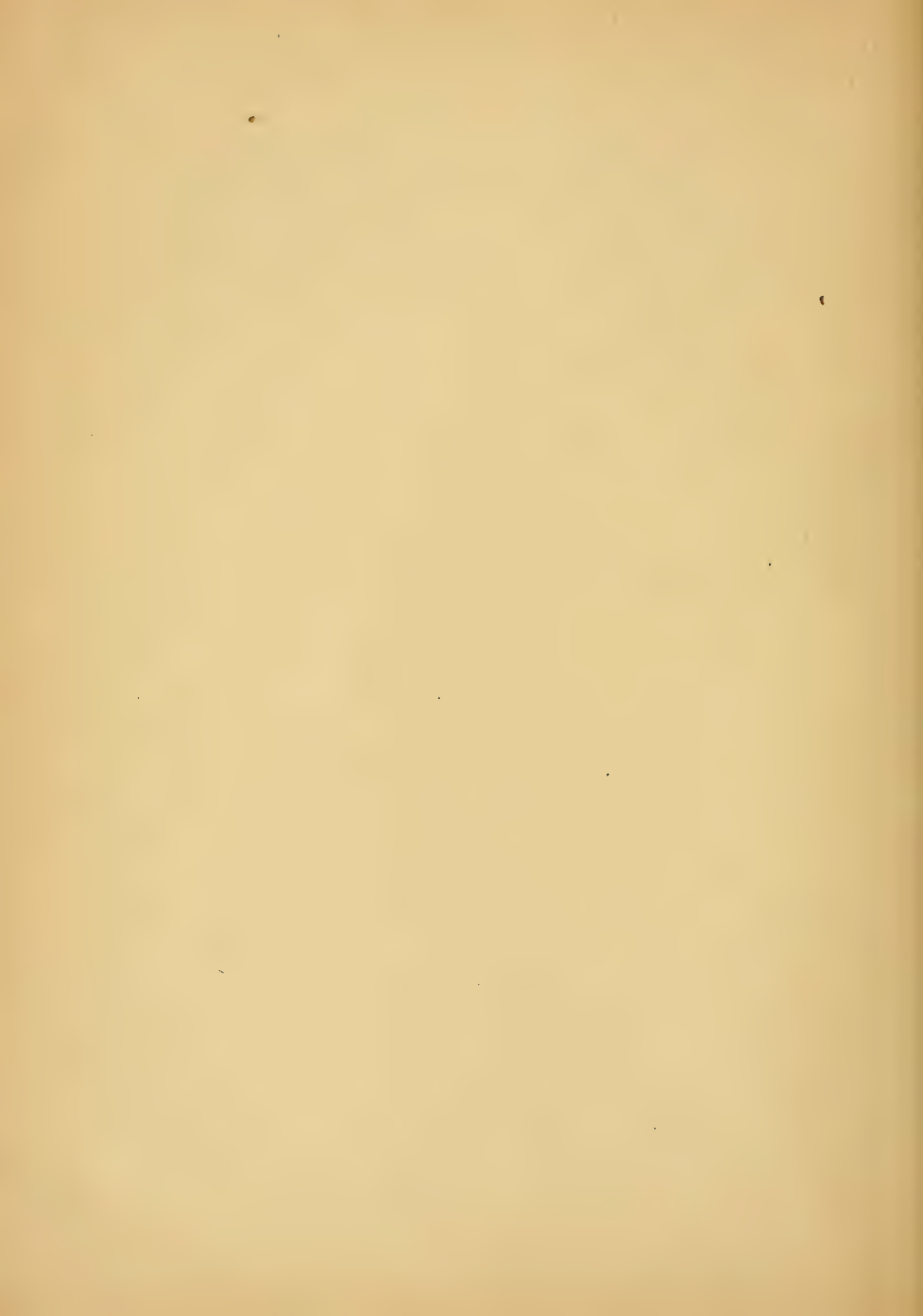
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ILLUSTRATED HOME BOOK

OF POETRY AND SONG.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not made with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along;
How those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or
weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the joys that came down shower-like
Of Friendship, Love and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,
Which tells me Youth's no longer here.
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
The vesper bell hath not yet tolled
And thou wert aye a masker ball!
What strange disguise hast thou put on,
To make-believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,

This drooping gait, this altered size;
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes,
Life is but thought; so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.
Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
When we are old;
With oft and tedious taking-leave;
Like some poor nigh related guest,
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while
And tells the jest without the smile.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

NIGHT SONG.

THE moon is up in splendor,
And golden stars attend her;
The heavens are calm and bright;
Trees cast a deepening shadow,
And slowly off the meadow
A mist is rising silver-white.
Night's curtains now are closing
Round half a world reposing
In calm and holy trust,
All seems one vast, still chamber,
Where weary hearts remember
No more the sorrows of the dust.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.

NASEBY.

O, WHEREFORE come ye forth in triumph
 from the north,
 With your hands, and your feet, and your
 raiment all red?
 And wherefore doth your route send forth
 a joyous shout?
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-
 press that ye tread?

O, evil was the root, and bitter was the
 fruit,
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage
 that we trod;
 For we trampled on the throng of the
 haughty and the strong,
 Who sate in the high places and slew the
 saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of
 June
 That we saw their banners dance and their
 cuirasses shine,
 And the man of blood was there, with his
 long essenced hair,
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Ru-
 pert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his bible
 and his sword,
 The General rode along us to form us for
 the fight;
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and
 swelled into a shout
 Among the godless horsemen upon the
 tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on
 the shore,
 The cry of battle rises along their charging
 line:
 For God! for the cause!—for the Church!
 for the laws!
 For Charles, king of England, and Rupert
 of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clar-
 ions and his drums,
 His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of White-
 hall;
 They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp
 your pikes! Close your ranks!
 For Rupert never comes but to conquer, or
 to fall.

They are here,—they rush on,—we are
 broken,—we are gone,—
 Our left is borne before them like stubble
 on the blast.
 O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, de-
 fend the right!
 Stand back to back, in God's name! and
 fight it to the last!

Stout Skippen hath a wound,—the center
 hath given ground.
 Hark! hark! what means the trampling of
 horsemen on our rear?
 Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he!
 thank God! 'tis he, boys!
 Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is
 here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points
 all in a row,
 Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge
 on the dikes,
 Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of
 the accurst,
 And at a shot have scattered the forest of
 his pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook
 to hide
 Their coward heads, predestined to rot on
 Temple Bar;
 And he—he turns! he flies! shame on those
 cruel eyes
 That bore to look on torture, and dare not
 look on war!

Ho, comrades! scour the plain; and ere ye
strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search
secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their
broad pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of
the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and
your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your
lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox from her
chambers in the rocks
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above
the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked
at heaven and hell and fate?
And the fingers that once were so busy with
your blades?
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches
and your oaths!
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your
diamonds and your spades?

Down! down! forever down, with the miter
and the crown!
With the Belial of the court, and the Mam-
mon of the Pope!
There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail
in Durham's stalls;
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop
rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her
children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge
of England's sword;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder
when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for
the houses and the word!

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

UNDER THE SNOW.

A STORY IN RHYME.

It was Christmas Eve in the year fourteen,
And, as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
The wildest winter they ever had seen,
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell.

When wagoner John got out his team,
Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray,
With the light in his eyes of a young man's
dream,
As he thought of his wedding on New
Year's Day

To Ruth, the maid with the bonnie brown
hair,
And eyes of the deepest, sunniest blue,
Modest and winsome, and wondrous fair,
And true to her troth, for her heart was
true.

"Thou's surely not going!" shouted mine
host;

"Thou'll be lost in the drift, as sure as thou's
born;

Thy lass cannot want to wed wi' a ghost,
And that's what thou'll be on Christmas
morn

"It's eleven long miles from Skipton toon
To Blueberg hooses and Washburn dale;
Thou had better turn back and sit thee doon,
And comfort thy heart wi' a drop o' good
ale."

Turn the swallows flying south,
Turn the vines against the sun,
Herds from rivers in the drouth,
Men must dare or nothing's done.

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way?
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December
to May.

But the wind from the north brings a deadly
chill,
Creeping into his heart, and the drifts are
deep
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blue-
berg hill,
He is weary and falls in a pleasant sleep,

And dreams he is walking by Washburn
side,
Walking with Ruth on a summer's day,
Singing that song to his bonnie bride,
His own wife now forever and aye.

Now read me this riddle, how Ruth should
hear
That song of a heart in the clutch of doom:
It stole on her ear, distinct and clear,
As if her lover was in the room.

And read me this riddle, how Ruth should
know,
As she bounds to throw open the heavy
door,
That her lover is lost in the drifting snow,
Dying or dead, on the great wild moor.

"Help! help! Lost! lost!"
Rings through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded and tempest-tossed,
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night,
Into the drifts by Blueberg hill,
Pullan, Ward, Robinson, each with his
light,
To find her there holding him white and
still.

"He was dead in the drift, then,"
I hear them say,
As I listen in wonder,
Forgetting to play,
Fifty years since come Christmas Day.

"Nay, nay, they were wed!" the dalesman
cried,
"By Parson Carmalt o' New Year's Day.
Bonnie Ruth were me great-great-grand
sire's bride,
And Maister Frankland gave her away."

"But how did she find him under the
snow?"
They cried with a laughter, touched with
tears;
"Nay, lads," he said, softly, "we never can
know—
No! not if we live a hundred years.

There's a sight o' things gan
To the making o' man."
Then I rushed to my play
With a whoop and away,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

ROBERT COLLYER.

THE LAWYER'S INVOCATION TO SPRING.

WHEREAS, on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love, mid the aforesaid boughs, enshrines
In freehold nests; themselves, their heirs,
Administrators and assigns

O, busiest term of Cupid's Court,
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring,
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

LITTLE BELL.

PIPED the blackbird on the beachwood
spray,

"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,

What's your name," quoth he,—

"What's your name? O, stop and straight
unfold,

Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."—

"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,

Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks,—

"Bonny bird," quoth she,

"Sing me your best song before I go."

"Here's the very finest song I know,

Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard

Half so gay a song from any bird,—

Full of quips and wiles,

Now so loud and rich, now soft and slow,

All for love of that sweet face below,

Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour

His full heart freely o'er and o'er

'Neath the morning skies,

In the little childish heart below

All the sweetness seemed to grow and
grow,

And shine forth in happy overflow

From the blue bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the
glade,

Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,

And from out the tree

Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of
fear;

While the bold blackbird piped that all
might hear,—

"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern,—

"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;

Bring me nuts," quoth she.

Up away the frisky squirrel hies,—

Golden woodlights dancing in his eyes,—

And adown the tree

Great ripe nuts, kissed ripe by the July sun,
In the little lap dropped one by one.

Hark, how blackbird pipes to hear the fun!

"Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade,—

"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,

Come and share with me!"

Down came squirrel eager for his fare,

Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;

Little Bell gave each his honest share,—

Ah the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain

Piped and frisked from bough to bough
again,

'Neath the morning skies,

In the little childish heart below

All the sweetness seems to grow and grow,

And shine out in happy overflow

From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,

Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray;

Very calm and clear

Rose the praying voice to where unseen,

In the blue heaven, an angel shape serene

Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,

"That with happy heart beside her bed

Prays so lovingly?"

Low and soft, O, very low and soft,

Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,

"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel
fair

Murmured, "God doth bless with angels'
care;

Child, thy bed shall be

Folded safe from harm. Love deep and
kind,

Shall watch around and leave good gifts
behind,

Little Bell, for thee!"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

THE WATERING PLACE.

AROUND the adjoining brook that purls
 along
 The vocal grove, now falling o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
 Now startling to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffused into a limpid plain,
 A various group the herds and flocks com-
 pose,
 Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
 Which incomposed he shakes; and from
 his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
 To the first man thou mayest meet
 In lane, highway, or open street—

That he and we and all men move
 Under a canopy of love,
 As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
 And anguish, all are shadows vain,
 That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
 A dreary labyrinth may thread,
 Thro' dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
 The dreariest path, the darkest way
 Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
 Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
 All in our Father's house at last,

And ere thou leave him, say thou this,
 Yet one word more—they only miss
 The winning of that final bliss.

Who will not count it true, that Love,
 Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
 And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,
 That to believe these things are so,
 This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife
 With blessing, all with curses rife,
 That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

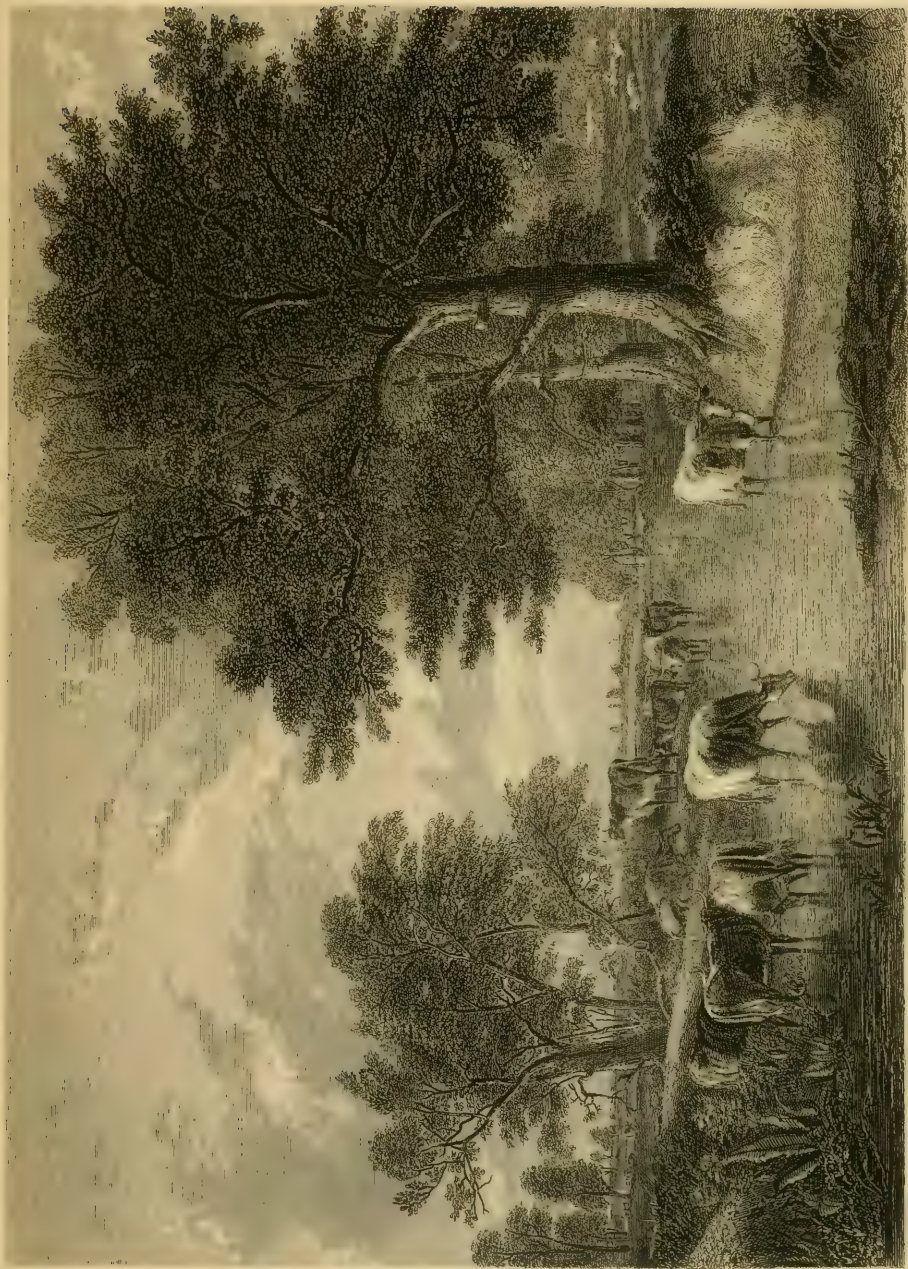
TO HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Niccan barks of yore
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary way-worn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece,
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand!
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
 Are holy land!

EDGAR A. POE.



THE COWS' PLACE

RULES AND LESSONS.

WHEN first thy eies unveil, give thy soul
leave

To do the like, our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and
heave

Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.
Give Him Thy first thoughts then; soshalt
thou keep

Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer shou'd
Dawn with the day. There are set, awful
hours

'Twixt heaven and us. The manna was
not good

After sun-rising; far-day sullies flowres.
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sine
glut,

And heaven's gate opens when this world's
is shut.

Walk with thy fellow creatures; note the
hush

And whispers amongst them. There's not
a spring

Or leafe but hath his morning hymn. Each
bush

And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou
not sing?

O leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not
go,

Until thou hast a blessing; then resigne
The whole unto Him; and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Poure oyle upon the stones; weep for thy
sin;

Then journey on, and have an eie to
heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries: the first world's
youth,

Man's resurrection, and the future's bud

Shroud in their births; the crown of life
light, truth

Is stil'd their starre, the stone, and hidden
food.

Three blessings wait upon them, two of
which

Should move: they make us holy, happy,
rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm
abroad,

Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each
clay;

Dispatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carri'd on, and safely may,
Yet keep those cares without thee, let the
heart

Be God's alone, and choose the better part,

Through all thy actions, counsels, and dis-
course,

Let mildness and religion guide thee out;
If truth be thine, what needs a brutish
force?

But what's not good and just ne'er go
about.

Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten
stick;

That gain is dreadful which makes spirits
sick.

To God, thy countrie, and thy friend be
true;

If priest and people change, keep thou thy
ground.

Who sels religion is a Judas Jew;

And, oathes once broke, the soul cannot be
sound.

The perjurer's a devil let loose: what can
Tie up his hands, that dares mock God and
man?

Seek not the same steps with the crowd;
stick thou

To thy sure trot; a constant, humble mind
Is both his own joy, and his Maker's too;

Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.
 A sweet self-privacy in a right soul
 Out-runs the earth, and lines the utmost
 pole.

To all that seek thee bear an open heart;
 Make not thy breast a labyrinth or trap;
 If tryals come, this will make good thy
 part,
 For honesty is safe, come what can hap;
 It is the good man's feast, the prince of
 flowres,
 Which thrives in storms, and smels best
 after showres.

Seal not thy eyes up from the poor; but
 give
 Proportion to their merits, and thy purse:
 Thou may'st in rags a mighty prince re-
 lieve,
 Who, when thy sins call for't, can fence a
 curse.
 Thou shalt not lose one mite. Though
 waters stray,
 The bread we cast returns in fraughts one
 day.

Spend not one hour so as to weep another,
 For tears are not thine own; if thou giv'st
 words,
 Dash not with them thy friend, nor heav'n;
 O smother
 A viperous thought; some syllables are
 swords.
 Unbitted tongues are in their penance
 double;
 They shame their owners, and their hearers
 trouble.

Injure not modest bloud, while spirits rise
 In judgment against lewdness; that's base
 wit,
 That voyds but filth and stench. Hast thou
 no prize
 But sickness or infection? stifle it.

Who makes his jest of sins, must be at
 least,
 If not a very devil, worse than beast.

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed;
 But meet to quench his longings and thy
 thirst;
 Allow your joyes religion; that done, speed,
 And bring the same man back thou wert at
 first.
 Who so returns not, cannot pray aright,
 But shuts his door, and leaves God out all
 night.

To heighten thy devotions, and keep low
 All mutinous thoughts, what business e'er
 thou hast,
 Observe God in His works; here fountains
 flow,
 Birds sing, beasts feed, fish leap, and th'
 earth stands fast;
 Above are restless motions, running lights,
 Vast circling azure, giddy clouds, days
 nights.

When seasons change, then lay before thine
 eies
 His wondrous method; mark the various
 scenes
 In heav'n; hail, thunder, rainbows, snow
 and ice,
 Calmes, tempests, light, and darknes by His
 means.
 Thou canst not misse His praise: each
 tree, herb, flowre,
 Are shadows of His wisdom and His
 pow'r.

To meales when thou doest come, give
 Him the praise
 Whose arm supplied thee; take what may
 suffice.

And then be thankful; O admire His ways
 Who fills the world's unempty'd granaries!

A thankless feeder is a thief, his feast
A very robbery, and himself no guest.

High-noon thus past, thy time decays; provide
Thee other thoughts; away with friends
and mirth;
The sun now stoops, and hastes his beams
to hide
Under the dark and melancholy earth.
All but preludes thy end. Thou art the
man
Whose rise, height, and descent is but a
span.

Yet, set as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all
Thy beams home with thee; trim thy lamp,
buy oyl,
And then set forth: who is thus drest, the
fall
Furthers his glory, and gives death the
foyl.
Man is a summer's day; whose youth and
fire
Cool to a glorious evening, and expire.

When night comes, list thy deeds; make
plain the way
'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with
delays;
But perfect all before thou sleep'st: then
say,
"Ther's one sun more strung on my bead
of days."
What's good score up for joy; the bad well
scann'd
Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's
hand.

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the
grave one hour
Before thy time; be not a stranger there,
Where thou may'st sleep whole ages; life's
poor flow'r
Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad spirits
fear

This conversation; but the good man lyes
Intombed many days before he dies.

Being laid, and drest for sleep, close not
thy eies
Up with thy curtains; give thy soul the
wing
In some good thoughts; so when the day
shall rise,
And thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks
will bring
New flames; besides where these lodge,
vain heats mourn
And die; that bush, where God is, shall
not burn.
When thy nap's over, stir thy fire, unrake
In that dead age; one beam i' th' dark out-
vies
Two in the day; then from the damps and
ake
Of night shut up thy leaves; be chaste;
God prys
Through thickest nights; though then the
sun be far,
Do thou the works of day, and rise a star.

Briefly, doe as thou would'st be done unto,
Love God, and love thy neighbour; watch,
and pray.
These are the words and works of life; this
do
And live; who doth not thus, hath lost
heav'n's way.
O lose it not! look up, wilt thou change
those lights
For chains of darkness and eternal nights?

HENRY VAUGHAN.

I AM NOT OLD.

I AM not old—though years have cast
Their shadows on my way;
I am not old—though youth has pass'd
On rapid wings away.

For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose,
And sympathies and feelings high,
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

I am not old—Time may have set
“His signet on my brow,”
And some faint furrows there have met,
Which care may deepen now:
Yet love, fond love, a chaplet weaves
Of fresh, young buds and verdant leaves;
And still in fancy I can twine
Thoughts, sweet as flowers, that once were
mine.

PARK BENJAMIN.

FOR ANNIE.

THANK Heaven! the crisis—
The danger, is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last—
And the fever called “Living”
Is conquer'd at last.

Sadly, I know
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length;
But no matter!—I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly,
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart:—ah that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness—the nausea—
The pitiless pain—
Have ceased, with the fever
That madden'd my brain—
With the fever called “Living”
That burn'd in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures,
That torture the worst
Has abated—the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
Of Passion accurst;
I have drank of a water
That quenches all thirst:—

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground—
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed—
And, *to sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting, its roses—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies—
A rosemary odor,
Commingled with pansies—
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
 Bathing in many
 A dream of the truth
 And the beauty of Annie—
 Drowned in a bath
 Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kiss'd me
 She fondly caress'd,
 And then I fell gently
 To sleep on her breast—
 Deeply to sleep
 From the heaven of her brea st.

When the light was extinguish'd,
 She covered me warm,
 And she pray'd to the angels
 To keep me from harm—
 To the queen of the angels
 To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly
 Now, in my bed,
 (Knowing her love,)
 That you fancy me dead—
 And I rest so contently,
 Now, in my bed,
 (With her love at my breast.)
 That you fancy me dead—
 That you shudder to look at me,
 Thinking me dead:—

But my heart it is brighter
 Than all of the many
 Stars of the sky,
 For it sparkles with Annie—
 It glows with the light
 Of the love of my Annie—
 With the thought of the light
 Of the eyes of my Annie.

EDGAR A. POE.

DARKNESS IS THINNING.

DARKNESS is thinning; shadows are re-
 treating:
 Morning and light are coming in their
 beauty.
 Suppliant seek we, with an earnest outcry,
 God the Almighty.

So that our Master, having mercy on us,
 May repel languor, may bestow salvation,
 Granting us, Father, of Thy loving kind-
 ness

Glory hereafter!

This of His mercy, ever blessed Godhead,
 Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, give us—
 Whom through the wide world celebrate
 for ever

Blessing and glory!

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

NEW England's dead! New England's
 dead!

On every hill they lie;
 On every field of strife, made red
 By bloody victory.
 Each valley, where the battle pour'd
 Its red and awful tide,
 Beheld the brave New England sword
 With slaughter deeply dyed.
 Their bones are on the northern hill,
 And on the southern plain,
 By brook and river, lake and rill.
 And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
 And holy where they fell;
 For by their blood that land was bought,
 The land they loved so well.
 Then glory to that valiant band,
 The honor'd saviours of the land!

O, few and weak their numbers were—
 A handful of brave men;
 But to their God they gave their prayer,
 And rush'd to battle then.
 The God of battles heard their cry,
 And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
 Their flocks and herds without a fold,
 The sickle in the unshorn grain,
 The corn, half-garner'd, on the plain,
 And muster'd, in their simple dress,
 For wrongs to seek a stern redress,
 To right those wrongs, come weal, come
 wo,
 To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men? .
 And where are ye to-day?
 I call:—the hills reply again
 That ye have pass'd away;
 That on old Bunker's lonely height,
 In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
 The grass grows green, the harvest bright
 Above each soldier's mound.
 The bugle's wild and warlike blast
 Shall muster them no more;
 An army now might thunder past,
 And they heed not its roar.
 The starry flag, 'neath which they fought,
 In many a bloody day,
 From their old graves shall rouse them not,
 For they have passed away.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

THE IMMORTALITY OF GENIUS.

LANGUAGE provides poor symbols of ex-
 pression
 When roused Imagination, holding rein,
 Sends airy forms of grace in vast proces-
 sion
 Across the poet's brain.

An Orphic tongue would be too weak an
 agent
 To tell the tale of inspiration's hour;
 To paint an outline of the gorgeous page-
 ant,
 A Titian has no power.

The meagre written record of the closet
 Saves but a few, pale glimmering pearls—
 no more
 When the lashed waves roll inland to de-
 posit
 Their wealth along the shore.

The queen of Beauty and her blushing
 daughters
 In Crathis bathed — that old poetic
 stream—
 And each dark ringlet from the sparkling
 waters
 Imbided an amber gleam.

Thus thoughts that send and will send on
 forever,
 From the dim plains of long ago, a light,
 Caught from Imagination's golden river
 Their glow divinely bright.

When done with life, its fever, din, and
 jostle,
 How scant and poor a portion after all
 Of Nature's priest, and Art's renowned
 apostle
 Lies hid beneath the pall.

Though grazing herd and hosts with clang-
 ing sabres
 Their graves forgotten trample rudely
 o'er,
 To tribes and nations, through their crown-
 ing labors,
 They speak for evermore.

Oh, Genius! dowered with privilege im-
 mortal,
 Thus from the wastes of time to stretch
 thy hand,

And, with a touch unfold the glittering
portal
Of an enchanted land!

Death knows thee not, tho' long ago were
blended
Thy visible forms with undistinguished
clay;
The dead are they whose mission here is
ended—
Thy voice is heard to-day.

Heard on the honeyed lip of Juliet melt-
ing—
In dreaming Richard's cry of guilty
fear—
In shouts that rise above the night-storm
pelting
From old distracted Lear:

Heard in the organ-swell of Milton peal-
ing—
In Gray's elegaic sorrow for the past—
In flute-notes from the muse of Spenser
stealing,
In Dryden's Bugle's blast:

Heard in the matchless works of thy cre-
ation,
Speaking from canvas, scroll, and marble
lips,
In those deep awful tones of inspiration
That baffle death's eclipse.

W. H. C. HOSMER.

BABY SONG.

WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and
drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and
winks,

As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go;—
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!
Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?—
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony,—
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the bark of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And shipped from Heaven on an ebbing
tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's
breast—

Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick em-
brace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—

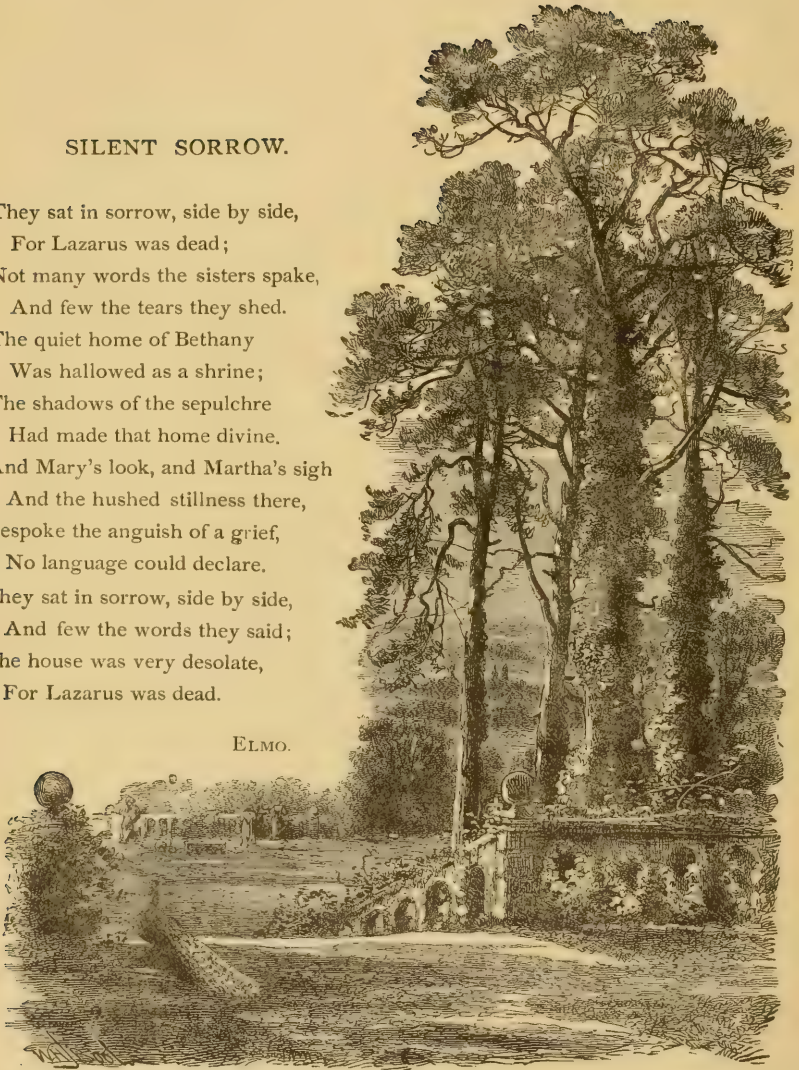
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

SILENT SORROW.

They sat in sorrow, side by side,
For Lazarus was dead;
Not many words the sisters spake,
And few the tears they shed.
The quiet home of Bethany
Was hallowed as a shrine;
The shadows of the sepulchre
Had made that home divine.
And Mary's look, and Martha's sigh
And the hushed stillness there,
Bespoke the anguish of a grief,
No language could declare.
They sat in sorrow, side by side,
And few the words they said;
The house was very desolate,
For Lazarus was dead.

ELMO.



JENNY KISSED ME!

JENNY kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in,
 Time, you thief! who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in.
 Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad;
 Say that health and wealth have missed
 me;
 Say I 'm growing old, but add—
 Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

EXCUSE.

I too have suffered. Yet I know
 She is not cold, though she seems so;
 She is not cold, she is not light;
 But our ignoble souls lack might.

She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
 While we for hopeless passion die;
 Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
 Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
 Was turned upon the sons of men;
 But light the serious visage grew—
 She looked, and smiled, and saw them
 through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
 Our labored puny passion-fits—
 Ah, may she scorn them still, till we
 Scorn them as bitterly as she!

Yet oh, that fate would let her see
 One of some worthier race than we—
 One for whose sake she once might prove
 How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights—
 His voice like sounds of summer nights—
 In all his lovely mien let pierce
 The magic of the universe!

And she to him will reach her hand,
 And gazing in his eyes will stand,
 And know her friend, and weep for glee,
 And cry—Long, long I 've looked for thee!

Then will she weep—with smiles, till then
 Coldly she mocks the sons of men.
 Till then her lovely eyes maintain
 Their gay, unwavering, deep disdain.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM
FATHERS IN NEW-ENGLAND.

“Look now abroad—another race has filled
 Those populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
 And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
 The land is full of harvests and green meads.”

BRYANT.

THE breaking waves dashed high,
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New-England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear;—
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea;
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
 rang
 To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam;
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
 This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band:
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod;—
 They have left unstained what there they
 found—
 Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE BROOKLET.

SWEET brooklet, ever gliding,
 Now high the mountains riding,
 The lone vale now dividing,
 Whither away?—

“With pilgrim course I flow,
 Or in summer's scorching glow;
 Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,
 Nor stoop, nor stay:
 For O, by high behest,
 To a bright abode of rest
 In my parent Ocean's breast,
 I hasten away!”

Many a dark morass,
 Many a craggy mass,
 Thy feeble force must pass;
 Yet, yet delay!—

“Though the marsh be dire and deep,
 Though the crag be stern and steep,
 On, on my course must sweep;
 I may not stay:

For O, be it east or west,
 To a home of glorious rest
 In a bright sea's boundless breast,
 I hasten away!”

The warbling bowers beside thee
 The laughing flowers that hide thee
 With soft accord they chide thee,—
 Sweet brooklet, stay!

“I taste of the fragrant flowers,
 I respond to the warbling bowers,
 And sweetly they charm the hours
 Of my winding way;

But ceaseless still in quest
 Of that everlasting rest
 In my parent's boundless breast,
 I hasten away!”

Knowest thou that dread abyss?
 Is it a scene of bliss?
 O, rather cling to this,—

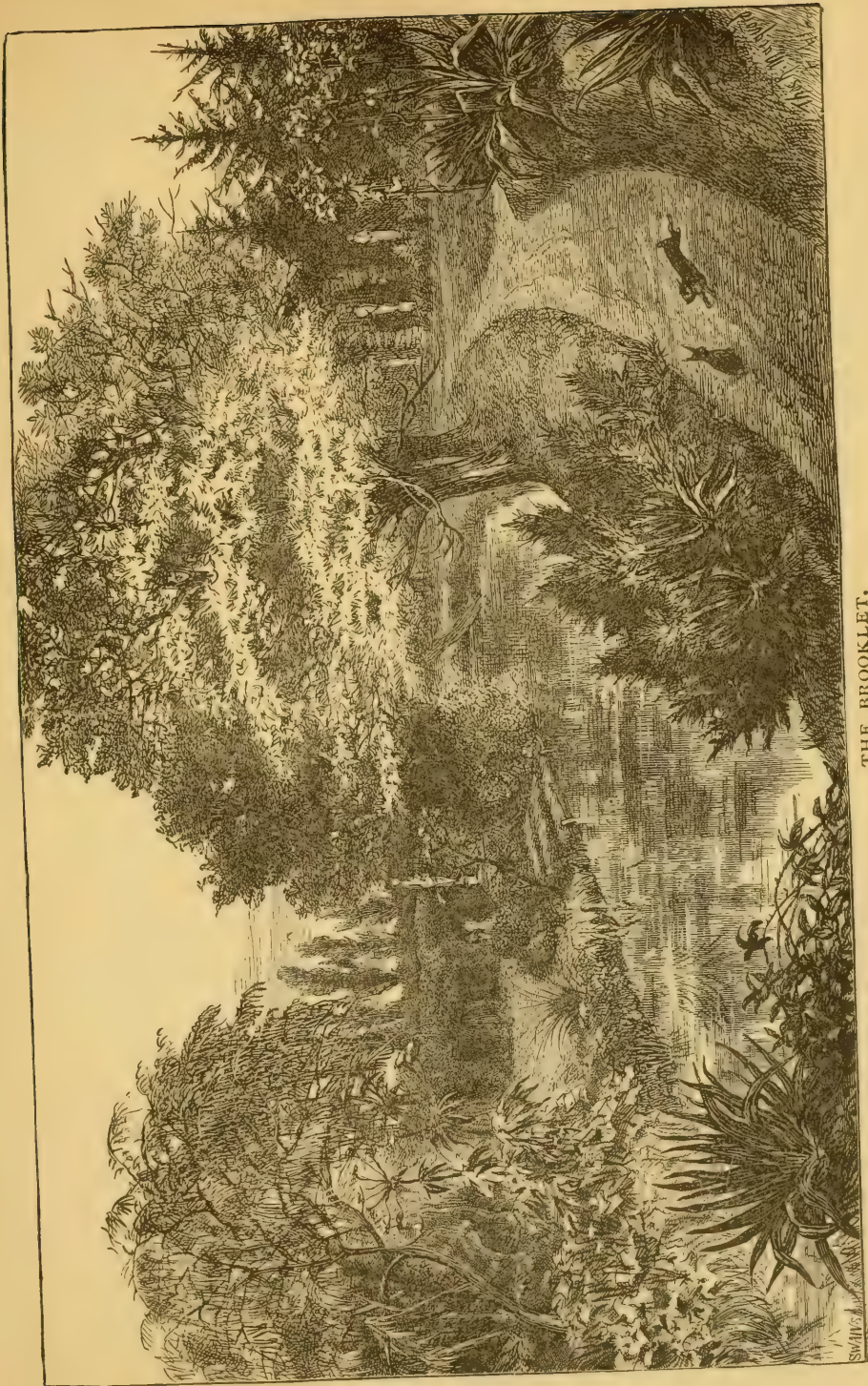
Sweet brooklet, stay!

“O, who shall fitly tell
 What wonders there may dwell
 That world of mystery well
 May strike dismay:
 But I know 't is my parent's breast;
 There held I must needs be blest,
 And with joy to that promised rest
 I hasten away!”

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of death,
 Rode the six hundred.
 Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Into the valley of death,
 Rode the six hundred;



THE BROOKLET.

For up came an order which
 Some one had blundered.
 "Forward, the light brigade!
 Take the guns!" Nolan said:
 Into the valley of death,
 Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the light brigade!"
 No man was there dismayed—
 Not though the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered:
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die—
 Into the valley of death,
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered.
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well;
 Into the jaws of death,
 Into the mouth of hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed all at once in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 With many a desp'rate stroke
 The Russian line they broke;
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered.
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 Those that had fought so well
 Came from the jaws of death,
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 Oh the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the light brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMI- GRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side
 On a bright May mornin' long ago,
 When first you were my bride;
 The corn was springin' fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high;
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;
 The day is bright as then;
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again;
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath, warm on my cheek;
 And I still keep list'nin' for the words
 You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near—
 The church where we were wed, Mary;
 I see the spire from here.
 But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest—
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary—
 For the poor make no new friends;
 But, oh! they love the better still
 The few our Father sends!
 And you were all I had, Mary—
 My blessin' and my pride:
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone:
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May
morn,
When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

PLAYING WITH LOVE.

AGAIN the trees stand bare upon the moor,
And bend their withered heads before the
wind;
Again the snow is heaped up at the door,
And frost is making many a fairy blind.
The spring sank into the summer-time, and
June

Fell into autumn and her fruitful store;
December comes again to the old tune,
And we are lovers still—and nothing
more.

Now, why should we delay our own delight,
Defer the hope, and wait for evil days
To cover love's young blossom with a
blight,
And sow the seeds of sorrow on our ways?
If we indeed have love enough to live,
Why should we make a fear that is not
now?
Or why should Fortune any blessing give,
While we care not to woo her with a vow?

There is a time when life is life indeed,
When love is love and all about it bright;
It is betrothal when great joy has need
Of sleep to cool the hot heart of delight:
Because of you this sweetness came to me,
And with a chain of flowers my life was
led,
But after all what may the meaning be?
Why, a betrothal if we may not wed.

Look at this picture, love; do you not see
The sun flush on the summer's youngest
bloom?
Here are three sisters; one of them will be
A wife, and two will make their own
dark doom:
See how they play with Love; but he will
bring
A bitter day when they shall both atone,
And find too late the knowledge and its sting,
That maids who play with Love may
play alone.

Why will you give me but a little love,
And spread it over many droning days?
Why for a little fault will you reprove,
And spoil the harmony of pleasant ways?
If you will serve me so, then let the eyes
Of my own fault accuse me while I live;
But I may learn it was not all a prize
To win a woman who could not forgive.



PLAYING WITH LOVE.

It may be that you will not speak again,
 But I have felt that I must come to say
 That you have filled my weary weeks with
 pain,
 And I have had no peace for many a day:
 Though you still hold the power that
 would bless
 My years, and with full joy my life
 endow,
 Yet your unkindness brings me to confess,
 I never loved you less than I love now.

* * * * *

Now in my heart of hearts I do rejoice,
 And still I do repent for my hard speech,
 Which turns upon me now that your dear
 voice
 Has placed the golden fruit within my
 reach:
 Let us be married in the early spring,
 When blossoms bring new honey for the
 bees,
 And when new daisies come and new birds
 sing,
 And new green leaves come out upon
 old trees.

—GUY ROSLYN.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
 And used to war's alarms;
 But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
 So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,
 Said he, "Let others shoot:
 For here I leave my second leg,
 And the Forty-second foot."

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
 Said he, "The're only pegs;
 But there's as wooden members quite,
 As represent my legs."

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid—
 Her name was Nelly Gray;
 So he went to pay her his devours,
 When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
 She made him quite a scoff;
 And when she saw his wooden legs,
 Began to take them off.

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
 Is this your love so warm?
 The love that loves a scarlet coat
 Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
 For he was blithe and brave;
 But I will never have a man
 With both legs in the grave.

"Before you had those timber toes
 Your love I did allow;
 But then, you know, you stand upon
 Another footing now."

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray;
 For all your jeering speeches,
 At duty's call I left my legs
 In Badajos's breaches."

"Why then," said she, "you've lost the
 feet
 Of legs in war's alarms,
 And now you cannot wear your shoes
 Upon your feats of arms."

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
 I know why you refuse:
 Though I've no feet, some other man
 Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
 But, now, a long farewell!
 For you will be my death;—alas!
 You will not be my Nell!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray
 His heart so heavy got,
 And life was such a burden grown,
 It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
 A rope he did entwine,
 And, for his second time in life,
 Enlisted in the line.

One end he tied around a beam,
 And then removed his pegs;
 And, as his legs were off,—of course
 He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung, till he was dead
 As any nail in town;
 For, though distress had cut him up,
 It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
 To find out why he died—
 And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
 With a stake in his inside.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE WELCOME.

COME in the evening, or come in the morn-
 ing;
 Come when you're looked for, or come
 without warning;
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before
 you,
 And the oftener you come here the more
 I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were
 plighted;
 Red is my cheek that they told me was
 blighted;
 The green of the trees looks far greener
 than ever,
 And the linnets are singing, "True lovers
 don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear if you
 choose them,
 Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on
 my bosom;
 I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to
 inspire you;
 I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't
 tire you.

Oh! your step's like the rain to the sum-
 mer-vexed farmer,

Or sabre and shield to a knight without
 armor;
 I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise
 above me,
 Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence
 to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff
 and the eyrie;
 We'll tread round the rath on the track of
 the fairy;
 We'll look on the stars and we'll list to the
 river,
 Till you ask of your darling what gift you
 can give her.

Oh! she'll whisper you,—“Love as un-
 changeably beaming,
 And trust, when in secret most tunefully
 streaming
 Till the starlight of heaven above us shall
 quiver,
 As our souls flow in one down eternity's
 river.”

So come in the evening, or come in the
 morning;
 Come when you're looked for, or come
 without warning;
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before
 you,
 And the oftener you come the more I'll
 adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were
 plighted;
 Red is my cheek that they told me was
 blighted;
 The green of the trees looks far greener
 than ever,
 And the linnets are singing, "True lovers
 don't sever!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse
 Strait confound my stammering verse,
 If I can a passage see
 In this word-perplexity,
 Or a fit expression find,
 Or a language to my mind



THE WELCOME.

(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, great plant!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate;
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I shew,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More for a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine!
Bacchus's black servant, negro fine!
Sorcerer! that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women! Thou thy siege dost lay
Much, too, in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning
steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem;
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us
That our best friends do not know us,
And for those allowed features
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell chimeras,
Monsters—that who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex can'st shew
What his deity can do—
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?

Some few vapors thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze;
But to the reins and noble heart
Can'st nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born!
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than, before,
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of thee meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume—
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinkingest of the stinking kind!
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind!
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison.
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite —

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue!
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you!
'T was but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee;
Irony all, and feigned abuse,
Such as perplex lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;

And, instead of dearest Miss,
 Jewel, honey, sweetheart, bliss,
 And those forms of old admiring,
 Call her cockatrice and siren,
 Basilisk, and all that's evil,
 Witch, hyena, mermaid, devil,
 Ethiop, wench, and blackamoor,
 Monkey, ape, and twenty more—
 Friendly trait'ress, loving foe—
 Not that she is truly so,
 But no other way they know,
 A contentment to express
 Borders so upon excess
 That they do not rightly wot
 Whether it be from pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part
 With what's nearest to their heart,
 While their sorrow's at the height
 Lose discrimination quite,
 And their hasty wrath let fall,
 To appease their frantic gall,
 On the darling thing, whatever,
 Whence they feel it death to sever,
 Though it be, as they, perforce,
 Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
 Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave
 thee.

For thy sake, tobacco, I
 Would do anything but die,
 And but seek to extend my days
 Long enough to sing thy praise.
 But, as she, who once hath been
 A king's consort, is a queen
 Ever after, nor will hate
 Any tittle of her state
 Though a widow, or divorced,
 So I, from thy converse forced,
 The old name and style retain,
 A right Catherine of Spain;
 And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
 Of the blest tobacco boys;
 Where though I, by sour physician,
 Am debarred the full fruition
 Of thy favors, I may catch
 Some collateral sweets, and snatch
 Sidelong odors, that give life
 Like glances from a neighbor's wife;

And still live in the by-places
 And the suburbs of thy graces;
 And in thy borders take delight,
 An unconquered Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.

ONCE AND FOR AYE.

HE sang as he lay on a Highland mountain,
 That English knight who had never
 known love,
 "What song so sweet as the chiming
 fountain?"

What blue so blue as the heaven above?"
 Fond heart!—for nearer and nearer drew
 A sweeter voice and an eye more blue.

"O what can blush by the purple heather?
 What gold with the gorse-flower dare
 compare?"

He turned, fond heart, and found them to-
 gether

On her glowing cheek and her glittering
 hair.

Now what for the knight are the hill
 flowers' dyes,

The fountain's voice and the sapphire skies?

She had lost her path, that Lowland lady,
 Whose heart had never a lord confessed;
 O bright she blushed, and gentle prayed he

Would guide her over the mountain crest.
 And little loth was the gallant knight
 To squire the steps of that lady bright.

So he took her hand, and they passed to-
 gether,

The knight and the lady unlearned of
 love,

Through the golden gorse and the purple
 heather—

O laughingly beamed the blue above.
 And the fountain sang as their feet went
 by,

The Sibyl fountain—"For aye—for aye."

THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."



ONCE AND FOR AYE.

"O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR IN-
VISIBLE."

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence:
live

In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night
like stars,

And with their mild persistence urge
man's search

To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:

To make undying music in the world,
Breathing the beauteous order that controls
With growing irony the growing mind of
man.

So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agon-
ized

With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved,
Its discords quenched by meeting har-
monies,

Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, fairer self,
That sobbed religiously in groaning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the
world,

Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with
love—

That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more
glorious

For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore
years,
And they say that I am old—
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true—
I am old, and I "bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall
come
And I shall be glad to go—
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;

But the grave is dark, and the heart will
fail

In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

MOTHER AND POET.*

* This was Laura Savio of Turin, a poetess and patriot, whose sons were killed at Ancona and Gaeta.

TURIN,—AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA. 1861.

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the
east,

And one of them shot in the west by the
sea.

Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the
feast

And are wanting a great song for Italy
free,

Let none look at *me*!

Yet I was a poet only last year,

And good at my art, for a woman men
said;

But this woman, this who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in
her head

Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? O,
vain!

What art is she good at but hurting her
breast

With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile
at the pain?

Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong
as you pressed,

And I proud by the test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her
knees

Both darlings! to feel all their arms
round her throat

Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees

And 'broider the long-clothes and neat
little coat;

To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . It stings there! *I*
made them indeed

Speak plain the word "country," *I*
taught them, no doubt,

That a country 's a thing men should die
for at need.

I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O
my beautiful eyes! . . .

I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the
wheels

Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the
surprise,

When one sits quite alone!—Then one
weeps, then one kneels!

—God! how the house feels!

At first, happy news came, in gay letters
moiled

With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory,
and how

They both loved me, and soon, coming
home to be spoiled,

In return would fan off every fly from
my brow

With their green laurel bough,

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona
was free!"

And some one came out of the cheers in
the street

With a face pale as stone, to say something
to me.

—My Guido was dead!—I fell down at
his feet,

While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me: my grief
looked sublime

As the ransom of Italy. One boy re-
mained

To be leant on and walked with, recalling
the time

When the first grew immortal, while
 both of us strained
 To the height he had gained.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder,
 more strong,
 Writ now but in one hand: "I was not
 to faint.

One loved me for two—would be with me
 ere long:
 And 'Viva Italia' he died for, our saint,
 Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add "he was safe and
 aware
 Of a presence that turned off the balls—
 was imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I
 could bear,
 And how 'twas impossible, quite dis-
 possessed,
 To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the telegraph
 line
 Swept smoothly the next news from
 Gaeta:—
 "Shot.

Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his" "their"
 mother; not "mine"

No voice says "*my* mother" again to me
 What!
 You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy
 with heaven,
 They drop earth's affections, conceive
 not of woe?

I think not. Themselves were too lately
 forgiven

Through that Love and Sorrow which
 reconciled so
 The above and below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who
 lookd'st through the dark
 To the face of thy mother! consider I
 pray,
 How we common mothers stand desolate,
 mark,

Whose sons, not being Christs, die with
 eyes turned away,
 And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature.
 We all
 Have been patriots, yet each house must
 always keep one.

'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a
 wall.

And when Italy's won, for what end
 is it done
 If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what
 then?

When the fair wicked queen sits no
 more at her sport
 Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls
 out of men,
 When your guns at Cavalli with final
 retort
 Have cut the game short,—

When Venice and Rome keep their new
 jubilee,
 When your flag takes all heaven for
 its white, green, and red,
 When you have your country from moun-
 tain to sea,
 When King Victor has Italy's crown
 on his head,
 (And I have my dead,)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring
 your bells low,
 And burn your lights faintly!—*My* coun-
 try is *there*,
 Above the star pricked by the last peak
 of snow,
 My Italy's there,—with my brave civic
 pair,
 To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children
 in strength,
 And bite back the cry of their pain in
 self-scorn.

But the birth-pangs of nations will wring
 us at length

Into wail such as this!—and we sit, on
forlorn

When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in
the east,

And one of them shot in the west by
the sea!

Both! both my boys!— If in keeping the
feast

You want a great song for your Italy
free,

Let none look at *me*!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

OH! EARTH IS CHEATING EARTH.

Oh! Earth is cheating Earth

From age to age forever;

She laughs at faith and worth,

And dreams she shall die never;

Never, never, never!

And dreams she shall die never!

And Hell is cursing Hell

From age to age forever;

Its groans ring out the knell

Of souls that may die never;

Never, never, never!

Of souls that may die never!

But Heaven is blessing Heaven

From age to age forever;

And thanks to God are given

For bliss that can die never;

Never, never, never!

For bliss that can die never!

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY.

OUT of the old house, Nancy—moved up
into the new;

All the hurry and worry are just as good
as through;

Only a bounden duty remains for you and
I,

And that's to stand on the door-step, here,
and bid the old house good-bye.

What a shell we've lived in, these nineteen
or twenty years!

Wonder it hasn't smashed in and tumbled
about our ears;

Wonder it stuck together and answered till
to-day,

But every individual log was put up here
to stay.

Things looked rather new, though, when
this old house was built,

And things that blossomed you, would have
made some women wilt;

And every other day, then, as sure as day
would break,

My neighbor Ager come this way, invitin'
me to "shake."

And you, for want of neighbors, was some-
times blue and sad,

For wolves and bears and wildcats were the
nearest ones you had;

But lookin' ahead to the clearin', we worked
with all our might,

Until we was fairly out of the woods, and
things was goin' right.

Look up there at our new house—ain't it a
thing to see?

Tall and big and handsome, and new as new
can be;

All in apple-pie order, especially the shelves,
And never a debtor to say but what we own

it all ourselves.

Look at our old log house—how little it
now appears!

But it's never gone back on us, for nineteen
or twenty years;

An' I won't go back on it now, or go to
pokin' fun,

There's such a thing as praisin' a thing for
the good that it has done.

Probably you remember how rich we was
that night,
When we was fairly settled, an' had things
snug and tight;
We feel as proud as you please, Nancy,
over our house that's new,
But we felt as proud under this old roof, and
a good deal prouder, too.

Never a handsomer house was seen beneath
the sun,—
Kitchen and parlor and bedroom, we had
'em all in one;
And the fat old wooden clock that we
bought when we come West,
Was tickin' away in the corner there, an'
doin' its level best.

Trees was all around us, a whisperin' cheer-
ing words,
Loud was the squirrel's chatter, and sweet
the song of birds;
And home grew sweeter and brighter—our
courage began to mount—
And things looked hearty and happy, then,
and work appeared to count.

And here, one night it happened, when
things was goin' bad,
We fell in a deep old quarrel—the first we
ever had;
And when you give out and cried, then I
like a fool give in,
An' then we agreed to rub all out, and start
the thing ag'in.

Here it was, you remember, we sat when
the day was done,
And you was a makin' clothing that wasn't
for either one;
And often a soft word of love I was soft
enough to say,
And the wolves was howlin' in the woods
not twenty rods away.

Then our first-born baby—a regular little
joy—
Though I fretted a little, because it wasn't
a boy;

Wa'n't she a little flirt, though, with all her
pouts and smiles?
Why, settlers come to see that show, a half
a dozen miles.

Yonder sat the cradle—a homely, home-
made thing;
And many a night I rocked it, providin' you
would sing;
And many a little squatter brought up with
us to stay,
And so that cradle, for many a year, was
never put away.

How they kept a comin'—so cunnin' and
fat and small!
How they growed! 'Twas a wonder how
we found room for 'em all;
But though the house was crowded, it empty
seemed that day,
When Jennie lay by the fire-place, there,
and moaned her life away.

And right in there, the preacher, with Bible
and hymn-book stood,
" 'Twixt the dead and the living," and
" hoped 'twould do us good."
And the little whitewood coffin on the table
there was set,
And now as I rub my eyes it seems as if I
could see it yet.

Then that fit of sickness it brought on you,
you know;
Just by a thread you hung, and you e'en
a'most let go;
And here is the spot I tumbled, and give
the Lord His due,
When the doctor said the fever turn'd, an'
he could fetch you through.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old
house dear:
Christenin's, funerals, weddin's — what
havn't we had here?
Not a log in this buildin' but its memories
has got,—
And not a nail in this old floor but touches
a tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up
into the new;
All the hurry and worry is just as good as
through;
But I tell you a thing right here, that I
ain't ashamed to say:
There's precious things in this old house
we never can take away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as it
stood before;
Winds will whistle through it and rains will
flood the floor;
And over the hearth once blazing the snow
drifts oft will pile,
And the old thing will seem to be a
mournin' all the while.

Fare you well, old house! you're naught
that can feel or see,
But you seem like a human being—a dear
old friend to me;
And we never will have a better home, if
my opinion stands,
Until we commence a keepin' house in the
"house not made with hands."

WILL M. CARLETON.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband
sings:
Bob-o' link, bob o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he:
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can,
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Linooln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
 Bob o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—*Deut.* xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth :
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun ;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Unfold their thousand leaves:
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won;
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marbles drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ
rings
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hillside for a pall!
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall!
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing
plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave!—

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay

Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—
 Before the judgment-day,
 And stand, with glory wrapped around,
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life
 With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
 O dark Beth-peor's hill!
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath His mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell,
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
 Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

IMPRESSIONS.

I

LE JARDIN.

THE lily's withered chalice falls
 Around its rod of dusty gold,
 And from the beach trees on the wold
 The last wood-pigeon coos and calls.

The gaudy leonine sunflower
 Hangs black and barren on its stalk,
 And down the windy garden walk
 The dead leaves scatter,—hour by hour.

Pale privet-petals white as milk
 Are blown into a snowy mass;
 The roses lie upon the grass,
 Like little shreds of crimson silk.

II

LA MER.

A white mist drifts across the shrouds,
 A wild moon in this wintry sky
 Gleams like an angry lion's eye
 Out of a mane of tawny clouds.

The muffled steersman at the wheel
 Is but a shadow in the gloom;—
 And in the throbbing engine room
 Leap the long rods of polished steel.

The shattered storm has left its trace
 Upon this huge and heaving dome,
 For the thin threads of yellow foam
 Float on the waves like ravelled lace.

OSCAR WILDE.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
 Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
 It cannot die, it cannot stray,
 But leaves its darkened dust behind.
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly way,
 Or fill at once the realms of space
 A thing of eyes that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,
 All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all there was at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
 Its eyes shall roll through chaos back,
 And where the farthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track.
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quenched or system breaks,
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure.
 An age shall fleet like earthly year,
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing
 O'er all, through all its thought shall
 fly;
 A nameless and eternal thing
 Forgetting what it was to die.

LORD BYRON.

CROWN HIM WITH MANY
CROWNS.

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own,

Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Virgin's Son!
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn.

Fruit of the mystic rose,
As of that rose the stem;
The root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown Him the Lord of Love:
Behold His hands and side!
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.

No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of Peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
In heaven and earth, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.

His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance, ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of Years
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres
Ineffable sublime;

Glassed in a sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves

Reflect His form—the Infinite!
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven!
One with the Father known,
And the blest Spirit, through Him given
From yonder triune throne!

All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

WISDOM.

WISDOM took her harp, and stood in place
Of frequent intercourse, stood in every
gate,

By every way, and walked in every street;
And lifting up her voice proclaimed: "Be
wise,

Ye fools! Be of an understanding heart;
Forsake the wicked, come not near his house,
Pass by, make haste, depart, and turn
away.

Me follow—me, whose ways are pleasant-
ness,

Whose paths are peace, whose end is per-
fect joy."

The seasons came and went, and went and
came,

To teach men gratitude; and as they pass-
ed,

Gave warning of the lapse of time, that
else

Had stolen unheeded by. The gentle
flowers

Retired, and stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talked of humility, and peace, and love;
The dews came down unseen at evening-
tide,

And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.

While arm-in-arm the forest rose on high,

And lesson gave of brotherly regard,
 And on the rugged mountain-brow ex-
 posed,
 Bearing the blast alone, the ancient oak
 Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and
 still,
 To encourage in distress, exhorted loud
 The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams,
 the breeze,
 Attuned the heart to melody and love.
 Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that
 wept
 Essential love! and from her glorious bow,
 Bending to kiss the earth in token of
 peace,
 With her own lips, her gracious lips, which
 God
 Of sweetest accent made, she whispered
 still,
 She whispered to Revenge, "Forgive! for-
 give!"
 The sun, rejoicing, round the earth an-
 nounced
 Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
 The moon awoke, and from her maiden
 face
 Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly
 forth,
 And with her virgin stars walked in the
 heavens,
 Walked nightly there, conversing as she
 walked
 Of purity, and holiness, and God.
 In dreams and visions, sleep instructed
 much.
 Day uttered speech to day, and night to
 night
 Taught knowledge. Silence had a tongue;
 the grave,
 The darkness, and the lonely waste, had
 each
 A tongue that ever said, "Man! think of
 God!
 Think of Thyself! think of eternity!"
 "Fear God!" the thunder said — "Fear
 God!" the waves;
 "Fear God!" the lightning of the storm
 replied;

"Fear God!" deep loudly answered back to
 deep;

And in the temples of the Holy One,
 Messiah's messengers, the faithful few,
 Faithful 'mong many false, the Bible open-
 ed,

And cried, "Repent! repent! ye sons of
 men!"

ROBERT POLLOK.

CLEON AND I.

CLEON hath a million acres, ne'er a one
 have I;

Cleon dwelleth in a palace, in a cottage I:
 Cleon hath a dozen fortunes, not a penny I;
 Yet the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and
 not I.

Cleon, true possesseth acres, but the land-
 scape I;

Half the charms to me it yieldeth money
 cannot buy.

Cleon harbors sloth and dullness, freshen-
 ing vigor I;

He in velvet, I in fustian, richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur, free as thought
 am I;

Cleon fees a score of doctors, need of none
 have I;

Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon
 fears to die;

Death may come, he'll find me ready,—
 happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in nature, in a daisy I.

Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea
 and sky;

Nature sings to me forever, earnest listen-
 er I;

State for state, with all attendants, who
 would change? Not I.

CHARLES MACKAY.

TO THE FUTURE.

O, LAND of Promise! from what Pis-
gah's height
Can I behold thy stretch of peace-
ful bowers?
Thy golden harvests flowing out of sight,
Thy nestled homes and sun-illumin-
ed towers?
Gazing upon the sunset's high-heap'd
gold,
Its crags of opal and of crysolite,
Its deeps on deeps of glory that unfold
Still brightening abysses,
And blazing precipices,
Whence but a scanty leap it seems to
heaven,
Sometimes a glimpse is given,
Of thy more gorgeous realm, thy more un-
stinted blisses.

O, Land of Quiet! to thy shore the surf
Of the perturbed Present rolls and
sleeps;
Our storms breathe soft as June upon thy
turf
And lure out blossoms: to thy
bosom leaps
As to a mother's, the o'er-wearied heart,
Hearing far off and dim the toiling mart
The hurrying feet, the curses without
number,
And, circled with the glow Elysian,
Of thine exulting vision,
Out of its very cares woos charms for
peace and slumber.

To thee the Earth lifts up her fetter'd
hands
And cries for vengeance, with a pity-
ing smile
Thou blessest her, and she forgets her
bands,
And her old wo-worn face a little
while
Grows young and noble; unto thee the
Oppressor

Looks, and is dumb with awe;
The eternal law
Which makes the crime its own blind-
fold redresser,
Shadows his heart with perilous fore-
boding,
And he can see the grim-eyed
Doom
From out the trembling gloom
Its silent-footed steeds toward his palace
goads.

What promises hast thou for Poet's eyes,
Aweary of the turmoil and the
wrong!
To all their hopes what overjoy'd re-
plies!
What undream'd ecstasies for bliss-
ful song
Thy happy plains no war-trumps brawl-
ing clangor
Disturbs, and fools the poor to hate
the poor;
The humble glares not on the high with
anger;
Love leaves no grudge at less, no
greed for more;
In vain strives self the godlike sense to
smother;
From the soul's deeps
It throbs and leaps;
The noble 'neath foul rags beholds his long
lost brother.

To thee the Martyr looketh, and his fires
Unlock their fangs and leave his
spirit free;
To thee the Poet 'mid his toil aspires,
And grief and hunger climb about
his knee
Welcome as children: thou upholdest
The lone Inventor by his demon
haunted;
The Prophet cries to thee when hearts
are coldest,
And, gazing o'er the midnight's
bleak abyss,

Sees the drowsed soul awaken at
thy kiss,
And stretch its happy arms and leap up
disenchanted.

Thou bringest vengeance, but so loving-
kindly
The guilty thinks it pity; taught by
thee
Fierce tyrants drop the scourges where-
with blindly
Their own souls they were scarring;
conquerors see
With horror in their hands the accursed
spear
That tore the meek One's side on
Calvary,
And from their trophies shrink with
ghastly fear;
Thou, too, art the Forgiver,
The beauty of man's soul to man re-
vealing;
The arrows from thy quiver
Pierce error's guilty heart, but only pierce
for healing.

O, whither, whither, glory-winged
dreams,
From out Life's sweat and turmoil
would ye bear me?
Shut, gates of Fancy, on your golden
gleams,
This agony of hopeless contrast
spare me!
Fade, cheating glow, and leave me to my
night!
He is a coward who would bor-
row
A charm against the present sor-
row
From the vague Future's promise of de-
light:
As life's alarums nearer roll,
The ancestral buckler calls,
Self-clanging, from the walls,
In the high temple of the soul;

Where are most sorrows, there the poet's
sphere is,
To feed the soul with patience,
To heal its desolations
With words of unshorn truth, with love
that never wearies.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PLEASURE-PAIN.

"Das Vergnügen ist Nichts als ein höchst ange-
nehmmer Schmerz."—HEINRICH HEINE.

I.

FULL of beautiful blossoms
Stood the tree in early May:
Came a chilly gale from the sunset,
And blew the blossoms away,—

Scattered them through the garden,
Tossed them into the mere;
The sad tree moaned and shuddered,
"Alas! the fall is here."

But all through the glowing summer
The blossomless tree throve fair,
And the fruit waxed ripe and mellow,
With sunny rain and air;

And when the dim October
With golden death was crowned,
Under its heavy branches
The tree stooped to the ground.

In youth there comes a west wind,
Blowing our bloom away,—
A chilly breath of Autumn
Out of the lips of May.

We bear the ripe fruit after,—
Ah, me! for the thought of pain!
We know the sweetness and beauty
And the heart-bloom never again.

II.

One sails away to sea,—

One stands on the shore and cries;
The ship goes down the world, and the
light
On the sullen water dies.

The whispering shell is mute,—
And after is evil cheer:
She shall stand on the shore and cry in
vain,
Many and many a year.

But the stately, wide-winged ship
Lies wrecked on the unknown deep;
Far under, dead in his coral bed,
The lover lies asleep.

III.

In the wainscot ticks the death-watch,
Chirps the cricket on the floor,
In the distance dogs are barking,
Feet go by outside my door.

From her window honeysuckles
Stealing in upon the gloom,
Spice and sweets embalm the silence
Dead within the lonesome room.

And the ghost of that dead silence
Haunts me ever, thin and chill,
In the pauses of the death-watch,
When the cricket's cry is still.

IV.

She stands in silks of purple,
Like a splenoid flower in bloom,
She moves, and the air is laden
With delicate perfume.

The over-vigilant mamma
Can never let her be:
She must play this march for another,
And sing that song for me.

I wonder if she remembers
The song I made for her:

*"The hopes of love are frailer
Than lines of gossamer:"*

Made when we strolled together
Through fields of happy June,
And our hearts kept time together,
With birds and brooks in tune,—

And I was so glad of loving,
That I must mimic grief,
And, trusting in love forever,
Must fable unbelief.

I did not hear the prelude,—
I was thinking of these old things.
She is fairer and wiser and older
Than—— What is it she sings?

*"The hopes of love are frailer
Than lines of gossamer,"*
Alas! the bitter wisdom
Of the song I made for her!

V.

All the long August afternoon,
The little drowsy stream
Whispers a melancholy tune,
As if it dreamed of June
And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook
Dust on their down and bloom,
And out of many a weed-grown nook
The aster-flowers look
With eyes of tender gloom.

The silent orchard aisles are sweet
With smell of ripening fruit
Through the sere grass, in shy retreat,
Flutter, at coming feet,
The robins strange and mute.

There is no wind to stir the leaves,
The harsh leaves overhead;
Only the querulous cricket grieves,
And shrilling locust weaves
A song of summer dead.

WILLIAM DEANS HOWELL.

BRIG HOVE TO FOR A PILOT.

THE weary voyage is over,
The pilot's boat is near;
And over the bulwarks to leeward,
Lies the land of all lands most dear.

I see through the mists of the morning,
Steeple and tower and dome,
And it seems to my weary spirit as if
They stood waiting to welcome me home.

I long to clasp hands with my comrades,
My comrades so true and brave;
And I long to spend one quiet hour,
By my little daughter's grave.

The days of old come back to me,
As we wait in the offing here;
Thank God the long voyage is over,
And the pilot's boat is near.

The brothers I left behind me
Have grown tall bearded men,
They'll bring their daughters to welcome
me
To the dear old home again.

We shall walk thro' the golden meadows
And by the gypsies' bower
Where flow the Trent's broad waters
Fast by the castle tower.

We shall talk of the dead and the living
Till the past will seem like a dream
And the Wilford bells will chime again
And the willows bend in the stream.

The weary voyage is ended,
Let a loud and lofty cheer,
Roll over the bulwarks to landward
For the pilot's boat is near.

ELMO.

THE SUNFLOWER.

TILL the slow daylight pale,
A willing slave, fast bound to one above,
I wait; he seems to speed, and change and
fail;
I know he will not move,

I lift my golden orb
To his, unsmitten when the roses die,
And in my broad and burning disc absorb
The splendors of his eye.

His eye is like a clear
Keen flame that searches through me;
I must droop
Upon my stalk, I cannot reach his sphere;
To mine he cannot stoop.

I win not my desire,
And yet I fail not of my guerdon; lo!
A thousand flickering darts and tongues of
fire
Around me spread and glow;

All rayed and crowned, I miss
No queenly stalk until the summer wane,
The hours flit by; none knoweth of my
bliss
And none has guessed my pain;

I follow one alone,
I track the shadows of his steps, I grow
Most like to him I love
Of all that shines below.

DORA GREENWELL.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

OUR life is nothing but a winter's day;
Some only break their fast, and so, away:
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed;
The longest age but sups and goes to bed:
He's most in debt that lingers out the day;
Who dies betimes, has less; and less to pay.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE HEART'S ANCHOR.

Think of me as your friend I pray,
 And call me by a loving name:
 I will not care what others say,
 If only you remain the same.
 I will not care how dark the night,
 I will not care how wild the storm,
 Your love will fill my heart with light
 And shield me close and keep me warm.

Think of me as your friend, I pray,
 For else my life is little worth:
 So shall your memory light my way,
 Although we meet no more on earth.
 For while I know your faith secure,
 I ask no happier fate to see:
 Thus to be loved by one so pure
 Is honor rich enough for me.

WILLIAM WINTER.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps
 of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
 pursue,
 Thy solitary way?
 Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee
 wrong.
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chated ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
 The desert and illimitable air,—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
 Yet stop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and
 rest,
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall
 bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my
 heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart:
 He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy cer-
 tain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
 "Except now and then a stray picket
 Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
 'T is nothing: a private or two, now and
 then,
 Will not count in the news of the battle;
 Not an officer lost,—only one of the men,
 Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dream-
 ing;
 Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn
 moon,
 Or the light of the watch-fires, are
 gleaming.
 A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
 Through the forest leaves softly is creep-
 ing;

While stars up above, with their glittering
eyes,
Keep guard,—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's
tread

As he tramps from the rock to the
fountain,

And he thinks of the two in the low
trundle-bed,

Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and
grim,

Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children
asleep,

For their mother,—may heaven defend
her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly
as then,

That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips,—when low, mur-
mured vows

Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his
eyes,

He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted
pine-tree,—

The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad
belt of light,

Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled
the leaves?

Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: "ha! Mary, good by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the
dead,—

The picket's off duty forever.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

SAINT BRANDAN.

SAINT Brandan sails the northern main;
The brotherhoods of saints are glad.
He greets them once, he sails again;
So late!—such storms!—The saint is
mad!

He heard across the howling seas,
Chime convent bells on wintry nights;
He saw on spray-swept Hebrides,
Twinkle the Monastery lights;

But north, still north, Saint Brandan
steered—

And now, no bells, no convents more!
The trembling Polar lights are neared,
The sea without a human shore.

At last—(it was the Christmas night;
Stars shone after a day of storm)—
He sees float past an iceberg white,
And on it—Christ!—a living form.

That furtive mien, that scowling eye,
Of hair that red and tufted fell—
It is—oh! where shall Brandan fly?—
The traitor Judas, out of hell!

Palid with terror, Brandan sate;
The moon was bright, the iceberg near.
He hears a voice sigh humbly: "Wait!
By high permission I am here.

"One moment wait, thou holy man!
On earth my crime, my death they
knew;
My name is under all men's ban—
Ah! tell them of my respite too.

"Once in the street a leper sate,
Shivering with fever, naked, old;
Sand raked his sores from heel to pate,
The hot wind fevered him fivefold.

"He gazed upon me as I passed,
And murmured: *Help me or I die!*—
To the poor wretch my cloak I cast,
Saw him look eased, and hurried by.

"Oh! Brandan think what grace divine,
What blessing must full goodness
shower,
When fragment of it small, like mine,
Hath such inestimable power.

"Well-clothed, well-fed, well-friended, I
Did that chance act of good, that one!
Then went my way to kill, and lie
Forgot my good as soon as done.

"Tell them one blessed Christmas night—
(It was the first after I came
Breathing self-murder, frenzy, spite,
To rue my guilt in endless flame)—

"I felt as I in torment lay
'Mid the souls plagued by heavenly
power,
An angel touch my arm, and say:
Go hence and cool thyself an hour!

"Ah! whence this mercy, Lord? I said.
*The leper recollect, said he,
Who asked the passers by for aid,
In Joppa, and thy charity.*

"Then I remembered how I went,
In Joppa through the public street,
One morn when the Sirocco spent,
The storms of dust with burning heat.

"That germ of kindness in the womb
Of mercy caught, did not expire;
Outlives my guilt, outlives my doom,
And friends me in this pit of fire.

"Once every year when carols wake
On earth the Christmas night's repose,
Arising from the sinners lake,
I journey to these healing snows.

"I staunch with ice my burning breast,
With silence balm my whirling brain.
O, Brandan! To this hour of rest
That Joppa leper's ease was pain."

Tears started to Saint Brandan's eyes;
He bowed his head, he breathed a prayer,
Then looked, and lo, the frosty skies!
The iceberg, and no Judas there!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

GATHER THE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY.

Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE PEOPLE'S SONG OF PEACE.

FROM THE "SONG OF THE CENTENNIAL."

THE grass is green on Bunker Hill,
The waters sweet in Brandywine;
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still,
The farmer keeps his flock and vine;
Then who would mar the scene to-day
With vaunt of battle-field or fray?

The brave corn lifts in regiments
Ten thousand sabres in the sun;
The ricks replace the battle-tents,
The bannered tassels toss and run,

The neighing steed, the bugle's blast,
These be but stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,
The cannons plow the field no more;
The heroes rest! O, let them rest
In peace along the peaceful shore!
They fought for peace, for peace they fell;
They sleep in peace and all is well.

The fields forget the battles fought,
The trenches wave in golden grain:
Shall we neglect the lessons taught,
And tear the wounds agape again?
Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land,
And heal her wounds with gentle hand.

Lo! peace on earth. Lo! flock and fold,
Lo! rich abundance, fat increase,
And valleys clad in sheen of gold.
O, rise and sing a song of peace!
For Theseus roams the land no more,
And Janus rests with rusted door.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now
ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin'
hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna
gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna
fa' asleep.

Only thing but sleep, ye rogue:—glow'rin'
like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin'
like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin'
sleepin' folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her
thrums:

Hey, Willie Winkie!—see, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumple stoussie, that canna rin his
lane,

That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll
close an ee;

But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength
anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

SATAN IN COUNCIL.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts be-
sides

Prone on the flood, extended long and
large

Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous
size,

Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on
Jove,

Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean
stream:

Him haply slumbering on the Norway
foam

The pilot of some small night-founder'd
skiff

Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind

Moors by his side under the lee while
night

Invests the sea, and the wished morn de-
lays:

So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-
Fiend lay

Chained on the burning lake, nor ever
thence

Had risen or heaved his head, but that the
will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he
sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring
forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown
On Man by him seduced, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance
pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the
pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the
flames
Driven backwark slope their pointing
spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale,
Then with expanded wings he steers his
flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue as when the
force
Of subteranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involved
With stench and smoke; such resting
found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next
mate,
Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian
flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd
strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.
Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Arch-Angel this the
seat
That we must change for heaven, this
mournful gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is
best,
Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath
made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells: hail horrors,
hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell
Receive thy new possessor; one who
brings
A mind not to be changed by place or
time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of
heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here
at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not
built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and in my
choice
To reign is worth ambition though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in
heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful
friends,
The associates and co-partners of our loss,
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their
part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in
hell?

JOHN MILTON.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all
three;

"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-
bolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping
through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to
rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the
great pace,—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never
changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths
tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the
pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker
the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting, but while we
drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight
dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to
see;
At Duffeld 'twas morning as plain as could
be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard
the half-chime,—
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is
time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black
every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping
past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its
spray;

And his low head and creast, just one sharp
ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on
his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever
that glance

O'er its white edge at me, his own master,
askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which
aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.
By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried
Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not
in her;
We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the
quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and
staggering knees,
And sunk tail and horrible heave of the
flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered
and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in
the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless
laugh,
'Neath our feet] broke the brittle, bright
stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang
white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is
in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a mo-
ment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a
stone,
And there was my Roland to bear the whole
weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix
from her fate.
With his nostrils like pits of blood full to
the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets'
rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster
let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt
and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his
ear,

Called my Roland his pet name, my horse
without peer,—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any
noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix, Roland galloped
and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking
round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on
the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland
of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last meas-
ure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common
consent)
Was no more than his due who brought
good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SHE'S GANE TO DWELL IN HEAVEN.

SHE's gane to dwell in Heaven, my lassie,
She's gane to dwell in Heaven;
Ye're ower pure, quo' the voice o' God
For dwelling out o' heaven!

Oh! what'll she do in Heaven, my lassie?
Oh! what'll she do in heaven?
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels'
sangs
And make them more meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a' my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her
An' took her away frae us a'.

Low there thou lies my lassie,
Low there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I'll follow thee;

Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
But took goodness' sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-cold face;
Thou seemed a lily new-cut i' the bud
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death shut eye, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-shut eye,
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath of heaven
That sang the evening Psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There's naught but dust now mine;
My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

DINNA ASK ME.

O, DINNA ask me gin I lo'e ye:
Troth, I daurna tell!
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,—
Ask it o' yourself.

O, dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true;
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,
And bonnier lassies see,
O, dinna Jamie, look at them,
Lest ye should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And O, I'm sure my heart wad brak,
Gin ye'd prove fause to me!

DUNLOP.

THE LOST GARDEN.

THERE was a fair green garden sloping
 From the southeast side of a mountain
 ledge;
 And the earliest tints of the dawn came
 groping
 Down through its paths from the day's
 dim edge,
 The bluest skies and the reddest roses
 Arched and varied its velvet sod;
 And the glad birds sang as the soul sup-
 poses
 The angels sing on the hills of God.

I wandered there when my voice seemed
 bursting
 With life's rare rapture and keen delight;
 And yet in my heart was a constant thirst-
 ing
 For something over the mountain height.
 I wanted to stand in the blaze of glory
 That turned to crimson the peaks of snow;
 And the winds from the west all breathed
 a story
 Of realms and regions I longed to know.

I saw on the garden's south side growing
 The brightest blossoms that breathe of
 June;
 I saw in the east how the sun was glow-
 ing,
 And the gold air shook with a wild bird's
 tune;
 I heard the drip of a silver fountain,
 And the pulse of a young heart throbbed
 with glee;
 But still I looked out over the mountain
 Where unnamed wonders awaited me.

I came at last to the western gateway
 That led to the path that I wanted to climb;
 But a shadow fell on my spirit straight-
 way,
 For close at my side stood graybeard
 Time.

I paused with feet that were fain to linger
 Hard by that garden's golden gate;
 But Time spoke, pointing with one stern
 finger:

"Pass on," he said, "for the day grows
 late."

And now on the chill gray cliffs I wander;
 The heights recede which I thought to
 find,

And the light seems dim on the mountain
 yonder

When I think of the garden I left behind.
 Should I stand at last on its summit
 splendor,

I know full well it would not repay
 For the fair lost tints of the dawn so ten-
 der

That crept over the edge o' day.

I would go back but the ways are winding,
 If ways there are to that land in sooth;
 For what man ever succeeds in finding
 A path to the garden of his lost youth?
 But I think sometimes when the June stars
 glisten,

That a rose-scent drifts from far away;
 And I know, when I lean from the cliffs
 and listen,

That a young laugh breaks on the air like
 spray.

ELLA WHEELER.

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

IF life awake and will never cease
 On the future's distant shore,
 And the rose of love and the lily of peace
 Shall bloom there forevermore,—
 Let the world go round and round,
 And the sun sink into the sea,
 For whether I'm on or under the ground
 Oh, what will it matter to me?

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

YE genii of the nation,
 Who look with veneration,
 And Ireland's desolation on sayingly deplore,
 Ye sons of General Jackson,
 Who thrample on the Saxon,
 Attend to the transaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
 A tyrant and a humbug,
 With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
 Our fortitude and valliance
 Instructed his battalions,
 To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
 No city in the nation
 So grand a reputation could boast before,
 As Limerick prodigious,
 That stands with quays and bridges,
 And ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
 'T is William Smith O'Brine,
 Ripsisints this darling Limerick this ten
 years or more;
 Oh the Saxons can't endure
 To see him on the flure,
 And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore!

This valiant son of Mars
 Had been to visit Par's,
 That land of revolution, that grows the tri-
 color;
 And to welcome his return
 From pilgrimages furren,
 We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
 Young Meagher of the sword;

'T is he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon
 gore;
 And Mitchil of Belfast
 We bade to our repast,
 To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
 These patriots so bould,
 We took the opportunity of Tim Doolan's
 store;
 And with ornamints and banners
 (As becomes gintale good manners)
 We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shan-
 non shore.

'T would binifit your sows
 To see the butthered rowls,
 The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and
 craim gaylore,
 And the muffins and the crumpets,
 And the band of harps and thrumpets,
 To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the imperor of Bohay
 Would be proud to dthrink the tay
 - That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine
 did pour;
 And, since the days of Strongbow,
 There never was such Congo—
 Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it—by Shan-
 non shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
 Connellan beheld this sworry
 With rage and imulation in their black
 heart's core;
 And they hired a gang of ruffins
 To interrupt the muffins,
 And the fragrance of the Congo on the
 Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
 O'Brine began to spake,
 But juice a one could hear him, for a sud-
 den roar
 Of a ragamuffin rout
 Began to yell and shout,
 And frighten the propriety of Shannon
 shore.

As Smith O'Brien harangued,
They battered and they banged;
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they
tore;

They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon
shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did
lower;

Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon
shore.

Oh, the girls began to scrame,
And upset the milk and crame;
And the honorable jintlemin they cursed
and swore:

And Mitchil of Belfast,
'Twas he that looked aghast,
When they roasted him in effigy by Shan-
non shore.

Oh, the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt;
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys,
where's the back door?"

'T is a national disgrace;
Let me go and veil me face!"
And he boulded with quick pace from the
Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"
Says Meagher of the sword,
"This conduct would disgrace any blacka-
moor;"

But millions were arrayed,
So he shaythed his battle-blade,
Rethrayting undismayed from the Shannon
shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line;
'T would have done your sowl good to have
heard him roar;

In his glory he arose,
And he rushed upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shan-
non shore.

Then the futt and the dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down
upon us bore;
And they bate the rattatoo,
And the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon
shore.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

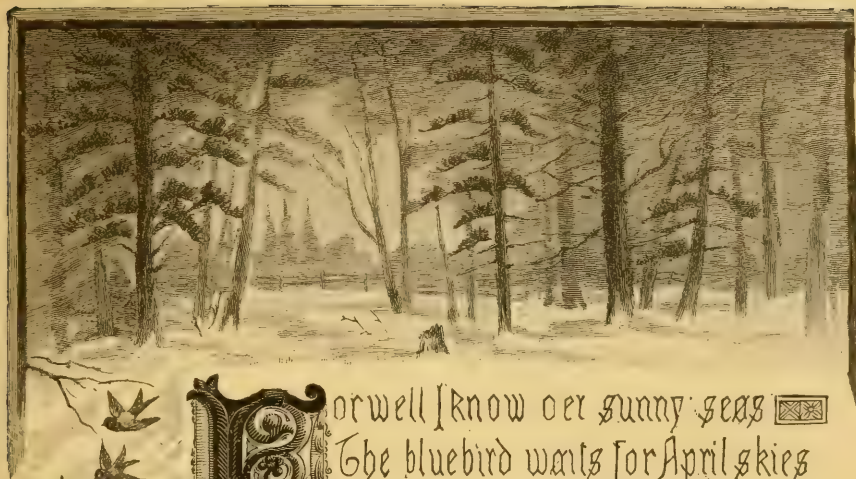
THE IVY-MAIDEN.

YOUR face, sweet Constance, and sur-
roundings—

The ivy-wreath that rings you round—
Give full excuse for wild heart-boundings
And voice more tremulous in sound.
But Ivy's maidens "weep and ring,"
And you love best to laugh and tease;
Methinks some meaning marks the thing—
Ay, ivy means "intent to please."

But, dearest, at this fatal juncture,
I own, as empty is my purse
As bladder suffering from a puncture;
So, as for better or for worse
I can take no one—or, believe me,
I'd risk my chance of winning you—
Say, child, will you as friend receive me,
Your garland speaks of friendship true!

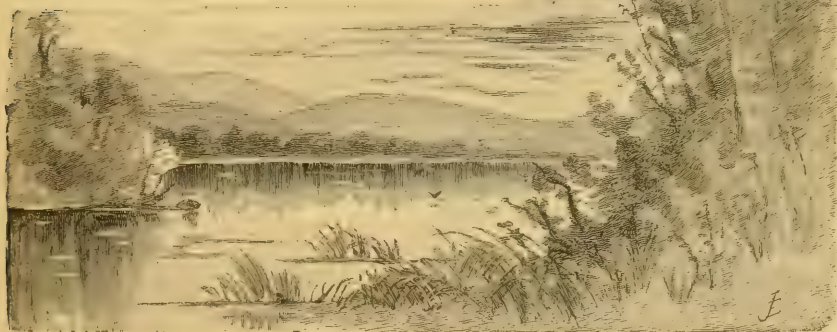
What! tears in those blue eyes indignant,
And quivering in those laughing lips?
Was then my proffer so malignant!
Ah, well, the blind boy often trips!
Suppose this New Year saw a twining
Of bridal wreaths for you and me,
I think 't would know of no repining:
Green ivy means "Fidelity."



For well I know o'er sunny seas
 The bluebird waits for April skies
 And at the roots of forest trees
 The Mayflowers sleep in fragrant ease
 And violets hide their azure eyes

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown,
 Beside some golden summers bier,
 Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
 Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful gown,
 So greet thee in the immortal year

Proctor.



O sweet New Year! O sweet beginning
 Of strange new life to either soul!
 O sudden start, triumphant winning,
 The start of life, and yet its goal!
 Sweet Constance, with thine ivy-wreathing,
 Be to thine own surroundings true;
 Nay, blush not at this whisper'd breathing
 That ivy tells of marriage too!

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR
 BY THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL
 COMPANY.

OH will ye choose to hear the news?
 Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er:
 I'll tell you all about the ball
 To the Naypaulase ambassador.
 Begor! this fete all balls does bate
 At which I worn a pump, and I
 Must here relate the splendthor great
 Of th' Oriental company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,
 To fete these black Achilleses.
 "We'll show the blacks," says they, "Al-
 mack's,
 And take the rooms at Willis's."
 With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
 They hung the rooms of Willis up,
 And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,
 With roses and with lilies up.
 And Jullien's band it tuck its stand,
 So sweetly in the middle there,
 And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
 And violins did fiddle there.
 And when the coort was tired of spoort,
 I'd lave you, boys, to think there was
 A nate buffet before them set,
 Where lashins of good dhrink there was!

At ten, before the ball-room door
 His mighty excellency was;
 He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd—
 So gorgeous and immense he was.

His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
 Into the dooway followed him;
 And oh the noise of the blackguard boys,
 As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble chair stud at the stair,
 And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
 Did thus evince to that black prince
 The welcome of his company.
 Oh fair the girls, and rich the curls,
 And bright the oys you saw there was;
 And fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
 On Ginerall Jung Bahawther was!

This ginerall great then tuck his sate,
 With all the other ginerals,
 (Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,
 All bleezed with precious minerals;)
 And as he there, with princely air,
 Recloinin on his cushion was,
 All round about his royal chair
 The squeezin and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such jukes and earls,
 Such fashion and nobilitee!
 Just think of Tim, and fanty him
 Amidst the hoigh gentility!
 There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Porty-
 geese
 Ministher and his lady there;
 And I reckonized, with much surprise,
 Our messmate, Bob O'Grady there.

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked
 like Juno,
 And Baroness Rehausen there,
 And Countess Roullier, that looked pecu-
 liar
 Well in her robes of gauze, in there.
 There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first
 When only Mr. Pips he was),
 And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
 That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all,
 And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,
 And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife—
 I wondther how he could stuff her in,

There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,
 And seemed to ask how should I go there;
 And the widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,
 And the marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, jukes and earls, and diamonds and
 pearls,

And pretty girls, was spoorting there
 And some beside (the rogues!) I spied
 Behind the windies, coorting there.
 Oh, there's one I know, bedad would show
 As beautiful as any there;
 And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,
 And shake a fut with Fanny there!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THEY COME! THE MERRY SUM- MER MONTHS.

THEY come! the merry summer months of
 beauty, song, and flowers;
 They come! the gladsome months that
 bring thick leafiness to bowers.
 Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling
 cark and care aside;
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peace-
 ful waters glide;
 Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriar-
 chal tree,
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky
 in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful
 to the hand;
 And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze
 is sweet and bland;
 The daisy and the buttercup are nodding
 courteously;
 It stirs their blood with kindest love, to
 bless and welcome thee;
 And mark how with thine own thin locks
 —they now are silvery gray—
 That blissful breeze is wantoning, and
 whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean
 of yon sky

But hath its own winged mariners to give
 it melody;
 Thou seest their glittering fans outspread,
 all gleaming like red gold;
 And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their
 merry course they hold.
 God bless them all, those little ones, who
 far above this earth,
 Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and
 vent a noble mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,—
 from yonder wood it came!
 The spirit of the dim green glade did
 breathe his own glad name;—
 Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart
 from all his kind,
 Slow spells his beads monotonous to the
 soft western wind;
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again,—his
 notes are void of art;
 But simplest strains do soonest sound the
 deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for
 thought-crazed wight like me,
 To smell again those summer flowers
 beneath this summer tree!
 To suck once more in every breath their
 little souls away,
 And feed my fancy with fond dreams of
 youth's bright summer day,
 When, rushing forth, like untamed colt,
 the reckless truant boy
 Wandered through green woods all day
 long, a mighty heart of joy!

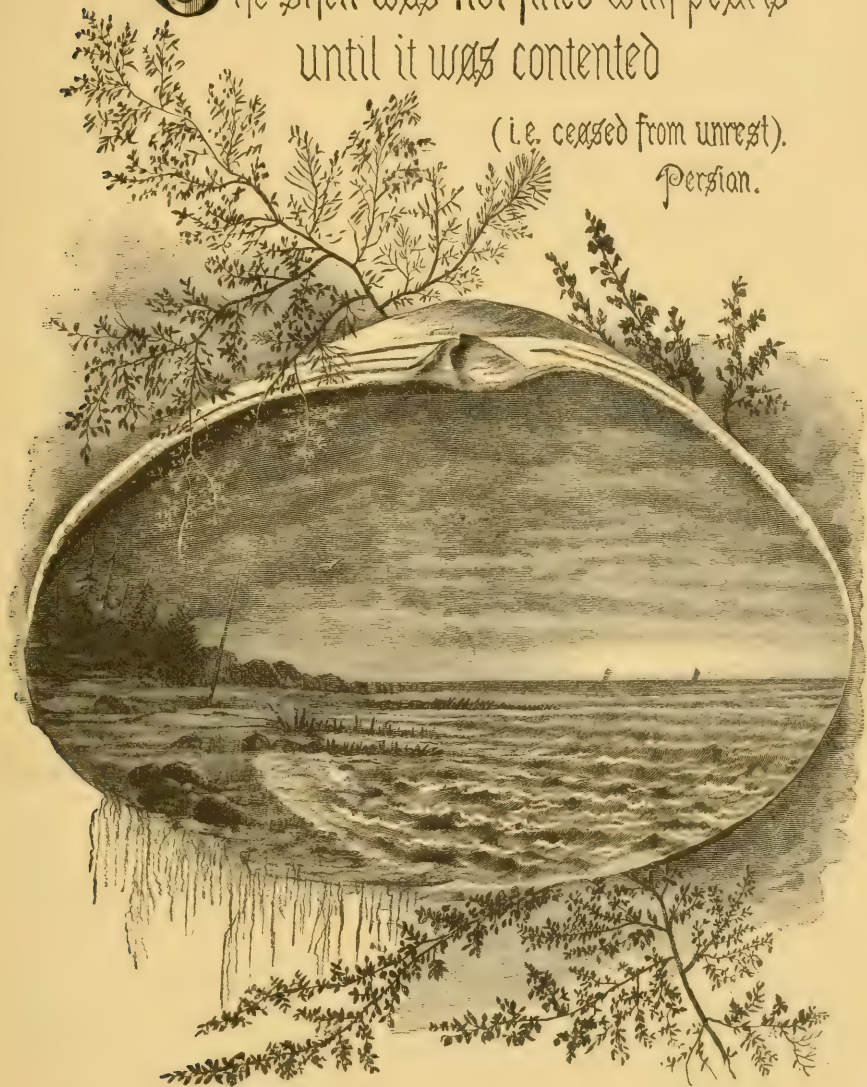
I'm sadder now,—I have had cause; but
 O, I'm proud to think
 That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore
 I yet delight to drink;—
 Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream,
 the calm, unclouded sky,
 Still mingle music with my dreams, as in
 the days gone by
 When summer's loveliness and light fall
 round me dark and cold,
 I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a
 heart that hath waxed old!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

The shell was not filled with pearls
until it was contented

(i.e. ceased from unrest).

Persian.



THE PHANTOM.

AGAIN I sit within the mansion,
In the old, familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-brier's arms have wrestled
upwards
In the summers that are past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room—
To fill the house, that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom

And many kind, remembered faces
Within the doorway come—
Voices, that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

And all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment,
To dress her dark-brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments—
Her light step on the stair!

O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long: but lo! a whisper
Beyond the open door—
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 't is the whispering pine that calls me,
The vine whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary wait-
ing,
As many a time before:
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Et remigem cantus hortatur.

QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep
time.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl:—
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us afloat over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE MINSTREL.

"WHAT voice, what harp, are those we hear
Beyond the gate in chorus?
Go, page!—the lay delights our ear;
We'll have it sung before us!"
So speaks the king: the stripling flies—
He soon returns; his master cries—
"Bring in the hoary minstrel!"

"Hail, princes mine! Hail, noble knights!
All hail, enchanting dames!
What starry heaven! What blinding lights!
Whose tongue may tell their names?
In this bright hall, amid this blaze,
Close, close, mine eyes! Ye may not gaze
On such stupendous glories!"

The minnesinger closed his eyes;
He struck his mighty lyre:
Then beauteous bosoms heaved with sighs,
And warriors felt on fire;
The king, enraptured by the strain,
Commanded that a golden chain
Be given the bard in guerdon.

"Not so! Reserve thy chain, thy gold,
For those brave knights whose glances,
Fierce flashing through the battle bold,
Might shiver sharpest lances!
Bestow it on thy treasurer there—
The golden burden let him bear
With other glittering burdens.

"I sing as in the greenwood bush
The cageless wild-bird carols—
The tones that from the full heart gush
Themselves are gold and laurels!
Yet might I ask, then thus I ask—
Let one bright cup of wine, in flask
Of glowing gold, be brought me!"

They set it down; he quaffs it all—
"Oh! draught of richest flavor!
Oh! thrice divinely happy hall
Where that is scarce a favor!
If heaven shall bless ye, think on me;
And thank your God as I thank ye
For this delicious wine-cup!"

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.
Translation of JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

"YES!"

DEAR hiding-place, I pray you keep
This secret in your breast;
O, fold it sure and fold it fast,
And let it safely rest!
And let it rest and let it lie
Till paling sky shall show
Through pearly pallor softly gray
The flush of morning's glow.

For then—while dawn is still a dream,
And all is hush'd and still—
Some one will cross the dewy fields
That spread below the hill;
Will swiftly pass through flowering aisles,
And crush the petals sweet—
Dear hiding-place, I pray you lay
My secret at his feet!

Ah, cold and lifeless seems the word
My trembling hand has traced;
He will not guess the thousand hopes
That with that word are placed!
O, will he guess or will he know?
Dear blossoms at my feet,
Look up and whisper faint and low:
I long his eyes to meet.

Ah, happy letter, you will feel
His touch so light and true!
Ah, happy hand that draws you forth,
I would that I were you!
I would and would not—love and fear
Make up so large a sum
Within my foolish heart to-day,
The heart that he has won.

O, have I lived or have I loved
In any years before?
For now I cannot dream of joy,
Save with him evermore.
I waste the days, the nights, the hours,
In thoughts that come and go;
And yet in all their circling flight,
One name alone they know.

O, lavish lights and floating shades,
I would you were no more;
Fly down and haunt the midnight glades,
And tell me day is o'er!



YES.

Dear ivy, keep my secret safe;
 Like him you cannot guess
 That life and love are centered here
 Where I have written—"Yes!"

LEAVES FROM FATHERLAND.

Just a few crocus leaves,
 Purple and fair to see;
 And a dozen blades of grass,
 Came to me over the sea.

Purple, and amber and green,
 I ween they were precious to me;
 For their colors blend to a bow of love,
 From dear ones I fain would see.

Only a few dry leaves,
 But their colors will not die;
 And their beauty smiles to my very heart,
 Under this western sky.

ELMO.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of
 peace.

And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold:
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?"—The vision raised
 its head,

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered—"The names of those who love
 the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay,
 not so,"

Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee,
 then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next
 night

It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God
 had blessed—

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the
 rest!

LEIGH HUNT.

THE STEAMBOAT.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
 The ridged and rolling waves,
 As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
 She bows her surly slaves!
 With foam before and fire behind,
 She rends the clinging sea,
 That flies before the roaring wind,
 Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers
 With heaped and glistening bells,
 Falls round her fast in ringing showers,
 With every wave that swells;
 And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,
 In lurid fringes thrown,
 The living gems of ocean sweep
 Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
 And smoking torch on high,
 When winds are loud, and billows reel,
 She thunders, foaming, by!
 When seas are silent and serene
 With even beam she glides,
 The sunshine glimmering through the
 green
 That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
 She views her shadowy form,
 The beating of her restless heart
 Still sounding through the storm;
 Now answers, like a courtly dame,
 The reddening surges o'er,
 With flying scarf of spangled flame,
 The pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
 Who trims his narrowed sail;
 To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
 Her broad breast to the gale;
 And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
 Shall break from yard and stay,
 Before this smoky wreath hath stained
 The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,
 I see yon quivering mast—
 The black throat of the hunted cloud
 Is panting forth the blast!
 An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff
 The giant surge shall fling
 His tresses o'er yon pennon-staff,
 White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep!
 Nor wind nor wave shall tire
 Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
 With floods of living fire;
 Sleep on—and when the morning light
 Streams o'er the shining bay,
 Oh, think of those for whom the night
 Shall never wake in day!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and
 hours
 That must be counted ere I see thy face?
 How shall I charm the interval that lowers
 Between this time and that sweet time
 of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,—
 Weary with longing? shall I flee away
 Into past days, and with some fond pretence
 Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
 Of casting from me God's great gift of
 time?
 Shall I, these mists of memory locked
 within,
 Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how or by what means may I contrive
 To bring the hour that brings thee back
 more near?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live
 Until that blessed time, and thou art
 here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
 Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
 In worthy deeds each moment that is told
 While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
 All heavenward flights, all high and holy
 strains;

For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
 Through these long hours, nor call their
 minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
 A noble task-time, and will therein strive
 To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
 More good than I have won since yet I
 live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
 A thousand graces, which shall thus be
 thine:

So may my love and longing hallowed be,
 And thy dear thought an influence di-
 vine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands:
 The smith—a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
 His face is like the tan,
 His brow is wet with honest sweat—
 He earns whate'er he can;
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.



ABSENCE.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow—
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks, that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach—
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing—
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close—
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou has taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought—
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky!
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye!
 Thy root is ever in its grave—
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie!
 Thy music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;
 But, though the whole world turn to coal
 Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

SONG.

RARELY, rarely comest thou,
 Spirit of delight!
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot
 All but those who heed thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
 Even the signs of grief
 Reproach thee, that thou art near,
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure:
 Thou wilt never come for pity
 Thou wilt come for pleasure.
 Pity then will cut away
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of delight!
 The fresh earth in new leaves drest,

And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves and winds and streams,
Everything almost
Which is nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love love, though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But, above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee:
Thou art love and life! oh, come,
Make once more my heart thy home!
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SAPPHO AND PHAON.

A LOVE-DUET.

Phaon sings at Sunset.

My lady, here I'll linger,
Conceal'd by clouds of night,
Until the morning's finger
Shall touch the day with light.
Shall touch the day with light,
When darkness round us closes,
And silence strays with me,
The dew from garden roses
Shall weep sad tears for thee.
The weary hours I'll number
When thou art lost to sight;
But song shall soothe thy slumber:
My lady-love, good night!

Phaon sings at Dawn.

The lily-bells awaken,
The rose no longer weeps,
The nests are all forsaken;
But still my lady sleeps.
Glad daytime gives its blessing,
And blossoms intertwine,
Thy window-ledge caressing
With arms of eglantine.
But still the hours I number;
I sorrow for thy sake:
Awaken from thy slumber,
My lady-love, awake!

Phaon sings at Sunrise.

But hark! a footfall on the grass;
It is her voice that greets the day.
Wake, blossoms, let your mistress pass;
My lady comes—make way, make way!

Sappho sings at Sundown.

Farewell, glad sun, my heart is cold;
Silence, ye birds, my love is dumb;
Sleep, flow'rets, whilst my arms enfold
His shadow—for he will not come?

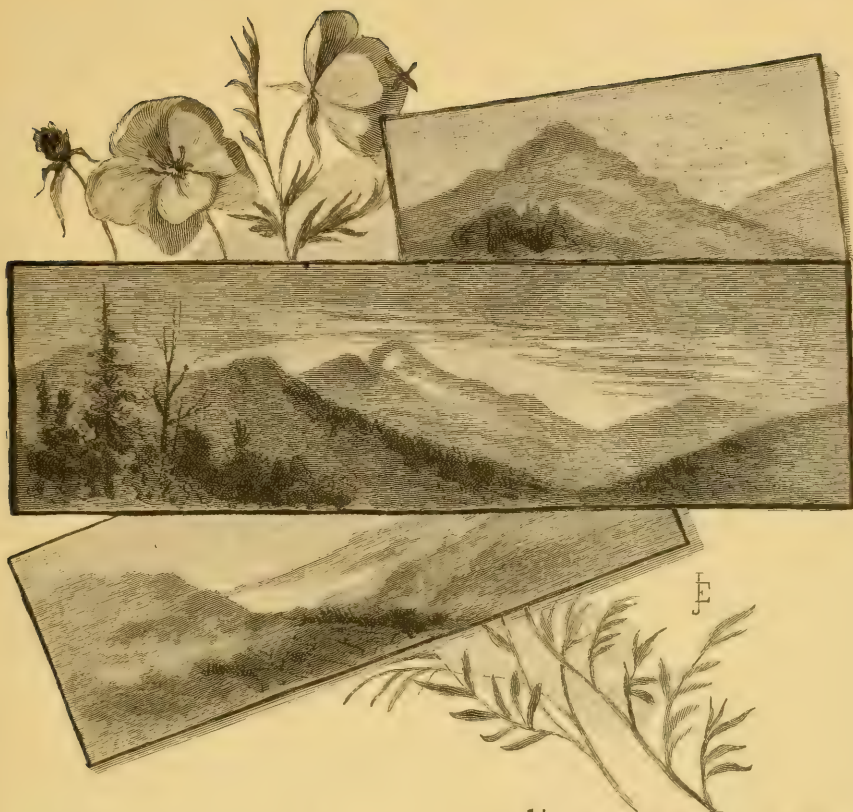
Farewell, farewell! see, I must die
With fainting for the loss of thee.
Lost love! restore me with a sigh,
And let thy kisses rain on me!

My Phaon, 't is our last farewell!
Come back to me; I faint with pain!
When we are parted none will tell
Thy heart to win me back again.

Farewell! and when the ocean wide
Hath parted us, as it must part,
One sigh will draw me to thy side,
One kiss will heal my broken heart.
CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.



Once I know I shall journey far
 Over the mountains high
 Lord, is thy door already ajar?
 Dear is the home where thy saved ones are
 But bar it awhile from me
 And help me to long for Thee.

a. E. Viasson

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
 All under the greenwood tree,
 There he was aware of a brave young man,
 As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
 In scarlet fine and gay;
 And he did frisk it over the plain,
 And chaunted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
 Amongst the leaves so gay,
 There did he espy the same young man
 Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
 It was clean cast away;
 And at every step he fetched a sigh,
 "Alas! and a well-a-day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
 And Midge, the miller's son;
 Which made the young man bend his bow,
 When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,
 "What is your will with me?"
 "You must come before our master straight
 Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
 Robin asked him courteously,
 "O, hast thou any money to spare,
 For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
 "But five shillings and a ring;
 And that I have kept this seven long years,
 To have at my wedding."

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
 But she was from me ta'en,
 And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
 Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin
 Hood,
 "Come tell me, without any fail."
 "By the faith of my body," then said the
 young man,
 "My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin
 Hood,
 "In ready gold or fee,
 To help thee to thy true love again,
 And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young
 man,
 "No ready gold nor fee,
 But I will swear upon a book
 Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
 Come tell me without guile."
 "By the faith of my body," then said the
 young man,
 "It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain;
 He did neither stint nor lin,
 Until he came unto the church
 Where Allen should keep his weddin'.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then
 said,
 "I prithee now tell unto me,"
 "I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
 "And the best in the north country."

"Oh welcome, oh welcome," the bishop
 he said;
 "That music best pleaseth me."
 "You shall have no music," quoth Robin
 Hood,
 "Till the bride and the bridegroom I
 see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
 Which was both grave and old;
 And after him a finikin lass,
 Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin
 Hood,
 "That you do seem to make here;
 For since we are come into the church,
 The bride shall choose her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his
mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four-and-twenty yeomen bold,
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he cried,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked into the
church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," the Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times into church,
Lest three times should not be enough,

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little
John,
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then having ended this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry green-
wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

ANONYMOUS.

FAIRER THAN THEE.

FAIRER than thee, beloved,
Fairer than thee;—
There is one thing, beloved,
Fairer than thee.

Not the glad sun, beloved,
Bright though it beams;
Not the green earth, beloved,
Silver with streams;

Not the gay birds, beloved,
Happy and free;
Yet there's one thing, beloved,
Fairer than thee.

Not the clear day, beloved,
Glowing with light;
Not (fairer still beloved) .
Star crowned night.

Truth, in her might, beloved,
Grand in her sway;
Truth with her eyes, beloved,
Clearer than day;

Holy and pure, beloved,
Spotless and free,
Is the one thing, beloved,
Fairer than thee.

Guard well thy soul, beloved,
Truth dwelling there,
Shall shadow forth, beloved,
Her image rare.

Then shall I deem, beloved,
That thou art she;
And there'll be naught, beloved,
Fairer than thee.

ANONYMOUS.

A MATCH.

IF love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields and flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or grey grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.



TO THE DAISY.

Bright flower ! whose home is everywhere,
 Bold in maternal nature's care,
 And all the year long through the heir
 Of joy or sorrow ;
 Methinks that there abides in thee
 Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest through !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Secrets

If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune,
 With double sound and single
 Delight our lips would mingle,
 With kisses glad as birds are
 That get sweet rain at noon;
 If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
 And I, your love, were death,
 We'd shine and snow together
 Ere March made sweet the weather
 With daffodil and starling
 And hours of fruitful breath;
 If you were life, my darling,
 And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
 And I were page to joy,
 We'd play for lives and seasons,
 With loving looks and treasons,
 And tears of night and morrow,
 And laughs of maid and boy;
 If you were thrall to sorrow,
 And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May,
 We'd throw with leaves for hours,
 And draw for days with flowers,
 Till day like night were shady,
 And night were bright like day:
 If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain,
 We'd hunt down love together
 Pluck out his flying-feather,
 And teach his feet a measure,
 And find his mouth a rein;
 If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he! who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
 What though the dome be wanting, whose
 proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking
 crowd,
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused?
 Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him
 not?
 What though, from utmost land and sea
 purvey'd,
 From him each rarer tributary life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury, and death? What though
 his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in
 beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
 What though he knows not those fantastic
 joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope;
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits. Whatever, greens the
 Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers; or
 bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn
 beams;
 Or in the Wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of
 streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,

Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay.
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove or
song,

Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes and fountains
clear.

Here too dwells simple Truth; plain Inno-
cence;

Unsullied Beauty; sound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labor, with a little pleased;
Health ever blooming; unambitious Toil,
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy
wave:

Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek,
Unpierced, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling
cry:

Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urged on by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun:

Let this through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and established guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery: let these
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying
smile,

And tread the weary labyrinth of state:—
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but
hears,

At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapp'd close in conscious peace. The
fall of kings,

The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man who, from the world
escaped,

In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to
month

And day to day, through the revolving
year:

Admiring, sees her in every shape;

Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart,
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks
of more.

He, when young Spring protrudes the
bursting gems,

Marks the first bud, and sucks the health-
ful gale

Into his freshen'd soul. Her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in
vain.

In summer, he beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of
these,

Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an
eye

Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the
world,

And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seized by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and, through the tepid
gleams

Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
E'en Winter wild, to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried
earth,

Awake to solemn thought. At night the
skies

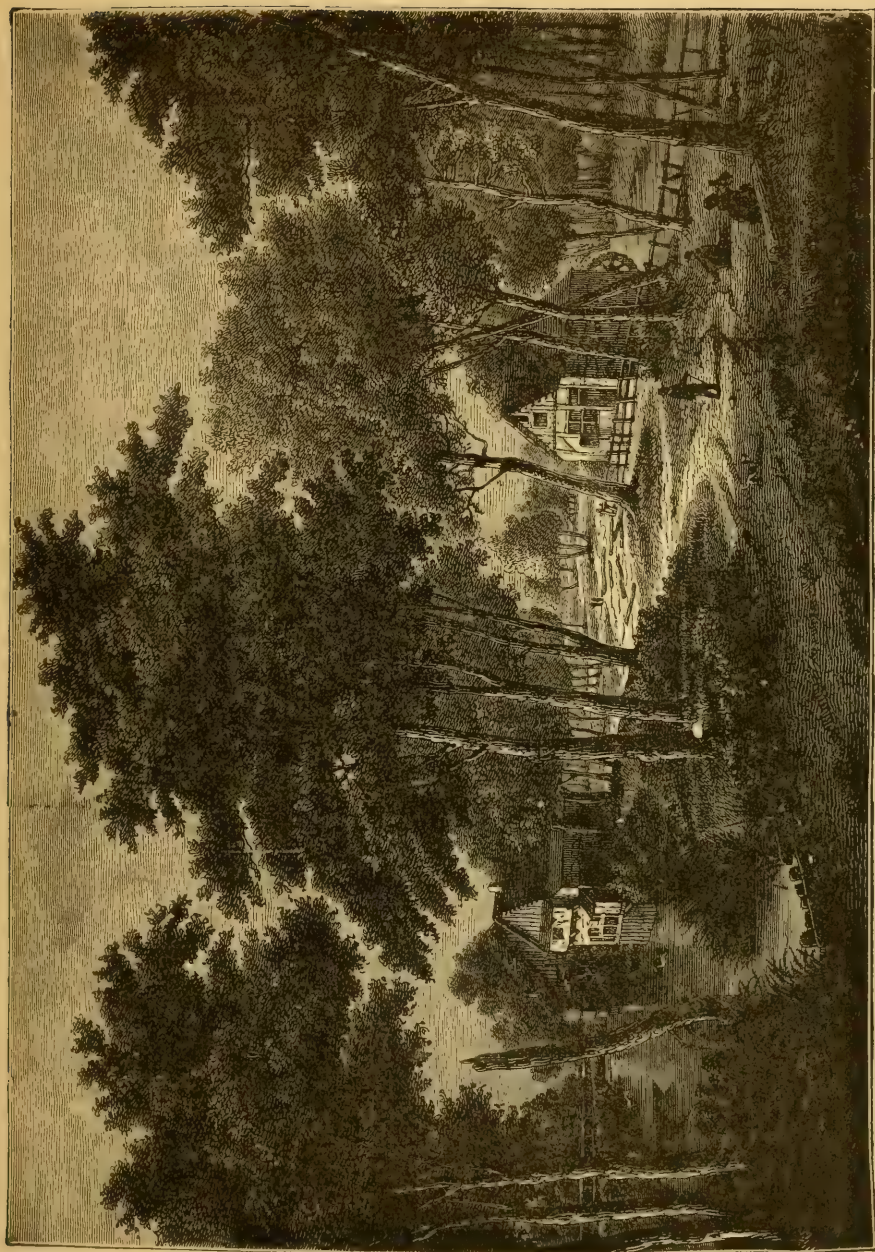
Disclosed, and kindled by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.

A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With
swift wing,

O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twined around his
neck,

And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly
scorns;



AN AUTUMN IDYL.

For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.
 This is the life which those who fret in
 guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When Angels dwelt, and God himself
 with man!

—JAMES THOMPSON.

AT A MODERN SHRINE.

With a spray of shower-wet lilac in your
 hand,
 There you stand;
 And an April sun is glinting on your hair.
 Are you not incarnate Spring?
 Can I limn you? 'T were a thing
 That might drive a defter artist to despair.

May not fancy hear Arcadian sheep-bells
 tinkle,
 As you sprinkle
 Diamond droplets from that fragrant purple
 spire?
 Is the hyacinth's own hue
 Of a sweeter, suaver blue
 Than your eyes of soft and silken-shaded
 fire?

Yet no unsubstantial allegoric thing,
 Like the Spring
 Of the poets and the painters, love, are you.
 Not a sylph, but sweetly human,
 And a very, very woman,
 Though you look as though compact of
 sun and dew.

And you will not, like a vision, melt in
 air,
 If I dare
 To engirdle you with merely mortal arm:
 Proudly blest to so environ
 Such a super-dainty siren,
 Unafraid of ghostly flight, or evil charm.

You're a merry mortal maiden, and no
 myth,
 Like Lilith,
 Or the briny beauties shunned by sage
 Ulysses;
 Your drift of sunny hair
 Is no silky-subtle snare,
 And your lips were never shaped for cruel
 kisses.

Yet you catch and keep my heart, and show
 no mercy, Little Circe,
 And in sooth I'm quite resigned to such a
 capture.

Who'd resist or turn a railer
 At so generous a gaoler?
 Lo! I yield to love's restraint with ready
 rapture.

Ay, your voice is very sweet and most
 seductive,
 Yet productive
 Of no peril, and no sudden pang, and sharp.
 Near your swift and sweeping finger,
 'T is as safe as sweet to linger,
 For you play on the piano—not the harp!

So! you shake a saucy head, and swear I
 flatter!
 Well, what matter? "
 I prefer you much to all the classic ladies,
 Be they goddesses or graces,
 And whatever be their places,
 From the heaven kist Olympus down to—
 Hades!

"There is nothing very classical about
 you?"—

Well, I doubt you,
 You've a soft Ionic air, a grace that's
 Attic;

Yet I own you're not antique,
 And for English over Greek,
 I avow that I've a preference emphatic.

There is many a little trifler with the
 Muses,
 Who abuses
 Everything that is post-Phidian and pretty;

But all loveliness is no man's
And the Grecians, and the Romans,
Did not turn out a Turner or an Etty.

I think that theirs was not the *only* Charis,
And that Paris
Might distribute a whole orchard, love,
to-day,
And yet appear invidious;
Praxiteles and Phidias
Shake hands with Leech and Leighton
and Millais.

I am sure your hair has hyacinthine grace,
And your face
Is as sweet and pure as any marble Clyte;
And, although you're scarce at
home
In the clouds or on the foam,
You're a perfect *terra firma* Aphrodite.

Did not Gibson perpetrate a tinted Venus?
(Which, between us,
Was a saucer-eyed and saffron-hued delu-
sion)
But I swear, my darling, that you
Are like poor Pygmalion's statue,
When just flushing with life's roseate suf-
fusion.

If you're scarcely statuesque, you're sweet
and simple,
And that dimple
That is lurking underneath your lower lip,
Is a charm the marble misses;
Oh! a fig for Parian kisses
While from such a rosy chalice I may sip.

Let Anacreon, let Horace and Tibullus,
Or Catullus,
Sing of Lalage and Pyrrha and the rest of
them,
I'll back my British beauty,
From her chignon to her shoe-tie,
To compete in grace and sweetness with
the best of them.

Oh! you say my pretty talk is most mis-
leading—
Special pleading!

Now, that really is exceedingly ungracious.
I protest that my defence
Of the present's no pretence,
And my praise of your sweet self is most
veracious.

I've a very great respect for Attic art,
For my part,
Yet I think, in spite of ultra-classic sages,
That the grand Hellenic story
Don't exhaust creation's glory,
And that Nature's is a book of many pages.

I believe that, could I see a Grecian goddess
In a bodice
Poppy-hued, and skirts the color of the
wheat;
With a spray of lilac blossom
In her chastely-covered bosom,
I should find my British darling just as
sweet.

Love and loveliness can never be antique,
And the Greek
No monopoly of either I'll allow;
And I really do not care
For the whole of Lempriere.
While to such a modern goddess I may
bow.

E. J. M.

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts,—and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks:
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy—
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry;
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;



AT A MODERN SHRINE.

Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear.
 What is the creature doing here?
 It was a cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps, till June, December's snow;
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn below!
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway, or cultivated land,—
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
 The crags repeat the raven's croak
 In symphony austere;
 Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
 And mists that spread the flying shroud;
 And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,
 That, if it could, would hurry past;
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile,
 The shepherd stood; then makes his way
 O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
 As quickly as he may;
 Nor far had gone before he found
 A human skeleton on the ground.
 The appalled discoverer with a sigh
 Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
 The man had fallen, that place of fear!
 At length upon the shepherd's mind
 It breaks, and all is clear.
 He instantly recalled the name,
 And who he was, and whence he came;
 Remembered, too, the very day
 On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
 This lamentable tale I tell!
 A lasting monument of words
 This wonder merits well.
 The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
 Repeating the same timid cry,
 This dog had been through three months
 space
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since that day
 When this ill-fated traveller died,
 The dog had watched about the spot,
 Or by his master's side.
 How nourished here through such long
 time
 He knows who gave that love sublime,
 And gave that strength of feeling, great
 Above all human estimate!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
 The holly-tree!
 The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
 Its glossy leaves
 Ordered by an intelligence so wise
 As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen;
 No grazing cattle, through their prickly
 round,
 Can reach to wound;
 But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves
 appear.

I love to view these things with curious eye
 And moralize;
 And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
 Can emblems see
 Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant
 rhyme,
 One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might
 appear
 Harsh and austere—
 To those who on my leisure would intrude,
 Reserved and rude;
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I
 know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I, day by day,
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The holly-leaves their fadeless hues display
 Less bright than they;
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng;
 So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
 More grave than they;
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly-tree.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BY THE LILIES.

WHITE swans beside the lilies, the lilies
 golden-eyed,
 The lilies white and foam tipp'd, in snowy
 dress of bride;
 Their broad green leaflets floating upon the
 silver stream,
 And, ah! the fairest lily drifting in a dream;

 With paddles deftly balanced by her small
 fingers white,
 Her light canoe slow moving, mid the
 rushes out of sight;
 Her golden hair low floating adown the
 vest of blue,
 Her sweet eyes on the river fill'd with ten-
 der dew.

If there *was* a time when elfies, when
 brownies, and when fays
 Stole the heart from loving manhood, sure
 have come again those days;

One *may* dream it, one *must* feel it, when in
 balmy summer air,
 One's heart away is stolen by sweet win-
 some girlhood fair.

—ANONYMOUS.

THE PAINTER'S WALK.

I.

IN THE WOOD.

(The Husband speaks.)

BETWEEN gray trunks the curving path-
 way runs,
 Now in, now out; gray trunks of ancient
 trees
 Barred with soft shadow-bands, where falls
 the sun's
 Ray slantwise through the wood, and on
 the breeze
 Rising and flutt'ring, rustling light,
 The dry brown leaves make answer, as the
 sight
 Of so much life renewed spoke hopefully—
 A green youth yet for them which should
 not die!

Here is a space cleared by the woodman's
 arm.

We two will rest awhile, and lying low
 Under this beech tree, nigh a budding palm
 Thick set with silver bloom, note idly
 how
 Each tree is redd'ning to the Spring,
 Who soon a tender cloud of green will fling
 Over these twigs, athwart this tracery
 Of slender boughs seen black against the
 sky.

No noises from the town can vex us here,
 But softened by long distance comes the
 shrill
 Sound of sharp plows; and, far away, the
 clear

Soft whistle of a woodman; further still
 Falls from an upland farm the bleat
 Of new-born lambs; and mournful now,
 but sweet,



BY THE LILIES,

A ring-dove in a twisted thorn hard by
Tempers earth's joy with her sad monody.

Though gray the thorn is still, that soon
will be

White with soft bloom; though mute the
nightingale;

Though not a primrose or anemone

Has ventured to put forth a blossom pale;

Yet does this sight of white clouds fleet

Across the sky, and all those sounds that
greet

Our eager souls thirsting for summer's
tune,

Thrill us with promise of the coming June.

Now sing with your low fluted voice,
while I

Lie with closed eyes, and fancy all around
Are summer's dreamy songs, and greenery

On these poor leafless trees, and all the
ground

Purple with scented orchis flowers,

And the world young again, and all time
ours

To do great works in—I, wise, great of fame,
And you—ah! you alone I'd keep the same.

(The Wife sings.)

The day breaks and the throstle sings,
The joyful lark has spread his wings;
The whole green world thrills to his tune,
And wakes to greet this day of June!

Wake, love! rejoice!

Drops hang on every hedgerow leaf,
They shine like tears of happy grief.
The daisy cups are fringed with dew
As your eyes when I say "Adieu!"
Oh! sing, sweet voice!

A new bud on your Provence rose,
Since last night's ling'ring through the
close,

Hangs down a loosened woodbine trail
And for your window makes a veil!

Dear eyes, shine through!

There sing upon the hawthorn bush
The bold blackbird and sweeter thrush.

The rolling clouds leave heaven blue,

The eager sun but waits for you!

Waits, love, for you!

(The Husband speaks.)

Dear voice, cease not; even the round-eyed
dove

Is silent, listening to your sweeter note.

And I could listen ever, knowing love

Is only grown, since first those words I
wrote.

Grown, but not changed, unless it be

To take a nobler form; for now I see

How year by year my love has rooted been
In deeper ground than youth and beauties
seen!

II.

IN THE MEADOW.

Here is an idle rhyme to make you smile,

Or sigh, perhaps, if truth it seem to fold.

Sit here and read it, but believe the while,

I love so well, to me you'll ne'er be old.

A painter to his wife one day:

This sunset hour brings back to me,

I know not why, the radiant day,

When first my love you vowed to be.

Go, then; put on that very gown,

And hold these cowslips in your hand;

And let your hair flow rippling down,

That once more I may see you stand.

A shy surprise in your blue eyes,

And on your lips a dawning smile,

The smile at my wild words. Surprise

That I could doubt your love a while.

Ah! so; just so! and yet—alas!
 Though sweeter since is grown your face,
 Though dearer every day we pass,—
 I miss a bloom, a vanished grace.

Yes, vain it is in summer's prime
 To seek the buds of April's day.
 For time is passing! Ah! not Time!
 'Tis *we*, my love, who pass away!

Sad words, but true! So says your face
 grown grave,
 As slow your eyes have travelled o'er
 the page.
 Sad thoughts! which seem to mock this
 sunshine brave.
 Such April morns, what's Time to us, or
 Age?

Are we not happy, rich in hope and love,
 Having our youth together, and one
 heart,
 One mind and will between us, God above:
 His sunshine round about us; and fair
 Art.

To serve with reverent hands? Look up
 again,
 And chase the gravity from eyelids wet;
 Let us be gay as yesternorn—for vain
 And idle is such fanciful regret!

III.

BY THE RIVER.

(The Wife speaks.)

Oh! to be idle one long day!
 When spring is almost over;
 And these great giants gaunt and gray
 Are green; when roundhead clover

And purple thyme-tufts fill the air,
 And fields are gay with daisies;
 When, blushing, dies the hawthorn fair
 Just as your Poet praises.

When overhead the lark's far song,
 And thrushes in the hedgerows,
 And hidden linnets piping long
 Where rank the river sedge grows.

Oh! to be idle one spring day,
 To muse in wood or meadow;
 Glide down this river 'twixt the play
 Of sun and trembling shadow!

I'd see all wonders 'neath the stream,
 The pebbles and vext grasses;
 I'd lean across the boat and dream
 As each scene slowly passes.

The tide should ripple welcomes low
 And dance the kingcups bravely
 And flags in purple stately bow
 And nod the tall reeds gravely.

I'd rest an hour the willows by
 And say a prayer in pity,
 For all who stifle, groan and die,
 This day in crowded city.

IV.

SUNSET.

(The Wife speaks.)

Sitting once in the twilight
 I watched the fire-flare
 Red glowing, and suddenly bright'ning
 Upon your face and hair.

It gave strange light and shadow,
 An unfamiliar look;
 I had to learn you over again
 Bending over your book.

But when you broke the silence,
 And read those burning words
 Great poets have spent themselves to write,
 My heart leapt up towards

And to your voice made answer,
 Which, like a wail of pain,

Or autumn winds in swaying trees
Did rise and fall again,

And rise; inspired by passion—
By passion, hope, or dread—
You seemed a poet then, and I
Forgot you only read.

Then, turning o'er the pages,
You read a song I knew;
'T was then the present vanished;
There was nor I, nor you,

But a little child in a garden,
Reading with puzzled air
An old hand-written volume,
Finding those verses there.

For years 'tween tarnished covers
That passion-song had lain:
The hand that wrote it slept beneath
Two purple lilac's rain.

And as you read, I loitered
Under the shade of trees,
And smelt the fragrant lavender
Swayed by the humming bees.

Child-like, again I wondered
What meant such sad, sore grief,
And why the dead hand wrote that song,
Marking against the leaf

A cross, and a date forgotten,
In pale and faded ink,—
I could almost feel the summer wind
Fresh from the river brink!

You paused. . . "Well, there 's the song, love!
You like it?" Ah! then fled
My dreams. I answered: "Forgive me, I
Heard not a word you read!"

But that this bright eve's glory
May live again some day,
Read me aloud some stirring story
Or poet's sad, sweet lay.

* * * *

(The Husband speaks.)

There in that leaf we shut it,
An embalmed happiness!
Now homewards, wife. Has there been
melody!
To-day? True eyes, confess.

—A. L. B.

MY HARVEST "EVE."

O FOR the glory of harvest time!
I sing it in song and sing it in rhyme.
With blush of the beauteous summer's
prime
On its dewy dawns,
And its hazy morns,
And gathered grainage of golden corns.

O for the glory of harvest time!
I weave it in song and sing it in rhyme,
While happy hours their passage chime;
And every breath
So softly saith
"There 's life new born with the summer's
death."

O for the glory of golden noon,
And purpled heather, and ripened bloom,
And full-orbed splendor of harvest moon—
The dangerous moon,
That fades so soon
From starry splendor to starless gloom!

* * * *

Oh for the peerless face that shines
Out from the lattice beyond the limes!
Harvest queen of my harvest time,
How shall I praise her in song or rhyme,
With her tangled tresses
And eyes divine?

I'll set her amidst the ripened sheaves,
Or golden glory of burnished leaves:
Flowers and fruits in the autumn eves,
Fairest "Eve" of them all is she—
My harvest queen
From o'er the lea!

O for the lady of brow serene!
 How shall I praise her, the manor queen,
 With the ebon gloss on her ringlets sheen?
 Never a tangled tress is seen,
 Nor saucy eyes to dance and gleam.
 Like eyes that dazzle my rhymes, I
 ween.

O for a heart to shrine them both!
 Either to lose or leave I'm loth,
 For love has grown with the harvest growth.
 O gathered grain,
 Know you this pain?
 Can severed ties be blent again?

The grain is gathered, shadows fall
 O'er land and lea like sombre pall;
 My heart and I are still in thrall;
 Your eyes will shine
 Starlike to mine,
 My Eve, for every harvest time?

—RITA.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
 Or place my hand in thine,
 Before I let thy future give
 Color and form to mine,
 Before I peril all for thee,
 Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
 A shadow of regret:
 Is there one link within the past
 That holds thy spirit yet?
 Or is thy faith as clear and free
 As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
 A possible future shine,
 Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe.
 Untouched, unshared by mine?
 If so, at any pain or cost,
 O, tell me before all is lost!

Look deeper still: if thou canst feel,
 Within thy inmost soul,
 That thou hast kept a portion back,
 While I have staked the whole,
 Let no false pity spare the blow,
 But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
 That mine cannot fulfil?
 One chord that any other hand
 Could better wake or still?
 Speak now, lest at some future day
 My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
 The demon-spirit change,
 Shedding a passing glory still
 On all things new and strange?
 It may not be thy fault alone,—
 But shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
 And answer to my claim,
 That fate, and that to-day's mistake,—
 Not thou,—had been to blame?
 Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
 Wilt surely warm and save me now.

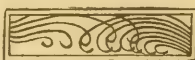
Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,
 The words would come too late;
 Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
 So comfort thee my fate:
 Whatever on my heart may fall
 Remember, I *would* risk it all!

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

SONNETS.

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the
 time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous
 night;
 When I behold the violets past prime,
 And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And Summer's green all girded up in
 sheaves,



Paths of the fields,
 O pleasant paths, that stray
 Through the deep wind-trod pastures of the spring,
 Through all the glory and the blossoming
 That summer yields, 
 From the world's weariness from hope's decay,
 Lead me, oh! lead me, pleasant paths, away —



Paths of the fields ! William C. Bennett



Borne on the bier with white and bristly
beard;
Then, of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must
go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves
forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can
make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes
thee hence.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May.
And summer's lease hath all too short a
date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course,
untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his
shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can
see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to
thee.

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a compliment of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's
rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all
things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure
hems.

Oh let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:
Let them say no more that like of hear-
say well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

LET those who are in favor with their stars,
Of public honor and proud titles boast;
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumphs
bars;
Unlooked-for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes favorites their fair leaves
spread,
But as the marigold, at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honor rased quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's
eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless
cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends
possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's
scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost
despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's
gate.
For thy sweet love remembered such
wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state
with kings.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought

I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.

Then, can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,

And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,

And moan th' expense of many a vanished sight.

Then can I grieve of grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before:

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,

All losses are restored, and sorrow ends.

THY bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,

And all those friends which I thought buried.

How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,

As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,

Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:

Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,

Kissing with golden face the meadows green,

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;

Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

WHY didst thou promise such a beauteous day,

And make me travel forth without my cloak,

To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,

To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace;

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief—

Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:

Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross,

Ah, but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,

And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

WHAT is your substance, whereof are you made,

That millions of strange shadows on you tend?

Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.

Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year—
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear;
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part;
 But you like none, none you, for constant
 heart.

OH, how much more doth beauty beauteous
 seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth
 give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses—
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds
 discloses;
 But, for their virtue only is their show;
 They live unwooded, and unrespected fade,
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors
 made:
 And so of you beauteous and lovely
 youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distils
 your truth.

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful
 rhyme,
 But you shall shine more bright in these
 contents
 Than unswept stone, besmeared with slut-
 tish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the works of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire
 shall burn
 The living record of your memory.

'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still
 find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity,
 That wear this world out to the ending
 doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lover's
 eyes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Is there, when the winds are singing
 In the happy summer time—
 When the raptured air is ringing
 With earth's music heavenward springing,
 Forest chirp, and village chime—
 Is there, of the sounds that float
 Unsighingly, a single note
 Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
 As the laughter of a child?
 Listen! and be now delighted:
 Morn hath touched her golden strings;
 Earth and Sky their vows have plighted;
 Life and Light are reunited,
 Amid countless carollings;
 Yet, delicious as they are,
 There's a sound that's sweeter far—
 One that makes the heart rejoice
 More than all,—the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
 Though it be a stranger's tone—
 Than the winds or waters dearer,
 More enchanting to the nearer,
 For it answereth to his own
 But, of all its witching words,
 Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
 Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
 Haunted strains from rivulets,
 Hum of bees among the flowers,
 Rustling leaves, and silver showers,—
 These, ere long, the ear forgets;

But in mine there is a sound
 Ringing on the whole year round—
 Heart-deep laughter that I heard
 Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 't was heard by ear far purer,
 Fondlier formed to catch the strain—
 Ear of one whose love is surer—
 Hers, the mother, the endurer
 Of the deepest share of pain;
 Hers the deepest bliss to treasure
 Memories of that cry of pleasure;
 Hers to hoard, a life-time after,
 Echoes of that infant laughter.

'T is a mother's large affection
 Hears with a mysterious sense—
 Breathings that evade detection,
 Whisper faint, and fine inflexion,
 Thrill in her with power intense.
 Childhood's honeyed words untaught
 Hiveth she in loving thought—
 Tones that never thence depart;
 For she listens—with her heart.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

FLEURETTE.

WE have been friends together,
 In sunshine and in shade,
 Since first beneath the chestnut-tree
 In infancy we played;
 But coldness dwells within thy heart,
 A cloud is on thy brow;
 We have been friends together,—
 Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
 We have laughed at little jests;
 For the fount of hope was gushing,
 Warm and joyous, in our breasts.
 But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
 And sullen glooms thy brow
 We have been gay together,—
 Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,—
 We have wept, with bitter tears,
 O'er the grass-grown graves, where slum-
 bered
 The hopes of early years.
 The voices which are silent there
 Would bid thee clear thy brow;
 We have been sad together,—
 O, what shall part us now?

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

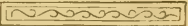
WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy, and
 fond,
 My eldest born, first hope, and dearest
 treasure,
 My heart received thee with a joy beyond
 All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
 Nor thought that any love again might be
 So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy
 years,
 And natural piety that leaned to heaven;
 Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
 Yet patient to rebuke when justly
 given—
 Obedient—easy to be reconciled—
 And meekly cheerful; such wert thou, my
 child!

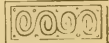
Not willing to be left—still by my side,
 Haunting my walks, while summer-day
 was dying;
 Nor leaving in thy turn, but pleased to
 glide
 Through the dark room where I was
 sadly lying;
 Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
 Watch the dim eye, and kiss the fevered
 cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made
 Earth's fragile idols, like a tender flower,
 No strength in all thy freshness, prone to
 fade,



Thou art as much his care, as if
beside, 
Nor man nor angel liv'd in heaven
or earth;



Thus sunbeams pour alike their
glorious tide 
To light up worlds or wake an
insect's mirth;

They shine and shine with unexhausted store;
Thou art thy Saviour's darling, seek no more.

John Keble

And bending weakly to the thunder-
shower;
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force
to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the
wind!

Then THOU, my merry love—bold in thy
glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight
dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free—
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing
glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened
earth!

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of
joy,

Which sweet from childhood's rosy lips
resoundeth;

Thine was the eager spirit naught could
cloy,

And the glad heart from which all grief
reboundeth;

And many a mirthful jest and mock reply
Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and
bless,

The cold and stern to joy and fondness
warming;

The coaxing smile—the frequent soft
caress—

The earnest tearful prayer all wrath dis-
arming!

Again my heart a new affection found,
But ~~thought~~ ^{thought} that love with thee had
reached its bound.

At length THOU camest—thou, the last and
least,

Nick-named "the Emperor" by thy
laughing brothers—

Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the
others—

Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful schem-
ing!

Fair shoulders—curling lips—and daunt-
less brow—

Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's
dreaming;

And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious
tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding
claim

I, that all other love had been forswear-
ing,

Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;

Nor injured either by this love's compar-
ing,

Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—

But in the mother's heart found room for
all!

CAROLINE NORTON.

LOVE.

LOVE? I will tell you what it is to love!

It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous
dove,

Where Time seems young, and Life a
thing divine.

All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.

Above, the stars in cloudless beauty shine;
Around, the streams their flowery margins
kiss;

And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven
is surely this.

Yes, this is Love, the steadfast and the
true,

The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er
knew:

Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!

O! who but can recall the eve they met

To breathe, in some green walk, their first
young vow?

While summer flowers with moonlight
 dews were wet,
 And winds sighed soft around the moun-
 tain's brow,
 And all was rapture then which is but
 memory now!

CHARLES SWAIN.

CHRISTINE.

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,
 I feel I am alone.
 I checked him while he spoke: yet could
 he speak,
 Alas! I would not check.
 For reasons not to love him once I sought,
 And wearied all my thought
 To vex myself and him: I now would give
 My love could he but live
 Who lately lived for me, and when he
 found
 'T was vain, in holy ground
 He hid his face amid the shades of death!
 I waste for him my breath
 Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
 And this lone bosom burns
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
 And waking me to weep
 Tears that had melted his soft heart: for
 years
 Wept he as bitter tears!
 "Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,
 "These may she never share!"
 Quieter in his breath, his breath more cold
 Than daisies in the mold,
 Where children spell athwart the church-
 yard gate
 His name and life's brief date.
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
 And O, pray, too, for me!

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as
 yet 't is early morn—
 Leave me here, and when you want me,
 sound upon the bugle horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old,
 the curlews call,
 Dreary gleams about the moorland, flying
 over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance over-
 looks the sandy tracts,
 And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into
 cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement,
 ere I went to rest,
 Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly
 to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising
 through the mellow shade,
 Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in
 a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourish-
 ing a youth sublime
 With the fairy tales of science, and the long
 result of time;

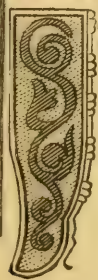
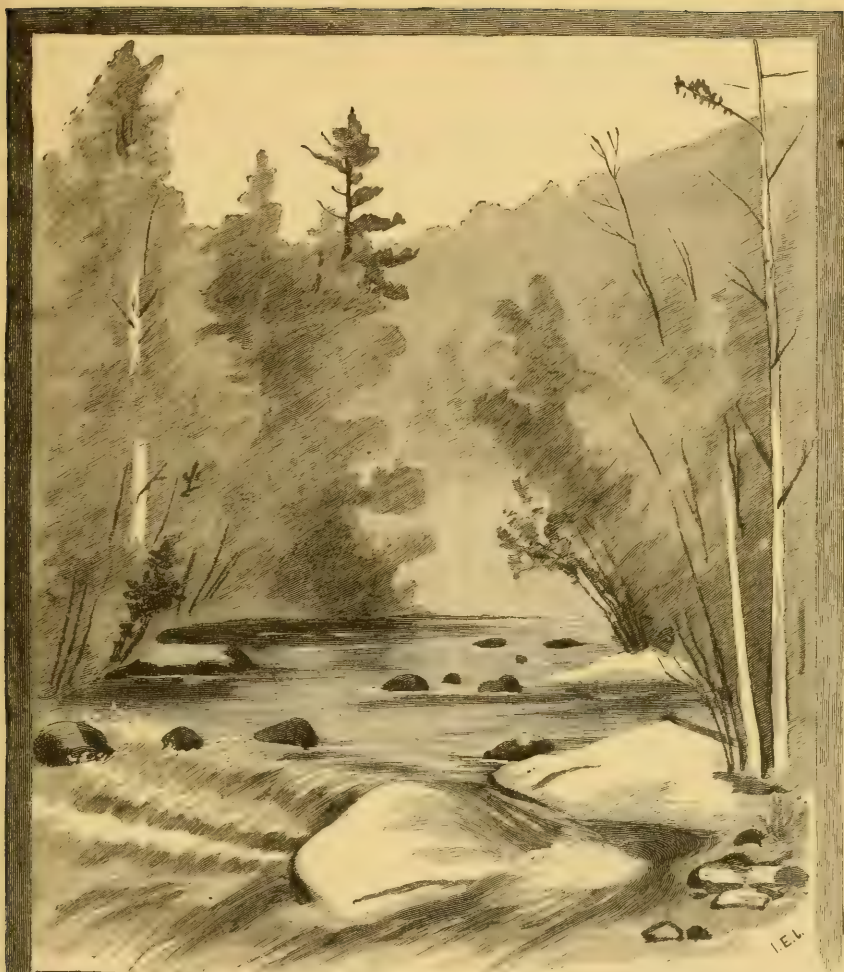
When the centuries behind me like a fruit-
 ful land reposed;
 When I clung to all the present for the
 promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human
 eye could see—
 Saw the vision of the world, and all the
 wonder that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon
 the robin's breast;
 In the spring the wanton lapwing gets him-
 self another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the
 burnished dove;
 In the spring a young man's fancy lightly
 turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than
 should be for one so young,
 And her eyes on all my motions with a
 mute observance hung.



will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain
of the water of life freely He that overcometh
shall inherit all things, and I will be his God.
and he shall be my son.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and
speak the truth to me;
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my
being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a
color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the
northern night.

And she turned—her bosom shaken with a
sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark
of hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing
they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?"
weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of time, and turned
it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in
golden sands.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote
on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling,
passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we
hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with
the fulness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we
watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the
touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! Oh my
Amy, mine no more!
Oh the dreary, dreary moorland! Oh the
barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than
all songs have sung—
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a
shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having
known me; to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower
heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level
day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to
sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art
mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have
weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall
have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little
dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy—think
not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him; it is thy duty—kiss him; take
his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain
is overwrought—
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch
him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things
to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, though I
slew thee with my hands.

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from
the heart's disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in
a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against
the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from
the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from
honest nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened
forehead of the fool!

Well—'t is well that I should bluster!—
 Hadst thou less unworthy proved,
 Would to God—for I had loved thee more
 than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which
 bears but bitter fruit?
 I will pluck it from my bosom, though my
 heart be at the root.

Never! though my mortal summers to such
 length of years should come
 As the many-wintered crow that leads the
 clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records
 of the mind?
 Can I part her from herself, and love her,
 as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished; sweetly did
 she speak and move;
 Such a one do I remember, whom to look
 at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her
 for the love she bore?
 No—she never loved me truly; love is love
 for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this
 is truth the poet sings,
 That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remem-
 bering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest
 thy heart be put to proof,
 In the dead, unhappy night, and when the
 rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou
 art staring at the wall,
 Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and
 the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, point-
 ing to his drunken sleep,
 To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the
 tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whis-
 pered by the phantom years,
 And a song from out the distance in the
 ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient
 kindness on thy pain.
 Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get
 thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but nature brings thee solace; for a
 tender voice will cry;
 'T is a purer life than thine; a lip to drain
 thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest
 rival brings thee rest—
 Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me
 from the mother's breast.

Oh, the child, too, clothes the father with a
 dearness not his due;
 Half is thine, and half is his—it will be
 worthy of the two.

Oh, I see thee, old and formal, fitted to thy
 petty part,
 With a little hoard of maxims preaching
 down a daughter's heart:

"They were dangerous guides, the feel-
 ings—she herself was not exempt—
 Truly, she herself had suffered."—Perish
 in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! where-
 fore should I care?
 I myself must mix with action, lest I
 wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, light-
 ing upon days like these?
 Every door is barred with gold, and opens
 but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors; all the
 markets overflow.
 I have but an angry fancy: what is that
 which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the
foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and
the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the
hurt that honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling
at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn
that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou
wondrous mother-age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt
before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the
tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the
coming years would yield—
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves
his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway
near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring
like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone
before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among
the throngs of men—

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever
reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of
the things that they shall do;

For I dipt into the future, as far as human
eye could see—
Saw the vision of the world, and all the
wonder that would be—

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argo-
sies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping
down with costly bales—

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and
there rained a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies grappling in
the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the
south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging
through the thunder storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and
the battle-flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of
the world.

There the common sense of most shall
hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt
in universal law.

So I triumphed, ere my passion sweeping
through me, left me dry,
Left me with a palsied heart, and left me
with the jaundiced eye—

Eye, to which all order festers, all things
here are out of joint.
Silence moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping
on from point to point;

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion,
creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind
a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one in-
creasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with
the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest
of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat
for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers; and
I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world
is more and more.

Knowledge blinds, but wisdom lingers, and
 he bears a laden breast,
 Full of sad experience moving toward the
 stillness of his rest.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, sound-
 ing on the bugle horn—
 They to whom my foolish passion were a
 target for their scorn;

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such
 a mouldered string?
 I am ashamed through all my nature to
 have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness!
 woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
 Nature made them blinder motions bound-
 ed in a shallower brain;

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy pas-
 sions, matched with mine,
 Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as
 water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, noth-
 ing. Ah, for some retreat
 Deep in yonder shining orient, where my
 life began to beat

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my
 father, evil-starred;
 I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish
 uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to
 wander far away,
 On from island unto island at the gate-
 ways of the day—

Larger constellations burning, mellow
 moons and happy skies,
 Breadths of tropic shade and palms in clus-
 ter, knots of Paradise

Never comes the trader, never floats an
 European flag—
 Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland,
 droops the trailer from the crag—

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs
 the heavy-fruited tree—
 Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple
 spheres of sea.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more
 than in this march of mind—
 In the steamship, in the railway, in the
 thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer,
 shall have scope and breathing-space;
 I will take some savage woman, she shall
 rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall
 dive, and they shall run,
 Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl
 their lances in the sun.

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the
 rainbows of the brooks,
 Not with blinded eyesight poring over mis-
 erable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I
 know my words are wild,
 But I count the gray barbarian lower than
 the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of
 our glorious gains,
 Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a
 beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me
 were sun or clime?
 I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost
 files of time—

I, that rather held it better men should
 perish one by one,
 Than that earth should stand at gaze like
 Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. For-
 ward let us range;
 Let the great world spin forever down the
 ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep
 into the younger day:
 Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of
 Cathay.

Mother-age, (for mine I knew not,) help
 me as when life begun—
 Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the
 lightnings, weigh the sun—

Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit
 hath not set;
 Ancient founts of inspiration well through
 all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell
 to Locksley Hall!
 Now for me the woods may wither, now
 for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blacken-
 ing over heath andholt,
 Cramming all the blast before it, in its
 breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or
 hail, or fire or snow;
 For the mighty wind arises, roaring sea-
 ward, and I go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done—the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
 A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around, to say farewell.
 It is an irksome word and task;
 And, when he's laughed and said his say,
 He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's any thing but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends—
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme;
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As fits the merry Christmas time;

On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
 That fate ere long shall bid you play;
 Good-night!—with honest gentle hearts
 A kindly greeting go away!

Good-night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
 Just hinted in this mimic page,
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,
 Are but repeated in our age;
 I'd say your woes were not less keen,
 Your hopes more vain, than those of men
 Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
 At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive
 Not less nor more as men than boys—
 With grizzled beards at forty-five,
 As erst at twelve in corduroys;
 And if, in time of sacred youth,
 We learned at home to love and pray,
 Pray heaven that early love and truth
 May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
 I'd say how fate may change and shift—
 The prize be sometimes with the fool,
 The race not always to the swift;
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,
 The great man be a vulgar clown.
 The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
 Blessed be He who took and gave!
 Why should your mother, Charles, not
 mine,
 Be weeping at her darling's grave?
 We bow to heaven that willed it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
 That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit—
 Who brought him to that mirth and
 state?
 His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
 Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?

Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely
killed—

Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen!—whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let old and young accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize—
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

'T was my forfather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak
wall;
And the Baron's retainers were blithe and
gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The Baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to
be
The star of the goodly company.



Why shouldst thou study in the month of June
In dusky books of Greek and Hebrew lore,
When the great Teacher of all glorious things
Passes in hourly light before thy door?

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Studies

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
 'Heretarry a moment,—I'll hide, I'll hide!
 And, Lovell, be sure, thou'rt first to trace
 The clew to my secret lurking-place"
 Away she ran—and her friends began
 Each tower to search, and each nook to
 scan;
 And young Lovell cried, "O, where dost
 thou hide?
 I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear
 bride."

They sought her that night, and they
 sought her next day,
 And they sought her in vain when a week
 passed away,
 In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest
 spot,
 Young Lovell sought wildly,—but found
 her not,
 And years flew by, and their grief at last
 Was told as a sorrowful tale long past,
 And when Lovell appeared, the children
 cried,
 "See! the old man weeps for his fairy
 bride."

At length an oak chest that had long laid
 hid,
 Was found in the castle,—they raised the
 lid,
 And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
 In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!
 O, sad was her fate!—in sportive jest
 She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
 It closed with a spring!—and dreadful
 doom,
 The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

TO PERILLA.

AH, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see
 Me, day by day, to steal away from thee?
 Age calls me hence, and my gray hairs bid
 come,
 And haste away to mine eternal home;

'T will not not be long, Perilla, after this
 That I must give thee the supremest kiss.
 Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and
 bring
 Part of the cream from that religious
 spring,
 With which, Perilla, wash my hands and
 feet;
 That done, then wind me in that very
 sheet
 Which wrapped thy smooth limbs when
 thou didst implore
 The gods' protection, but the night before;
 Follow me weeping to my turf, and there
 Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear.
 Then lastly, let some weekly strewings be
 Devoted to the memory of me;
 Then shall my ghost not walk about, but
 keep
 Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise
 Listen to pretty lies,
 And love to hear them told;
 Doubt not that Solomon
 Listened to many a one—
 Some in his youth, and more when he grew
 old.

I never sat among
 The choir of wisdom's song,
 But pretty lies loved I
 As much as any king—
 When youth was on the wing,
 And (must it then be told?) when youth
 had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
 The pleasant hour forgot,
 When one pert lady said—
 "O, Lander! I am quite
 Bewildered with affright;
 I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your
 head!"

Another, more benign,
 Drew out that hair of mine,
 And in her own dark hair
 Pretended she had found
 That one, and twirled it round.
 Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

MEMORY.

The mother of the muses, we are taught,
 Is memory, she has left me; they remain,
 And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing
 About the summer days, my loves of old.
 "Alas! alas!" is all I can reply.
 Memory has left with me that name alone,
 Harmonious name, which other bards may
 sing,
 But her bright image in my darkest hour
 Comes back, in vain comes back, called or
 uncalled.
 Forgotten are the names of visitors
 Ready to press my hand but yesterday;
 Forgotten are the names of earlier friends
 Whose genial converse and glad counte-
 nance
 Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye;
 To these, when I have written, and
 besought
 Remembrance of me, the word "Dear"
 alone
 Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in
 vain.
 A blessing wert thou, O oblivion,
 If thy stream carried only weeds away,
 But vernal and autumnal flowers alike
 It hurries down to wither on the strand,

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE, upon a midnight dreary, while I
 pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume
 of forgotten lore—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly
 there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at
 my chamber door:

"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping
 at my chamber door—

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember! it was in the
 bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought
 its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had
 tried to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sor-
 row for the lost Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the
 angels name Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of
 each purple curtain

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic ter-
 rors never felt before:

So that now, to still the beating of my
 heart, I stood repeating,

"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at
 my chamber door;—

This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitat-
 ing then no longer,

"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your for-
 giveness I implore;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently
 you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at
 my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here
 I opened wide the door:

Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I
 stood there wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever
 dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the
 darkness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the
 whispered word, "Lenore!"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured
 back the word "Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul
 within me burning,
 Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat
 louder than before:
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something
 at my window lattice;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this
 mystery explore:—
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this
 mystery explore;—
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with
 many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately raven of the
 saintly days of yore;
 Not the least obeisance made he; not an in-
 stant stopped or stayed he;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched
 above my chamber door—
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above
 my chamber door—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad
 fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the
 countenance it wore;
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
 thou," I said, "art sure no craven—
 Ghastly, grim and ancient raven, wander-
 ing from the nightly shore—
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the
 night's Plutonian shore!"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to
 hear discourse so plainly—
 Though its answer little meaning, little
 relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living
 human being
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above
 his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust
 above his chamber door,
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid
 bust, spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one
 word he did outpour,
 Nothing farther then he uttered—not a
 feather then he fluttered—
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other
 friends have flown before—
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my
 hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so
 aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its
 only stock and store—
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom
 'unmerciful disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his
 songs one burden bore—
 Till the dirges of his hope the melancholy
 burden bore
 Of 'Never—Nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad
 soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front
 of bird, and bust and door;
 Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook
 myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this omi-
 nous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt,
 and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syl-
 lable expressing
 To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned
 into my bosom's core;
 This, and more, I sat divining, with my
 head at ease reclining,
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the
 lamplight gloated o'er;
 But whose velvet violet lining, with the
 lamplight gloating o'er,
 She shall press—ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
 perfumed from an unseen censer
 Swung by angels, whose faint foot-falls
 tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he hath sent thee, Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore—
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead? tell me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight, o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

SONG OF THE WINDS.

UP the dale and down the bourne,
O'er the meadow swift we fly;
Now we sing, and now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep;
Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic things we say,
While aside her cheek we're rushing;
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass,—
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain,
Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down and weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh;
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deeming
Till we're at our play again.

GEORGE DARLEY.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All you wish is woman to win;
This is the way that boys begin,—
Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,—
Sighing, and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window-panes,—
Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass;
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,—
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round; I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray.—
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,—
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead! God rest her bier,—
How I loved her twenty years synel
Marian's married; but I sit here,
Alone and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

DIVERSITIES OF FORTUNE.

FROM "MISS KILMANSEGG."

WHAT different dooms our birthdays bring!
For instance, one little manikin thing

Survives to wear many a wrinkle;
While death forbids another to wake,
And a son that it took nine moons to make
Expires without even a twinkle:

Into this world we come like ships,
Launched from the docks, and stocks, and
slips,

For fortune fair or fatal;
And one little craft is cast away
In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord!
This babe to be hailed and wooed as a lord,
And that to be shunned like a leper!
One, to the world's wine, honey and corn,
Another, like Colchester native, born
To its vinegar only, and pepper.

One is littered under a roof
Neither wind nor waterproof,—
That's the prose of Love in a cottage,—
A punny, naked, shivering wretch,
The whole of whose birthright would not
fetch,
Though Robins himself drew up the sketch,
The bid of a "mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,
Another comes tenderly ushered in
To a prospect all bright and burnished:
No tenant he for life's back slums,—
He comes to the world as a gentleman
comes
To a lodging ready furnished.

And the other sex—the tender—the fair—
What wide reverses of fate are there!
Whilst Margaret, charmed by the Bulbul
rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes,
Poor Peggy hawks nosebags from street to
street
Till—think of it, you who find life so sweet!
She hates the smell of roses!

THOMAS HOOD.

NO KISS.

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite
 To a pretty little tune,
 Holding up her dainty mouth,
 Sweet as roses born in June.
 Will was ten years old that day,
 And he pulled her golden curls,
 Teasingly, and answer made:
 "I'm too old—I don't kiss girls."

Ten years pass, and Marguerite
 Smiles, as Will kneels at her feet,
 Gazing fondly in her eyes,
 Praying: "Won't you kiss me sweet?"
 She is seventeen to-day;
 With her birthday ring she toys
 For a moment, then replies:
 "I'm too old—I don't kiss boys!"

MADGE ELLIOT

PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
 And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
 Philip, my king!
 For round thee the purple shadow lies
 Of babyhood's royal dignities.
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
 With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
 I am thine Esther, to command
 Till thou shalt find thy queen-hand-
 maiden,
 Philip, my king!

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
 Philip, my king!
 When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
 And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
 Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
 Sittest love-glorified!—Rule kindly,
 Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;
 For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
 Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy
 brow

Philip, my king!

The spirit that there lies sleeping now
 May rise like a giant, and make men bow
 As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his
 peers.

My Saul, than thy brethren higher and
 fairer,

Let me behold thee in future years!

Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
 Philip, my king;—

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
 Philip, my king!

Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
 Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
 Rebels within thee and foes without

Will snatch at thy crown. But march
 on, glorious,

Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
 As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victor-
 ious,

"Philip, the king!"

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

O, LISTEN, man!

A voice within us speaks the startling
 word,

"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial
 voices

Hymn it around our souls: according
 harps,

By angel fingers touched, when the mild
 stars

Of morning sang together, sound forth
 still

The song of our great immortality!

Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair
 domain,

The tall dark mountains, and the deep-
 toned seas

Join in this solemn, universal song.

—O, listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in

From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moon-
light;
'Tis floating in days setting glories; night
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent
step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our
ears;
Night and the dawn, bright day and
thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast, mystic instrument are touched
By an unseen living Hand, and conscious
cords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee:
—The dying hear it; and as sounds of
earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing
souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

RICHARD H. DANA

THE WORLD IS VERY EVIL.

The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge Who comes in mercy,
The Judge Who comes with might,
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
'The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

O home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;

'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around.

O happy, holy portion,
Reflection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distrest:
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

ANONYMOUS.

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

PRITHEE tell me, Dimple-chin,
At what age does Love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there
Hidden in your pretty hair;
When didn't have a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-chin!

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,
"I can tell you if I try,
'Tis so long I can't remember:
Ask some younger lass than I!"
Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary Love expire,
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?

Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny hands to smooth and bless?
When does Love give up the chase?
Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-face!"

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
Youth may pass and strength may die;
But of Love I can't foretoken:
Ask some older sage than I!"

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

A DIRGE.

A few frail summers had touched thee,
As they touch the fruit;
Not so bright as thy hair the sunshine,
Not so sweet as thy voice the lute.
Hushed the voice, shorn the hair, all is
over:

An urn of white ashes remains;
Nothing else save the tears in your eyes,
And our bitterest bitterest pains!

We garland thee now with white roses,
Both incense and gums on the shrine,
Play old tunes with the saddest of closes,
Dear tunes that once were thine!
But in vain, all in vain;
Thou art gone— we remain!

R. H. STODDARD.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O SAY, can you see by the dawn's early
light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
last gleaming?—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gal-
lantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs burst-
ing in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag
was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists
of the deep,
Where the foes haughty host in dread si-
lence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-
ering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now dis-
closes?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's
first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the
stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O, long may
it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly
swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's con-
fusion
A home and a country should leave us no
more?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-
steps' pollution,
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of
the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph
doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave!

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's
desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the
Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and pre-
served us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it
is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our
trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph
shall-wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave!

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

DANIEL GRAY.

SUPPOSED TO BE A PORTRAIT OF THE
POET'S FATHER.

IF I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and
pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in truth, few knew him
better;
For my young eyes oft read for him the
word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal
letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
Nor was he called among the gifted
In the prayer meetings of the neighbor-
hood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and
phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday
rhymes;
And I suppose that in his prayers and
graces,
I've heard them all at least a thousand
times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his mo-
tions,
His home-spun habit, and his silver
hair,—
And hear the language of his trite devo-
tions,
Rising behind his straight-backed kitchen
chair.

I can remember how the sentence sound-
ed—
“Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to
faint!”

And how the “conquering and to conquer”
rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve
him,
He never kissed his children—so they
say;
And finest scenes of rarest flowers would
move him
Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the
way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous word for sin of every kind;
Alas, that the transgressors and transgres-
sion
Were linked so closely in his honest
mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian
duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within
him;
And I am told that when his Charley died,
Nor nature's need, nor gentle word could
win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in
his hair,
And on his breast a rose-bud gathered
early,
And guessed, but did not know who
placed it there.

Honest, faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer;
 He thought that in some strange, unlook-
 ed for way
 His mighty Friend in heaven, the great
 Redeemer,
 Would honor him with wealth some
 golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
 Until in death his eyes grew dim,
 And his Redeemer called him to inherit
 The heaven of wealth long garnered up
 for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
 For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and
 pray,
 In the good company of the forgiven
 I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

HOW LONG.

My God, it is not fretfulness
 That makes me say, "How long?"
 It is not heaviness of heart
 That hinders me in song;
 'T is not despair of truth and right,
 Nor coward dread of wrong.

But how can I, with such a hope
 Of glory and of home,
 With such a joy before my eyes,
 Not wish the time were come,—
 Of years the jubilee, of days
 The Sabbath and the sum

These years, what ages they have been!
 This life, how long it seems!
 And how can I, in evil days,
 Mid unknown hills and streams,
 But sigh for those of home and heart
 And visit them in dreams?

Yet peace, my heart, and hush, my tongue;
 Be calm, my troubled breast;
 Each restless hour is hastening on
 The everlasting rest:
 Thou knowest that the time thy God
 Appoints for thee is best.

Let faith, not fear, nor fretfulness,
 Awake the cry, "How Long?"
 Let no faint-heartedness of soul
 Damp thy aspiring song:
 Right comes, truth dawns, the night departs
 Of error and of wrong.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by,
 Let us (said he) pour on him all we can:
 Let the world's riches, which disperséd lie,
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
 Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor,
 pleasure:
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that, alone, of all his treasure,
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
 Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness:
 Let him be rich and weary, that, at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to My breast.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

HER cap, far whiter than the driven
snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does
yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the harebell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does
wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear
entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance
filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction
joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement
unkind.

* * * * *

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders
thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air:
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so
fair,
'Twas her own labor did the fleece pre-
pare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged
around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing
rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest
weight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt for-
sooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held
right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought be-
hove,
Who should not honored eld with these
revere;

For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that
title love

One ancient hen she took delight to
feed,
The plodding patern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impelled by
need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens,
came!
Such favor did her past deportment
claim:
And, if Neglect had lavished on the
ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the
same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could
expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest
crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each
could speak
That in her garden sipped the silvery
dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy
streak;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of gray renown, within those borders
grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful
hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining
here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues
around:
And pungent radish, biting infant's
tongue;
And plaintain ribbed, that heals the
reaper's wound;
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posy
found,

And lavender, whose spikes of azure
bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labors of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle
rare perfume.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

A FORTRESS FIRM.

A FORTRESS firm in God our Lord,
A sure defence and weapon;
Prompt he p in need He doth afford,
Let happen what may happen,
Our ancient wicked foe,
Full of wrath doth go,
With much craft and might
In horrid armour dight;
On earth is not his fellow.

Of our own might we nothing can;
We lie forlorn dejected;
There fights for us the rightful Man,
By God himself elected.
Dost thou inquire His name?
Jesus Christ? The same!
Lord of Hosts is He,
Besides Him none can be:
'Tis He the field that keepeth.

And were this world of devils full,
For our destruction eager,
That should not our firm faith annul;
We would abide their leaguer.
The Prince of this lost world,
From his empire hurl'd,
Though with rage he roar,
Is judged and can no more;
A word shall overthrow him.

Hold fast that word which must remain,
Let no dark doubt invade us;
He will be with us on the plain,
With gifts and grace to aid us.
Let life and honour fall.

Let them take our all,
Still our course we'll keep,
No prize from us they'll reap;
For us the kingdom waiteth.

MARTIN LUTHER.

A CHILD OF SEVEN.

ALL the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in wan, warm weather.

One thing yet there is that none
Hearing ere its chimes be done,
Knows not well the sweetest one,
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in Heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very round and very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
And the radiant mouth of gold,
Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then,
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the
night,—

Her breathing soft and low,—
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied,—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed;—she had
Another morn than ours,

THOMAS HOOD.

GOOD LUCK AND BAD LUCK.

FROM THE GERMAN.

GOOD Luck is the gayest of all gay girls,
Long in one place she will not stay,
Back from her brow she strokes the curls,
Kisses you quick and flies away.

But Madame Bad Luck soberly comes
And stays,—no fancy has she for flitting,—
Snatches of true love-songs she hums,
And sits by your bed, and brings her
knitting.

JOHN HAY.

MOONLIGHT IN SUMMER.

Low on the utmost boundary of the sight,
The rising vapors catch the silver light;
Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the
eye,

Passing the source of light; and thence
away,

Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
For yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remote sky still more serene)

Others, detached in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow and countless as they're
fair;

Scattered immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
These, to the raptured mind, aloud proclaim
Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting name;
And thus the loiterer's utmost stretch of soul
Climbs the still clouds, or passes those that
roll,

And loosed imagination soaring goes
High o'er his home and all his little woes.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORN-
ING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it
right,
And said, "Dear work! Good Night!
Good Night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her
head,
Crying, "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things! Good Night! Good
Night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed:
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the
road;

All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl! Good Night! Good
Night!"

She did not say to the Sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of
light;

For she knew he had God's time to keep,
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink fox-glove bowed his head—
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favourite
prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was
day;

And all things said to the beautiful Sun,
"Good Morning! Good Morning! our work
is begun!"

LORD HOUGHTON.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

LATE at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawning.

"Oh stay at hame, my noble lord!
Oh stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houms of Yarrow."

"Oh fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
Oh fare ye weel, my Sarah!

For I maun gae, though I ne'er return,
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done before, oh;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot be gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in the den, he spied nine armed
men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Oh come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?"—

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand.
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane;
And that's an unequal marrow:
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow,"

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind
And ran his body thorough,

"Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah,
To come and lift her leafu' lord;
He's sleepin' sound on Yarrow."—

"Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu' dream:
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

"But in the glen strive armed men:
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've
slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high, high hill,
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheeks, she kaimed his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough;
She kissed them, till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houns of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord,
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."—

"Oh haud your tongue, my father dear!
Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropped on Yarrow."

ANONYMOUS.

HYMN TO CHRIST:

AS THE REVEALER OF LOVE.

THERE is no love like Thy love,
Who lovest to the cross;
No love so pure and high love
As Thine who countest loss
Whatever pleasure bringeth
Of sweetness and caress,
And smil'st while sorrow stingeth,
If sorrowing Thou canst bless.

O love beyond all praising!
O life with love made fair!
My heart is faint with gazing
Across the radiant air,

And back to that pure glory
Which in the eye of faith
Surrounds the simple story
Of Thy pure life and death.

Not all the dreams of sages
Who sought in vain to see,
Nor all the yearning ages,
Had formed a thought of Thee—
Of love so sweet and tender,
Of heart so strong and leal,
Or such sublime surrender
Of self to others' weal.

The old heroic stories,
The tales of woman's truth,
And all the purest glories
Of courage, patience, ruth,
Which moved the world the deepest,
Thou lightly bar'st away,
And in Thy brightness keepest,
Like starlight locked in day.

And now where'er the motion
Of goodness stirs a soul,
It turns to Thy devotion,
A needle to its pole.
For Thou hast rendered real
To sight and so to hope,
The shadowy-seen ideal
With which we could not cope.

To-day Thy standard flowing,
A larger host would bring,
To follow with its going,
Than ever followed king;
From every tribe and nation
Come out in quenchless faith,
And ardent consecration,
To move with Thee to death.

Whatever pure and holy
On earth is found, to Thee
In worship fond and lowly
Bends down the willing knee.
And every fair affection,
And aspiration sweet,

And gentle recollection,
Instinctive finds Thy feet.

How, O Thou wondrous Being,
Thy life with ours is wrought;
Thou fillest all our seeing,
And shapest all our thought.
In everything around us
Of life and earth, we see
The truth that Thou hast found us,
The presence, Lord, of Thee.

For earth, our home, is brighter
That Thou hast touched its clay;
The very day is lighter
From some supreamer day:
And night is softly ringing
In all her depths afar,
With starry armies singing
The song of Bethlehem's Star.

I cannot tell the manner
Thou fillest all to me,
How every sunset banner
Is blazoned out with Thee,
And seems before the portals
Of some diviner west,
To marshal weary mortals
Onward into rest.

Apart in forest bowers,
When Spring is laughing by,
I see Thee in the flowers
That open to the sky;
Each standing meekly, purely
Upon the hallowed sod,
And whispering low—O surely
I have been touched by God!

For hence is no forgetting
That such a love has been,
And thought keeps ever setting
Each pleasant thing and scene
In its sublime relation
To pure and perfect love;
Till all the lower creation
Grows one with that above.

There is no love like Thy love—
Like Thy love, Lord, to me;
O live in me that my love
May rise and flow to Thee!
With all Thy taking, take me
Unto Thy inmost heart,
And by Thy love-power make me
What Thou, O Savior, art!

WADE ROBINSON.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my heart cannot resist—

A feeling of sadness and longing
That's not akin to pain,
But resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humble poet,
Whose songs gush from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eye-lids start.

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shalt be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more,
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times:
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE COQUETTE.

SWEET coquette! so blandly smiling;
 Charming still, and still beguiling!
 Oft I swore to love thee never,
 Yet I love thee more than ever!

Why that little wanton blushing,
 Glancing eye and bosom flushing?
 Flushing warm, and wily glancing—
 All is lovely, all entrancing!

Turn away those lips of blisses,—
 I am poisoned by thy kisses!
 Yet, again, ah! throw them to me:
 Ruin's sweet when they undo me!

Oh! be less, be less enchanting;
 Let some little grace be wanting;
 Let mine eyes when I'm expiring,
 Gaze awhile without admiring!

THOMAS MOORE.

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

THE half-seen memories of childish days,
 When pains and pleasures lightly came and
 went;

The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
 In fearful wanderings through forbidden
 ways;

The vague but manly wish to tread the maze
 Of life to noble ends,—whereon intent,
 Asking to know for what man here is sent,
 The bravest heart must often pause, and
 gaze,—

The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
 Of manhood's judgment, cautious and ma-
 ture,—

Each of these viewless bonds binds friend
 to friend

With strength no selfish purpose can se-
 cure:

My happy lot is this, that all attend
 That friendship which first came, and which
 shall last endure.

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O, it is hard to work for God,
 To rise and take His part
 Upon this battle-field of earth,
 And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides Himself so wondrously,
 As though there were no God;
 He is least seen when all the powers
 Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour
 The fight is all but lost;
 And seems to leave us to ourselves
 Just when we need Him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change
 To ill with greatest ease;
 And, worst of all, the good with good
 Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
 His ways are far above.
 Far beyond reason's height, and reached
 Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! O, lose not heart,
 But learn what God is like;
 And in the darkest battle-field
 Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is He to whom is given
 The instinct that can tell
 That God is on the field when He
 Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is He who can divine
 Where real right doth lie,
 And dares to take the side that seems
 Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
 And right the day must win;
 To doubt would be disloyalty,
 To falter would be sin!

FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER.

THOUGHT.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

'We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

'Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
'Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

'Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and ru-
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

ECHO!

I stood on the banks of a swift-flowing
river,
While I mark'd its clear current roll
speedily past,
It seemed to my fancy for ever repeating
That the dearest enjoyments of life would
not last.
Oh! tell me, I said, rapid stream of the
valley,
That bear'st in thy course the blue waters
away,
Can the joys of life's morning awake but
to vanish,
Can the feelings of love be all doom'd to
decay?
An Echo repeated—"All doom'd to de-
cay."

Flow on in thy course, rapid stream of the
valley,
Since the pleasures of life we so quickly
resign,
My heart shall rejoice in the wild scenes of
nature
And friendship's delights, while they yet
may be mine.
Must all the sweet charms of mortality
perish,
And friendship's endearments—ah! will
they not stay?
The simple enchantments of soft-blooming
nature,
And the pleasures of mind—must they
too fade away?
The Echo slow answered—"They too fade
away."

Then where, I exclaimed, is there hope for
the mourner,
A balm for his sorrow, a smile for his
grief?
If beautiful scenes like the present hall
vanish,
Where, where shall we seek for a vain
relief?

Oh! fly, said my soul, to the feet of thy
 Savior,
 Believe in His mercy, for pardon now
 pray;
 With Him there is fullness of joy and sal-
 vation,
 Thy gladness shall live, and shall never
 decay!
 The Echo said sweetly—"Shall never de-
 cay."

ANONYMOUS.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A TRAVELER through a dusty road strewed
 acorns on the lea;
 And one took root and sprouted up, and
 grew into a tree.
 Love sought its shade at evening time, to
 breathe its early vows;
 And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to
 bask beneath its boughs;
 The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
 the birds sweet music bore;
 It stood, a glory in its place, a blessing
 evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the
 grass and fern,
 A passing stranger scooped a well, where
 weary men might turn;
 He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle
 at the brink;
 He thought not of the deed he did, but
 judged that toil might drink.
 He passed again, and lo! the well, by sum-
 mers never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
 and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
 'twas old, and yet 'twas new
 A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in
 being true.

It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its
 light became
 A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory
 flame.
 The thought was small; its issues great;
 a watchfire on the hill,
 It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers
 the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd that
 thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of Hope and Love, un-
 studied, from the heart;
 A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transi-
 tory breath,—
 It raised a brother from the dust—it saved
 a soul from death.
 O germ! O fount! O word of love! O
 thought at random cast!
 Ye were but little at the first, but mighty
 at the last.

CHARLES MACKAY.

FEAR NOT.

O BROTHER Man! fear not; though hate
 and wrong
 And want and death hem round thy
 perilous path,
 Cease not to warble forth thine angel-song;
 Fear not old falsehood's wrath.

Whether we face the lions in the den,
 Or sail o'er martyrdom's red, fiery seas,
 Around us camp, invisible to men,
 "The cloud of witnesses."

No chains can bind, no flames consume the
 soul;
 God's breath dissolves the avalanche of
 ill,
 When the dark clouds of suffering round
 us roll,
 He sends His angels still.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

O THOU, wha in the Heavens dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleasest best Thyself,
 Send ane to Heaven, and ten to Hell,
 A' for thy glory,
 And no for onie guid or ill
 They've done afore Thee!

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
 Whan thousands Thou hast left in night,
 That I am here afore Thy sight,
 For gifts an' grace,
 A burning an' a shining light,
 To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get such exaltation?
 I, wha deserve such just damnation,
 For broken laws,
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Through Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
 Thou might-hae plunged me into Hell,
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lake,
 Where damned Devils roar and yell,
 Chained to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,
 To show Thy grace is great and ample;
 I'm here a pillar in Thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
 A guide, a buckler, an example
 To a' Thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
 When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
 And singing there, and dancing here,
 Wi' great and sma':
 For I am kept by Thy fear,
 Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
 At times I'm fashed wi' fleshly lust,

An' sometimes, too, wi' worldly trust,—
 Vile self gets in;
 But Thou remembers we are dust,
 Defiled in sin.

* * * * *

Maybe Thou lets this fleshly thorn
 Beset Thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
 'Cause he's sae gifted:
 If sae, Thy hand maun e'en be borne,
 Until Thou lift it.

Lord, bless Thy chosen in this place,
 For here Thou hast a chosen race;
 But God confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Wha bring Thy elders to disgrace,
 An' public shame.

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
 He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
 Yet has sae monie takin' arts,
 Wi' great and sma',
 Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

An' when we chastened him therefore,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 As set the whole world in a roar
 O' laughin' at us;—
 Curse Thou his basket and his store,
 Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' prayer,
 Against that presby'ry o' Ayr;
 Thy strong right hand, Lord, make it bare,
 Upo' their heads;
 Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds.

O Lord my God, that glib-tongued Aiken,
 My very heart and soul are quakin',
 To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
 An' swat wi' dread,
 While he wi' hinging lips gaed snakin',
 An' hid his head.

Lord, in the day o' vengeance try him,
 Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
 And pass not in Thy mercy by 'em,
 Nor hear their prayer:
 But for Thy people's sake destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare.

But Lord, remember me and mine
 Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
 That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excelled by nane,
 An' a' the glory shall be Thine,
 Amen, Amen.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
 The sun himself must die,
 Before this mortal shall assume
 Its immortality.
 I saw a vision in my sleep
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulf of Time;
 I saw the last of human mould,
 That shall Creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime.

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
 The earth with age was wan;
 The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man.
 Some had expired in fight—the brands
 Still rusted in their bony hands;
 In plague and famine some.
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
 And ships were drifting with the dead
 To shores where all were dumb.

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high,
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood
 As if a storm passed by,
 Saying, we are twins in death, proud Sun,
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,

'Tis mercy bids thee go;
 For thou ten thousand thousand years
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth.
 His pomp, his pride, his skill;
 And arts that made fire, flood and earth
 The vassals of his will;
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
 Thou dim, discrowned king of day:
 For all those trophied arts
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang
 Heal'd not a passion or a pang
 Entailed on human hearts.

Go! let oblivion's curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men,
 Nor with thy rising beams recall
 Life's tragedy again.
 It's piteous pageants bring not back
 Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
 Of pain anew to writhe;
 Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
 Or mown in battle by the sword,
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire;
 Test of all sumless agonies,
 Behold not me expire.
 My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast.
 The eclipse of nature spreads my pall—
 The majesty of darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost.

This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark:
 Yet, think not, sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark!
 No! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine
 By Him recalled to breath,
 Who captive led captivity,
 Who robbed the grave of victory,
 And took the sting from death.

Go, sun, while mercy holds me up
 On nature's awful waste,
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste—
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On earth's sepulchral clod,
 The dark'ning universe defy
 To quench his immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved
 a royal sport,
 And one day, as his lions fought, sat look-
 ing on the court.
 The nobles filled the benches, with the
 ladies in their pride,
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge,
 with one for whom he sighed:
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that
 crowning show,
 Valor and love, and a king above, and the
 royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid
 laughing jaws;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams
 a wind went with their paws;
 With wallowing might and stifled roar they
 rolled on one another,
 Till all the pit with sand and mane was in
 a thunderous smother;
 The bloody foam above the bars came
 whisking through the air;
 Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're
 better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a
 beauteous lively dame,
 With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes,
 which always seemed the same;

She thought, the Count, my lover, is brave
 as brave can be;
 He surely would do wondrous things to
 show his love for me;
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the oc-
 casion is divine;
 I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great
 glory will be mine.

She dropped her glove, to prove his love,
 then looked at him and smiled;
 He bowed, and in a moment leaped among
 the lions wild;
 The leap was quick, return was quick, he
 has regained his place,
 Then threw the glove, but not with love,
 right in the lady's face.
 "By Heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!"
 and he rose from where he sat;
 "No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love
 a task like that."

LEIGH HUNT.

FUTURITY.

AND O Beloved voices, upon which
 Ours passionately call,—because ere long
 Ye break off in the middle of the song
 We sang together softly, to enrich
 The poor world with a sense of love, and
 witch
 The heart out of things evil! I am strong
 Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
 The hills with last year's thrush. God
 keeps a niche
 In heaven to hold our idols; and albeit
 He brake them to our faces, and denied
 That our close kisses should impair their
 white,
 I know we shall behold them raised, com-
 plete,
 The dust swept from their beauty, glorified
 New Memnons, singing in the great God-
 light,

E. B. BROWNING.

O LASSIE AYONT THE HILL.

O Lassie ayont the hill!
 Come ower the tap o' the hill,
 Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
 For I want ye sair the nicht,
 I'm needin' ye sair the night,
 For I'm tired and sick o' mysel'
 A body's sel's the sairest weicht,
 O Lassie come ower the hill!

Gin a body could give a thoct o' grace,
 And no a sel' ava'
 I'm sick o' my heid, and my han's and my
 face,
 An my thochts, and mysel' and a';
 I'm sick o' the warl' and a';
 The licht gangs by wi' a hiss;
 For through my e'en the sunbeams fa',
 But my weary heart they miss.
 O Lassie ayont the hill,
 Come ower the tap o' the hill,
 Or roun' the neuk o' the hill;
 Bide na ayont the hill.

For gin ance I saw yer bonnie heid,
 And the sunlicht o' yer hair,
 The ghaist o' mysel' would fa' down deid,
 I wad be mysel' nae mair.
 I wad be mysel' nae mair,
 Filled o' the sole remeid,
 Slain by the arrows o' licht frae yer hair,
 Killed by your body and heid.
 O Lassie ayont the hill,
 Come ower the tap o' the hill,
 Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
 Bide na ayont the hill.

But gin ye lo'ed me as I lo'ed you,
 I would ring my ain deid knell;
 Mysel' wad vanish, shot thro' and thro'
 Wi' the shine o' yer sunny sel',
 By the licht aneath your broo,
 I wud dee to mysel' and ring my bell,
 And only live in you!

O Lassie ayont the hill!
 Come ower the tap o' the hill,

Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,
 For I want ye sair the night,
 I'm needin' ye sair the night,
 For I'm tired and sick o' mysel',
 A body's sel's the sairest weicht,
 O Lassie come ower the hill.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into
 my brain
 While I look upward to thee. It would
 seem
 As if God poured thee from his hollow
 hand,
 And hung his bow upon thine awful front,
 And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed
 to him
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Savior's sake,
 The sound of many waters. And had bade
 Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
 And notch his centuries in the eternal
 rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
 That hear the question of that voice sub-
 lime?

O, what are all the notes that ever rung
 From wars' vain trumpet, by thy thunder-
 side?

Yea, what is all the riot man can make
 In this short life, to thy unceasing roar?
 And yet, bold babblers, what art thou to
 Him

Who drowned a world, and heaped the
 waters far

Above the loftiest mountain? — A light
 wave

That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's
 power.

J. G. C. BRAINERD.

IN THE BALM AND THE BLOSSOMING.

It's O my heart, my heart,
To be out in the sun and sing!
To sing and shout in the fields about,
In the balm and the blossoming!



IN
BLOSSOM
TIME

ALPINE HEIGHTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

ON Alpine heights the love of God is shed;
 He paints the morning red,
 The flowerets white and blue,
 And feeds them with His dew.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant
 heath,
 The loveliest breezes breathe;
 So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath His mild blue
 eye,
 Still vales and meadows lie;
 The soaring glacier's ice
 Gleams like a paradise.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets
 flow;
 There the bold chamois go;
 On giddy crags they stand,
 And drink from His own hand.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as
 snow,
 The sheep and wild goats go;
 There, in the solitude,
 He fills their hearts with food.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his
 herd;
His Shepherd is the Lord;
 For He who feeds the sheep
 Will sure His offspring keep.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells

CHARLES T. BROOKS.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

THE sea was bright, and the bark rode well;
 The breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell;
 'Twas a gallant bark with a crew as brave
 As ever launched on the heaving wave,
 She shone in the light of declining day,
 And each sail was set, and each heart was
 gay.

They neared the land where in beauty
 smiles

The sunny shore of the Grecian Isles;
 All thought of home, of that welcome dear
 Which soon should greet each wanderer's
 ear;

And in fancy joined the social throng
 In the festive dance and the joyous song.

A white cloud glides through the azure
 sky,—

What means that wild despairing cry?
 Farewell the visioned scenes of home!
 The cry is "Help," where no help can
 come;

For the White Squall rides on the surging
 wave,

And the bark is gulfed in an ocean grave.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORN-
 WALL.)

TIRED MOTHERS.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee;
 Your tired knee that has so much to bear,
 A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly,
 From underneath a thatch of tangled hair,
 Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
 Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so
 tight.

You do not prize this blessing over-much,
 You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
 I did not see it as I do to-day.

We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
 To catch the sunshine, till it slips away.
 And now it seems surpassing strange to me
 That, while I wore the badge of mother-
 hood,
 I did not kiss more oft and tenderly,
 The little child that brought me only
 good.

And if, some night when you sit down to
 rest,
 You miss the elbow from your tired knee,
 The restless, curly head from off your
 breast
 The lisping tongue that chattered con-
 stantly.
 If from your own the dimpled hands had
 slipped
 And ne'er would nestle in your palm
 again,
 If the white feet into the grave had tripped
 I could not blame you for your heartache
 then.

I wonder so, that mothers ever fret
 At little children clinging to their gown;
 Or that the footprints, when the days are
 wet,
 Are ever black enough to make them
 frown.
 If I could find a little muddy boot,
 Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,
 If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
 And hear it patter in my home once more.

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
 To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
 There is no woman in God's world could say
 She was more blissfully content than I.
 But, oh! the dainty pillow next my own
 Is never rumpled by a shining head;
 My singing birdling from its nest is flown,
 The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

ANONYMOUS.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

[Helen Irving, a young lady of exquisite beauty and accomplishments daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnel, in Annadale, was betrothed to Adam Fleming, of Kirkpatrick, a young gentleman of rank and fortune in that neighborhood. Walking with her lover on the sweet banks of the Kirtle, she was murdered by a disappointed and sanguinary rival. This catastrophe took place in the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and is the subject of three different ballads. The first two are old, the third is the composition of John Mayne, author of the "Siller Gun."]

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
 For, night and day on me she cries;
 And, like an angel, to the skies,
 Still seems to beckon me!
 For me she lived, for me she sighed,
 For me she wished to be a bride;
 For me in life's sweet morn she died,
 On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
 As Helen on my arm reclined,
 A rival with a ruthless mind
 Took deadly aim at me;
 My love to disappoint the foe,
 Rushed in between me and the blow;
 And now her corse is lying low
 On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Though Heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
 I curse the hand by which she fell—
 The fiend who made my heaven a hell,
 And tore my love from me!
 For if, where all these graces shine—
 Oh! if on earth there's aught divine
 My Helen all these charms were thine—
 They centered all in thee!

Oh! what avails it that, amain,
 I clove the assassin's head in twain;
 No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
 No resting place for me:
 I see her spirit in the air—
 I hear the shriek of wild despair,
 When murder laid her bosom bare
 On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Oh! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
 And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
 May he who life and spirit gave
 Unite my love and me!
 Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
 My soul on wings of peace shall rise;
 And, joining Helen in the skies,
 Forget Kirkconnel-Lee!

JOHN MAYNE.

—
 NO!

No sun—no moon!
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dust—no proper time of
 day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no "t'otherside the
 way"—
 No end to any Row—
 No indications where the Crescents
 go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognitions of familiar people—
 No courtesies for showing 'em—
 No knowing 'em!
 No traveling at all—no locomotion,
 No inkling of the way—no notion—
 "No go"—by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No park—no ring—no afternoon gen-
 tility—
 No company—no nobility—
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful
 ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no
 bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no
 birds,
 November!

THOMAS HOOD

THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside,
 I wandered by the mill;
 I could not hear the brook flow,
 The noisy wheel was still;
 There was no burr of grasshopper,
 No chirp of any bird,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree;
 I watched the long, long shade,
 And, as it grew still longer,
 I did not feel afraid;
 For I listened for a footfall,
 I listened for a word,—
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
 The night came on alone,—
 The little stars sat one by one,
 Each on his golden throne;
 The evening wind passed by my cheek,
 The leaves above were stirred,—
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard,

Fast silent tears were flowing,
 When something stood behind;
 A hand was on my shoulder,—
 I knew its touch was kind;
 It drew me nearer,—nearer,—
 We did not speak one word,
 For the beating of our own hearts
 Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

(LORD HOUGHTON.)

—
 HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!

There simmer first unfauld her robes
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder;
But, O, fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And moldering now in silent dust
That heart that loved me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

HIGH-TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

(1571.)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry-tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three;
"Pull! if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells!
Play uppe *The Brides of Enderby!*"

Men say it was a "stolen tyde,"—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all,
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall;
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flight of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore;
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's go'den death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,—
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking-song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow!
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Light-
foot!"

Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow!
Come uppe, Jetty! rise and follow;
From the clovers lift your head,
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Light-
foot!
Come uppe, Jetty! rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long—ay, long ago—
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of *Enderby*.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,
 Save where, full fyve good miles away,
 The steeple towered from out the greene.
 And lo! the great bell far and wide
 Was heard in all the country side
 That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds, where their sedges are,
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath;
 The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth,
 Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,
 Came downe that kyndly message free,
The Brides of Mavis Enderby.

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
 To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows.
 They sayde, "And why should this thing
 be,
 What danger lowers by land or sea?
 They ring the tune of *Enderby*."

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
 Of pyrate galleys, warping down,—
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
 They have not spared to wake the towne;
 But while the west bin red to see,
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
 Why ring *The Brides of Enderby*?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
 Came riding downe with might and main;
 He raised a shout as he drew on,
 Till all the welkin rang again:
 "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall (he cryed) is downe!
 The rising tide comes on apace;
 And boats adrift in yonder towne
 Go sailing uppe the market-place!"
 He shook as one who looks on death:

"God save you, mother!" straight he sayth:
 "Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
 With her two bairns I marked her long;
 And ere yon bells beganne to play,
 Afar I heard her milking-song."
 He looked across the grassy sea,
 To right, to left, *Ho, Enderby!*
 They rang *The Brides of Enderby*.

With that he cried and beat his breast;
 For lo! along the river's bed
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
 It swept with thunderous noises loud,—
 Shaped like a curling, snow-white cloud,
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
 Shook all her trembling banks amaine;
 Then madly at the eygre's breast
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
 Then banks came downe with ruin and
 rout,—
 Then beaten foam flew round about,—
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat
 Before a shallow seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee,—
 And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the rooffe we sate that night;
 The noise of bells went sweeping by;
 I marked the lofty beacon light
 Stream from the church tower, red and
 high,—

A lurid mark, and dread to see;
 And awsome bells they were to mee,
 That in the dark rang *Enderby*.

They rang the sailor lads to guide,
 From rooffe to rooffe who fearless rowed;

And I,—my son was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 "O, come in life, or come in death!
 O lost! my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter
 deare!

The waters laid thee at his doore
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear:
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Down drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea,—
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!

To many more than myne and mee.
 But each will mounne his own (she saith);
 But sweeter woman ne're drew breath
 Than my son's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore
 "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dews be falling;
 I shall never hear her song
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 When the water winding down
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
 To the sandy lonesome shore;
 I shall never hear her calling
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow,
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe Light-
 foot,

Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow,
 Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot
 From your clover lift your head!
 Come up, Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty to the milking shed."

JEAN INGELow.

A BALLAD

TEACHING WHAT IS GENTILNESS, OR WHOM
 IS WORTHY TO BE CALLED GENTILL.

THE first stocke father of gentillnesse,
 What man desireth gentil for to bee,
 Must followe his trace, and all his wittes
 dres

Vertue to love and vices for to flee,
 For unto vertue longeth dignitee,
 And not the revers falsly, dare I deme,
 All weare he miter, crowne, or diademe.

This first stocke was full of rightwisnes,
 Trewe of his worde, sober, pitous and free,
 Clene of his goste, and loved besinesse,
 Against the vice of slouth in honeste,
 And, but his heire love vertue as did he
 He is not gentill, though he rich seme
 All weare he miter, crowne or diademe.

Viceste may well be heir to old richesse,
 But there may no man, as men may wel
 see,
 Bequeathe his heire his vertue's noblenesse,
 That is appointed unto no degree,
 But to the first father in majestee,
 That maketh his heires them that him
 queme
 All wear he miter, crowne, or diademe.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

CHARLIE MACHREE.

COME over, come over
The river to me,
If ye are my laddie,
Bold Charlie machree.

Here's Mary McPherson
And Susy O'Linn,
Who say ye're faint-hearted
And darena plunge in.

But the dark rolling water,
Though deep as the sea,
I know willna scare ye,
Nor keep ye frae me;

For stout is yer back,
And strong is yer arm,
And the heart in yer bosom
Is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over
The river to me,
If ye are my laddie,
Bold Charlie machree!

I see him, I see him!
He's plunged in the tide,
His strong arms are dashing
The big waves aside.

O, the dark rolling water
Shoots swift as the sea,
But blithe is the glance
Of his bonny blue e'e;

And his cheeks are like roses,
Twa buds on a bough;
Who says ye're faint-hearted,
My brave Charlie, now?

Ho, ho, foaming river,
Ye may roar as ye go,
But ye canna bear Charlie
To the dark loch below!

Come over, come over
The river to me,
My true-hearted laddie,
My Charlie machree!

He's sinking, he's sinking,
O, what shall I do!
Strike out, Charlie, boldly,
Ten strokes and ye're thro'.

He's sinking, O Heaven!
Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear;
I've a kiss for ye, Charlie,
As soon as ye're here!

He rises, I see him,—
Five strokes, Charlie, mair,—
He's shaking the wet
From his bonny brown hair;

He conquers the current,
He gains on the sea,—
Ho, where is the swimmer
Like Charlie machree?

Come over the river,
But once come to me,
And I'll love ye forever,
Dear Charlie machree!

He's sinking, he's gone,—
O God! it is I,
It is I, who have killed him—
Help, help!—he must die!

Help, help!—ah, he rises,—
Strike out and ye're free!
Ho, bravely done, Charlie,
Once more now, for me!

Now cling to the rock,
Now gie us yer hand,—
Ye're safe, dearest Charlie,
Ye're safe on the land!

Come rest in my bosom,
If *there* ye can sleep;
I canna speak to ye,
I only can weep.

Ye've crossed the wild river,
Ye've risked all for me,
And I'll part frae ye never,
Dear Charlie machree!

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

'Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.'

GRAY

My loved, my honored, much-respected
friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and
praise.

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless
ways—

What Aiken in a cottage would have
been;

Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier
there, I ween.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough,
The black'ning train o' craws to their re-
pose.

The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes—
This night his weekly moil is at an end—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his
hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to
spend;

And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher
thro'

To meet their dad wi' flichterin noise and
glee.

His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnilie,

His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's
smile,

The lisping infant prattling on his knee,

Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and
his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in—
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some
tentie rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town.

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman
grown,

In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her
ee,

Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a bran new
gown,

Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,

To help her parents dear, if thev in hard-
ship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters
meet,

An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed
fleet;

Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful
years—

Anticipation forward points the view.

The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the
new;

The father mixes a' wi' admonition due:

Their masters' and their mistresses' com-
mand

The younkens a' are warned to obey,

An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or
play,

An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!

An' mind your duty, duly, morn an'
night!

Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,

Implore His counsel and assisting might:

They never sought in vain who sought
the Lord aright!

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor
 To do some errands, and convoy her
 hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her
 cheek;

Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his
 name,

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae
 wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him
 ben—

A strappan youth, he tak's the mother's
 eye;

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and
 kye;

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi'
 joy,

But blate and faithfu', scarce can weel be-
 have;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and
 sae grave—

Weel pleased to think her bairn's respect-
 ed like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is
 found!

O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond com-
 pare!

I've paced much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this de-
 clare—

If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
 spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender
 tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
 the evening gale.

Is there, in human form that bears a heart,
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and
 truth,

That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjured arts! Dissembling
 smooth!

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their
 child—

Then paints the ruined maid, and their
 distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple
 board;

The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's
 food;

The soup their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the halian snugly chews her
 cud;

The dame brings forth in complimental
 mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hained keb-
 buck fell,

An' aft he's pressed, an' aft he ca's it good;
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell

How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was
 i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
 They, round the ingle, form a circle
 wide;

The sire turn's o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride:

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearin' thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
 glide

He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God!" he says
 with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple
 guise;

They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
 aim;

Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures
rise,

Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy 'o the name;
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame—

The sweetest far 'o Scotia's holy lays;
Compared with these, Italian trills are
tame;

The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures
raise—

Nae unison hae they with our Creator's
praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page:
How Abraham was the friend of God on
high;

Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the strokes of heaven's avenging
ire;

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred
lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:
How guiltless blood for guilty man was
shed;

How, He, who bore in heaven the second
name,

Had not on earth whereon to lay His
head;

How His first followers and servants sped—
The precepts sage they wrote to many a
land;

How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pro-
nounced by heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal
king,

The saint, the father, and the husband
prays:

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant
wing"

That thus they all shall meet in future
days;

There ever bask in uncreated rays,,

No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear—
Together hymning their creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an
eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's
pride,

In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace except the heart!
The power, incensed, the pageant will de-
sert,

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of
the soul,

And in His book of life the inmates poor
enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral
way;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm re-
quest,

That He who stills the raven's cham'rous
nest,

And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the
best,

For them and for their little ones pro-
vide—

But chiefly in their hearts with grace di-
vine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grand-
eur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered
abroad.

Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings—

"An honest man's the noblest work of
God;"

And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.

What is a lordling's pomp? A crumbrous
load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness re-
fined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven
is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and
sweet content!

And, oh! may heaven their simple lives
prevent

From luxury's contagion weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their
much-loved isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's un-
daunted heart—

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part—

(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art—
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re-
ward!)

Oh, never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament
and guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE WILDERNESS TRANS- FORMED.

AMAZING, beauteous change!
A world created new!
My thoughts with transport range,
The lovely scene to view;
In all I trace,
Savior divine,
The work is Thine—
Be Thine the praise!

See crystal fountains play
Amidst the burning sands;
The river's winding way
Shines through the thirsty lands;
New grass is seen,
And o'er the meads
Its carpet spreads
Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, for ever new,
The painted fields adorn—
The blushing rose
And lily there,
In union fair
Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stood
All bare and disarrayed,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade;
Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines
And elms and vines.
Confess the God.

The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er—
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more;
But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flowery bands.

Oh, when, Almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify Thy word,
And bless our wondering eyes!
That earth may raise,
With all its tongues,
United songs
Of ardent praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

MY LEGACY.

THEY told me I was heir: I turned in haste,
 And ran to seek my treasure,
 And wondered, as I ran, how it was placed,—
 If I should find a measure
 Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands
 And houses would be laid within my hands.

I journeyed many roads; I knocked at gates;
 I spoke to each wayfarer
 I met, and said, "A heritage awaits
 Me. Art not thou the bearer
 Of news? some message sent to me where-
 by
 I learn which way my new possessions
 lie?"

Some asked me in; naught lay beyond
 their doors;
 Some smiled, and would not tarry,
 But said that men were just behind who
 bore
 More gold than I could carry;
 And so the morn, the noon, the day, were
 spent,
 While empty-handed up and down I went.

At last One cried, whose face I could not
 see,
 As through the mists He hasted:
 "Poor child, what evil ones have hindered
 thee
 Till this whole day is wasted?
 Hath no man told thee that thou art joint
 heir
 With One named Christ, who waits the
 goods to share?"

The One named Christ I sought for many
 days,
 In many places vainly;

I heard men name His name in many ways;
 I saw His temples plainly;
 But they who named Him most gave me
 no sign
 To find Him by, or prove the heirship mine.

And when at last I stood before His face,
 I knew Him by no token
 Save subtle air of joy which filled the
 place;
 Our greeting was not spoken;
 In solemn silence I received my share,
 Kneeling before my brother and "joint
 heir."

My share! No deeds of house and spread-
 ing lands,
 As I had dreamed; no measure
 Heaped up with gold; my elder brother's
 hands
 Had never held such treasure.
 Foxes have holes, and birds in nests are
 fed:
 My brother had not where to lay His head.

My share! The right like Him to know all
 pain
 Which hearts are made for knowing;
 The right to find in loss the surest gain;
 To reap my joy from sowing
 In bitter tears; the right with Him to keep
 A watch by day and night with all who
 weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief and
 death;
 I see the joy and life to-morrow;
 I thank my Father with my every breath,
 For this sweet legacy of sorrow;
 And through my tears I call to each "joint
 heir"
 With Christ, "Make haste to ask Him for
 thy share."

HELEN HUNT.

THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells—
 What a world of merriment their melody
 foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight—
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically
 wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the
 bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony
 foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she
 gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously
 wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the
 bells

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III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency
 tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In the clamorous appealing to the mercy
 of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and
 frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger
 of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their
 monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls,
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the
 bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
 How many a tale their music tells,
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
 And many a heart that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone—
 That tuneful peal will still ring on;
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise; sweet evening bells,

THOMAS MOORE.

THE LADY AT SEA.

CABLES entangling her;
 Ship-spars for mangling her;
 Ropes sure of strangling her;
 Blocks over-dangling her;
 Tiller to batter her;
 Topmast to shatter her;
 Tobacco to spatter her;
 Boreas blustering;
 Boatswain quite flustering;
 Thunder-clouds mustering,
 To blast her with sulphur—
 If the deep do n't ingulph her;
 Sometimes fear 's scrutiny
 Pries out a mutiny,
 Sniffs conflagration,
 Or hints at starvation;
 All the sea dangers,
 Buccaneers, rangers,
 Pirates, and Sallee-men,
 Algerine galley-men,
 Tornadoes and typhons,
 And horrible syphons,
 And submarine travels
 Thro' roaring sea-navels;
 Everything wrong enough—
 Long-boat not long enough;
 Vessel not strong enough;
 Pitch marring frippery;
 The deck very slippery;
 And the cabin—built sloping;
 The captain a-topping;
 And the mate a blasphemer,
 That names his Redeemer—
 With inward uneasiness;

The cook known by greasiness
 The victuals beslubbered;
 Her bed—in a cupboard;
 Things of strange christening,
 Snatched in her listening;
 Blue lights and red lights,
 And mention of dead lights;
 And shrouds made a theme of—
 Things horrid to dream of;
 And buoys in the water;
 To fear all exhort her.
 Her friend no Leander—
 Herself no sea gander:
 And ne'er a cork jacket
 On board of the packet;
 The breeze still a-stiffening;
 The trumpet quite deafening;
 Thoughts of repentance,
 And doomsday, and sentence;
 Every thing sinister—
 Not a church minister;
 Pilot a blunderer;
 Coral reefs under her,
 Ready to sunder her:
 Trunks tipsy-topsy;
 The ship in a dropsy;
 Waves oversurging her;
 Sirens a-dirging her;
 Sharks all expecting her;
 Sword-fish dissecting her;
 Crabs with their hand-vices
 Punishing land vices;
 Sea-dogs and unicorns,
 Things with no puny horns;
 Mermen carnivorous—
 "Good Lord deliver us!"

THOMAS HOOD.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the
 kye at hame,
 And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae
 my ee,
 When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel; and socht me
 for his bride;

But, saving a croun, he had naething else
 beside.
 To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie
 gaed to sea;
 And the croun and the pund were baith for
 me!

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
 When my mother she fell sick, and the
 cow was stown awa;
 My father brak his arm, and young Jamie
 at the sea—
 And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My father cou'dna work, and my mother
 cou'dna spin;
 I toiled day and nicht, but their bread
 I cou'dna win;
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and,
 wi' tears in his ee,
 Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, oh marry
 me!"

My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie
 back;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it
 was a wrack;
 The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie
 dee?
 Or, why do I live to say, Wae's me!

My father argued sair—my mother didna
 speak,
 But she lookit in my face till my heart was
 like to break;
 Sae they gied him my hand; though my
 heart was in the sea;
 And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife, a week but **only four**,
 When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna
 think it he,
 Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry
 thee!"

Oh sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did
 we say;

We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves
away;

I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae 's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a
sin;

But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

CHASTELARD TO MARY STUART.

DEAR heart, I bless you for this parting
grace,

That is as sunshine on a winter day;
Now that last looks may be upon your face,
There nothing is can wound me on my way
Filling my prison with a light divine,

My queen, you come as does a saintly
moon,

And I forget the dark clouds while you shine
And take no heed of that which will be
soon.

Was ever fate like mine? so dark and sweet?
God's feast before me, and I may not eat.

God's feast, for I have won your heart at
last,

And may not tarry for a lover's kiss;
But rich reward for future pain and past
Is this one hour—this present hour of
bliss.

What though another night shall find me
dead,

With no more sense of love and summer
morn:

I lived to put a crown upon my head
That shall be with me in the time unborn;
Nor may I be deceived with dying breath—
Speech is prophetic on the day of death.

Trust me, my perfect love, this midnight
walk

Is but a fretful prologue to the play—
Anxietude and doubt and troubled talk,
Then writing shows the scene for Heaven
Day.

How tell you all in such a breathless time?

When Death is standing with his door
ajar,

Counting the minutes in a dreadful rhyme,
Till he may take his whetted scythe,
and mar

The glorious garden where my pleasures
grew

To music and new hope because of you.

It is a fearful fall to truest knights—

This headlong tumble to a mystic goal,
This slipping from God's sky and all its
lights,

To dirt and darkness in a narrow hole;
But unto me an angel came to show
That we imagine all the bitter part—
One crack of thunder and one seething
glow

Of lightning, and a little timid start,
And there an end; the storm becomes a
charm,

With promise of new life without alarm.

I do remember in Love's land of France,
Whither best thoughts do truant-like run
back,

Our life was zoned with light and fair ro-
mance,

And dance and glamour followed in the
track—

Nay, these are not poor flow'rs I pluck so
late;

They have the scent of early love, and
tho'

Some poison-buds come too, they are of
Fate,

And honey were not sweet if 't were not
so;

All is for love, and deadly nightshade grows
As much by Heaven's will as does the rose.

When that the gentle Hero held the light,
Leander, knowing then her truth to him,
Sank under sea in his extreme delight,

And in Life's river could no longer swim:
Now that you hold this loving light to me,
Death's river, where the clouds hang in
the night,

Shall be as glorious as Leander's sea,



CHASTELARD TO MARY STUART.

And the mysterious ferry shall be bright;
Your tears are bitter-sweet, e'en I could
weep
For joy of this "Good night, and pleasant
sleep."

Stay your tears, my sweet, and no more
speech

Shall come from me of Death; if my
heart's kiss

Can cure your agony, I do beseech

Your lips a little, that I may not miss

The melody locked up with your dear voice.

This pure and precious time can no pain
give,

But only gentle faith, and I rejoice

In knowledge of love strong enough to
live:

Your hand is heaven, my love; I feel your
kiss:

Your eyes speak peace, and now the rest is
bias.

GUY ROSLYN.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

I.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own
ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,

By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a
noddy;

And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sate in counsel—
At length the Mayor broke silence:
'For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
'Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew muti-
nous
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V.

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking
bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure:
His queer long coat from heel to head

Was half of yellow and half of red;
 And he himself was tall and thin;
 With sharp blue eyes each like a pin;
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin;
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin
 But lips where smiles went out and in—
 There was no guessing his kith and kin!
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire.
 Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
 Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted
 tombstone!"

VI.

He advanced to the council table:
 And, "Please your honors," said he, I'm
 able,
 By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All living creatures beneath the sun,
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
 After me so as you never saw!
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm—
 The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper—
 And people call me the Pied Piper."
 (And here they noticed around his neck
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self same
 check;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever
 straying
 As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
 Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
 I eased in Asia the Nizam
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
 And, as for what your brain bewilders—
 If I can rid your town of rats,
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
 "One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the piper step,
 Smiling first a little smiie,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rum-
 bling;
 And out of the houses the rats came tum-
 bling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser
 Wherein all plunged and perished
 —Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary.
 Which was: "At the first shrill notes of
 the pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe—
 And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks.
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice!
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
 So munch on, crunch on, take your
 nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,

All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the
steeples;

"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand
guilders!"

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked
blue;

So did the Corporation too.

For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock:
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing
wink,

"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink.
And what's dead can't come to life, I think,
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something
for drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in
joke

Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X.

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime

Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen.
Of a nest of scorpion's no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

XI.

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll
brook

Being worse-treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII.

Once more he stepped into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a
bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and
hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes
clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues
chattering;
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley
is scattering,
Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and
laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council
stood
As if they were changed into blocks of
wood,
Unable to move a step or cry

To the children merrily skipping by—
 And could only follow with the eye
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,
 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
 As the Piper turned from the High Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
 However, he turned from South to West,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
 And after him the children pressed;
 Great was the joy in every breast.
 "He never can cross that mighty top!
 He 's forced to let the piping drop,
 And we shall see our children stop!"

When, lo, as they reached the mountain's
 side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
 And the Piper advanced and the children
 followed;

And when all were in to the very last,
 The door in the mountain side shut fast.
 Did I say all? No! One was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way;
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say,—

"It's dull in our town since my playmates
 left!

I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the Piper also promised me;
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 Joining the town and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And every thing was strange and new;
 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks
 here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings,
 And horses were born with eagles' wings;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will.
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more!"

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgner's pate
 A text which says, that Heaven's gate
 Opens to the rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
 The Mayor sent East, West, North, and
 South,

To offer the piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
 And piper and dancers were gone for ever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never
 Should think their records dated duly
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear,
 "And so long after what happened here

On the Twenty-second of July,
 Thirteen hundred and Seventy-six;"
 And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the Children's last retreat
 They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
 Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
 Nor suffered they hostility or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
 But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the Great Church window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted.
 How their children were stolen away;
 And there it stands to this very day.
 And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbors lay such stress
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterranean prison
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago, in a mighty band,
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they do n't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers

Of score^s out with all men — especially
pipers;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats
or from mice,
If we 've promised them aught, let us keep
our promise.

ROBERT BROWNING.

IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom
all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King
Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music
and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny
vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle,
proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy
mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous
in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who
wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned
the chance of war!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of
Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at
the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the league drawn out
in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its
rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Eg-
mont's Flemish spears,
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the
curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a
truncheon in his hand;
And as we looked on them, we thought of
Seine's empurpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled
with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who
rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry
of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his
armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon
his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was
in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance
was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled
from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout: God
save our lord the king!
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full
well he may—
For never I saw promise yet of such a
bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine
amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet
of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to
the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum,
and roaring culverin.
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint
Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders
and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gen-
tlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them
with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thou-
sand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close
behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed,
while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the hel-
met of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours: Ma-
yenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flem-
ish count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds
before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds,
and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and,
all along our van,
Remember Saint Bartholomew! was passed
from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry—"No French-
man is my foe;
Down, down, with every foreigner, but let
your brethren go"—
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friend-
ship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the
soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who
fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them
for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best
in fight;
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the
cornet white—
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white
hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the
flag of false Lorraine:
Up with it high; unfurl it wide—that all
the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house
which wrought His Church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound
their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for
Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of
Lucerne—
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those
who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican
pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for
thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the league, look that
your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch
and ward to-night;
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our
God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and
the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom
all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King
Henry of Navarre!

LORD MACAULAY.

RED AND WHITE.

UNDER the trees by the darkling stream
The red chief lurks at morning;
His dusk cheek flushes—an angry gleam
Is in his wild eye—scorning
All food or sleep, in a vengeful dream
He waits for the scout's shrill warning.

The sun rides high, and the forest screen
Is pierced, and the sluggish river
Lights up and laughs, and the murky green
Grows cool with a golden shiver—
But the red chief whetteth his knife so keen
And loosens the store of his quiver.

Down sinks the sun, the evening hymn
Of birds to heaven hath risen;
All in the stillness that chief so grim
He springs to his feet to listen,
And the red men crouch by the river's brim
With hungry eyes that glisten.

There's a plashing of oars in the turbid
wave,
There's a glitter of knives in the brake,
With a careless boat-song on to their grave,
With the dying sun in their wake,
The robbers come, who have roused the
brave
A sudden revenge to take.



RED AND WHITE,

The men who dreamed that the dusky
 maids
 Should smile in the huts of the pale—
 O, long shall their daughters through forest
 glades
 Gaze out, and their wives shall wail,
 For keen and sure are the red men's blades,
 And the river tells no tale.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

I.

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day
 A walking the devil is gone,
 To visit his snug little farm, the earth,
 And see how his stock goes on.

II.

Over the hill and over the dale,
 And he went over the plain;
 And backward and forward he switched his
 long tail,
 As a gentleman switches his cane.

III.

And how then was the devil drest?
 Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
 His jacket was red and his breeches were
 blue,
 And there was a hole where the tail came
 through.

IV.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
 On a dunghill hard by his own stable;
 And the devil smiled, for it put him in
 mind
 Of Cain and his brother Abel.

V.

He saw an apothecary on a white horse
 Ride by on his vocations;
 And the devil thought of his old friend
 Death, in the Revelations.

VI.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house
 A cottage of gentility;
 And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
 Is pride that apes humility.

VII.

He peeped into a rich bookseller's shop—
 Quoth he, "We are both of one college!
 For I sate, myself, like a cormorant, once,
 Hard by the tree of knowledge."

VIII.

Down the river did glide, with wind and
 with tide,
 A pig with vast celerity;
 And the devil looked wise as he saw how,
 the while,
 It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he
 with a smile,
 "Goes England's commercial prosperity."

IX.

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
 A solitary cell;
 And the devil was pleased, for it gave him
 a hint
 For improving his prisons in hell.

X.

He saw a turnkey in a trice
 Fetter a troublesome blade;
 "Nimble," quoth he, "do the fingers move
 If a man be but used to his trade."

XI.

He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man
 With but little expedition;
 Which put him in mind of the long debate
 On the slave-trade abolition.

XII.

He saw an old acquaintance
 As he passed by a Methodist meeting;
 She holds a consecrated key,
 And the devil nods her a greeting.

XIII.

She turned up her nose, and said,
 "Avaunt!—my name 's Religion!"
 And she looked to Mr. —,
 And leered like a love-sick pigeon.

XIV.

He saw a certain minister,
 A minister to his mind,
 Go up into a certain house,
 With a majority behind;

XV.

The devil quoted Genesis,
 Like a very learned clerk,
 How "Noah and his creeping things
 Went up into the ark."

XVI.

He took from the poor,
 And he gave to the rich,
 And he shook hands with a Scotchman,
 For he was not afraid of the —
 * * * *

XVII.

General ——— burning face
 He saw with consternation,
 And back to hell his way did he take—
 For the devil thought by a slight mistake
 It was a general conflagration.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SWEET SUMMER TIME.

WHO has not dreamed a world of bliss
 On a bright sunny noon like this,
 Couched by his native brook's green maze,
 With comrade of his boyish days,
 While all around them seemed to be
 Just as in joyous infancy;
 Who has not loved at such an hour,
 Upon that heath in birchen bower,
 Lulled in the poet's dreamy mood,
 Its wild and sunny solitude?

While o'er the waste of purple ling
 You mark a sultry glimmering;
 Silence herself there seems to sleep,
 Wrapped in a slumber long and deep.
 Where slowly stray those lonely sheep
 Through the tall foxglove's crimson bloom,
 And gleaming of the scattered broom,
 Love you not, then, to list and hear
 The crackling of the gorse-flowers near,
 Pouring an orange-scented tide
 Of fragrance o'er the desert wide?
 To hear the buzzard's whimpering shrill,
 Hovering above you high and still?
 The twittering of the bird that dwells
 Among the heath's delicious bells?
 While round your bed, o'er fern and blade,
 Insects in green and gold arrayed,
 The sun's gay tribes have lightly strayed;
 And sweeter sound their humming wings
 Than the proud minstrel's echoing strings.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

TAM O'SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownies and of Bogilis full is this Buke.
Gavin Douglass.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he, frae Ayr, ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou been but sae wise
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A bleth'ring, blust'ring, drunken bhellum;

That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was na sober;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirten Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drowned in
 Doon;

Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
 To think how monie counsels sweet,
 How monie lengthened sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night
 Tam had got planted unco right,
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony—
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
 They had been fou for weeks thegither,
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
 And ay the ale was growing better;
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;
 The souter tauld his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drowned himself amang the nappy;
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure;
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow-fall in the river,
 A moment white—then melts forever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.
 Nae man can tether time or tide;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride—

That hour o' night's black arch the keystone,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in,
 And sic a night he takes the road in
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling showers rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed;
 That night a child might understand
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
 (A better never lifted leg),
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire—
 Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
 Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots
 sonnet,

Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smooored;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck bane;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murdered bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
 Before him Doon pours a' his floods:
 The doubling storm roars through the
 woods;

The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll;
 When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk Alloway seemed in a breeze;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing,

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
 What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the Devil!
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he cared na Deils a bodle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
 She ventured forward on the light;
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight;
 Warlocks and witches in a dance:

Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspreys, and reels
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast—
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large—
 To gie them music was his charge;
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof an' rafter a' did dirl.
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some devilish cantrips sleight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light—
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
 A thief, new cutted fra a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter which a babe had strangled;
 A knife a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
 Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,
 Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout;
 And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
 Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk:
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu'
 Which ev'n to name would be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowed, amazed, and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
 The piper loud and louder blew;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they
 cleckit,

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark.

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens:
 Their sarks, instead of creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen;
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,

Lowping an' flinging on a crummock—
 I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu'
 brawlie,

There was ae winsome wench and walie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
 For monie a beast to dead she shot,
 And perished monie a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear),
 Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn—
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.
 Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots (twas a' her riches)—
 Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cower,
 Sic flights are far beyond her power;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jad she was and strang);
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
 And thought his very een enriched.
 Ev'n Satan glowered, and fidget fu' fain,
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main
 Till first ae caper, syne anither—
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant a' was dark;
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied,

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When *Catch the thief!* resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs—the witches follow,
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fair-
 in'!

In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'—
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss—
 A running stream they dare na cross.

But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake;
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle:
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail:
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed;
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ROBERT BURNS.

HYMN

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF
 CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to
 pause

On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful
 Form,

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial,
 black—

An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal
 shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon
 thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced
 in prayer

I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it,

Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with
 my thought—

Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy—
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to
 Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart,
 awake!

Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my
 hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of
 the vale!

Oh, struggling with the darkness all the
 night,

And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they
 sink—

Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald—wake, oh wake, and utter
 praise!

Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual
 streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely
 glad!

Who called you forth from night and utter
 death,

From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged
 rocks.

For ever shattered and the same for ever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and
 your joy,

Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
 And who commanded (and the silence
 came),

Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's
 brow

Adown enormous ravines slope amain—

Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty
voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest
plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you g'orious as the gates of
Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade
the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with liv-
ing flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your
feet?
God!—let the torrents, like a shout of na-
tions,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with glad-
some voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like
sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder,
God!
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal
frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's
nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-
storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the
clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with
praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-
pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the
pure serene,
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy
breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused
with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, oh ever rise!

Rise like a cloud of incense, from the
Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to
Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises
God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

BLIGHTED LOVE.

*(From the Portuguese of Luis De Camoens, by
Lord Strangford.)*

FLOWERS are fresh, and bushes green,
Cheerily the linnets sing;
Winds are soft, and skies serene;
Time, however, soon shall throw
Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of spring!

Hope, that buds in lover's heart,
Lives not through the scorn of years;
Time makes love itself depart;
Time and storm congeal the mind,—
Looks unkind,
Freeze affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green;
Time dissolve the winter's snow;
Winds be soft, and skies serene;
Linnets sing their wonted strain:
But again
Blighted love shall never blow

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.



BLIGHTED LOVE.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that
flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled
up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the judge, "a sweeter
draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming
bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered
whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul
weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel-eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

* 5

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each
day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the
poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the
hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and
cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love
tune:

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret
pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have
been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from his grave away!

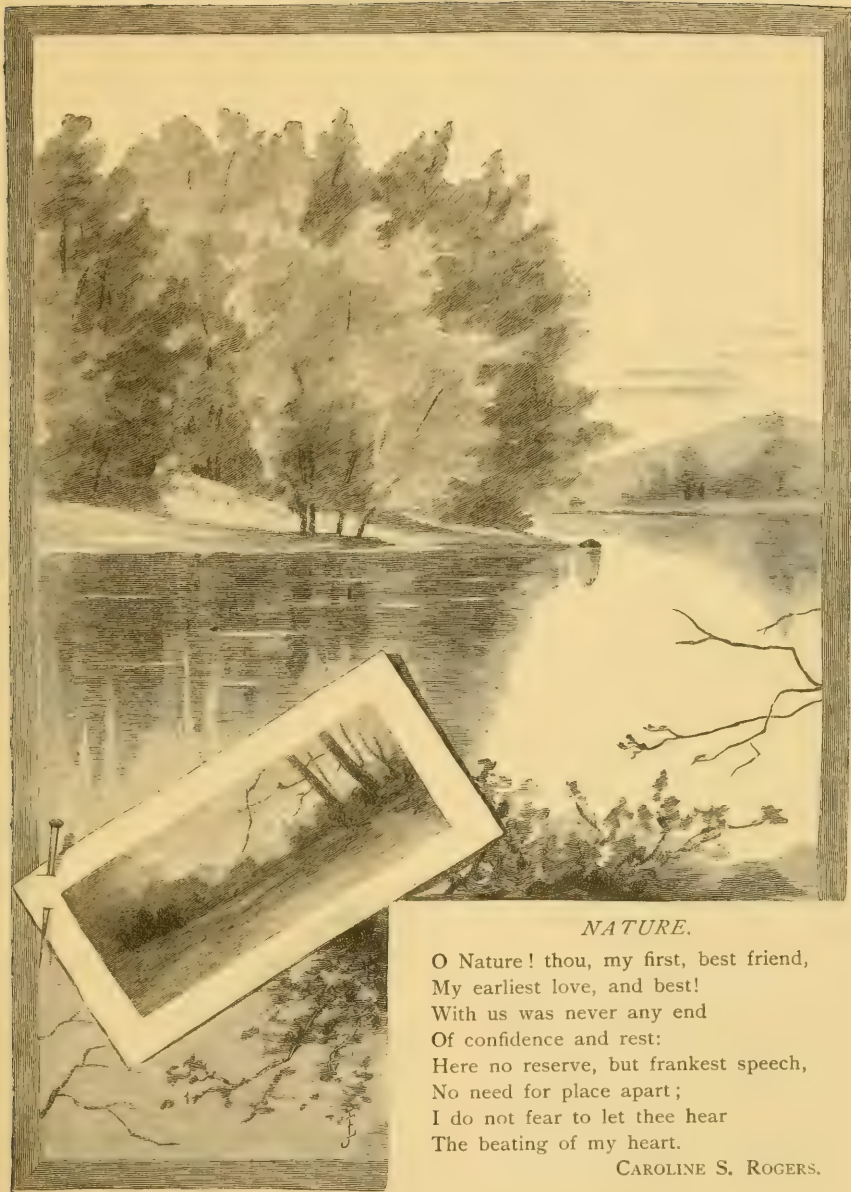
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs
unite.

We met—and we parted forever!
The night-bird sung—and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of
love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

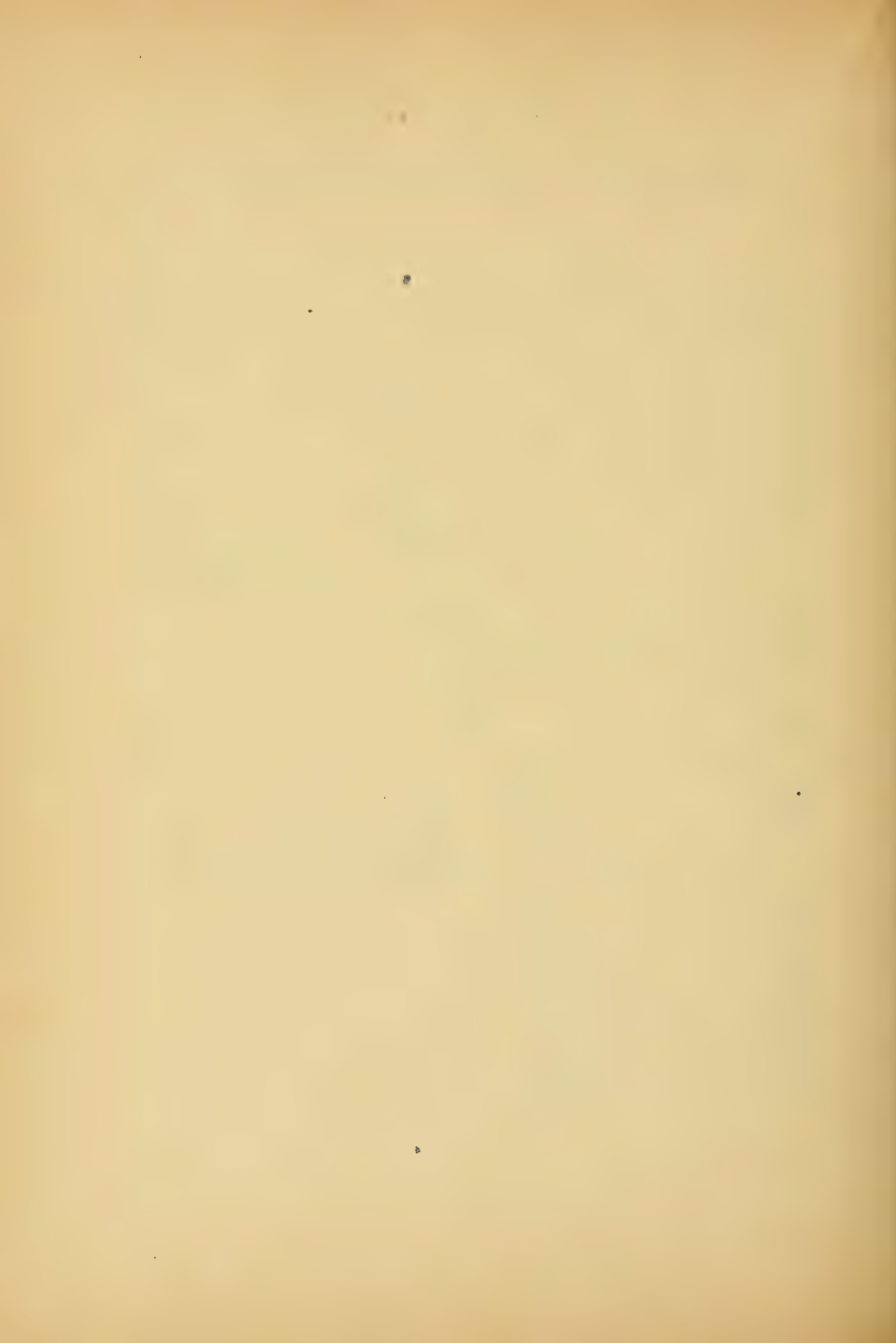
We parted in silence,—our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never, no, never
forget,
And those vows at the time were con-
soling;
But those lips that echoed the sounds of
mine
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever.



NATURE.

O Nature! thou, my first, best friend,
My earliest love, and best!
With us was never any end
Of confidence and rest:
Here no reserve, but frankest speech,
No need for place apart;
I do not fear to let thee hear
The beating of my heart.

CAROLINE S. ROGERS.



And now on the midnight sky I look,
 And my heart grows full of weeping;
 Each star is to me a sealed book,
 Some tale of that loved one keeping.
 We parted in silence,—we parted in tears
 On the banks of that lonely river;
 But the odor and bloom of those bygone
 years
 Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

—MRS. CRAWFORD.

ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And it's there that Annie Laurie
 Gie'd me her promise true;
 Gie'd me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift;
 Her throat is like the swan;
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on—
 That e'er the sun shone on—
 And dark blue is her ee;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
 And like the winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet—
 Her voice is low and sweet—
 And she's a' the world to me;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

ANONYMOUS.

THE IVY GREEN.

OH! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old!
 Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.

The walls must be crumbled, the stones
 decayed,

To pleasure his dainty whim;
 And the mouldering dust that years have
 made

Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,

A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no
 wings,

And a staunch old heart has he!

How closely he twineth, how tight he clings

To his friend, the huge oak tree!

And slyly he traileth along the ground,

And his leaves he gently waves,

And he joyously twines and hugs around

The rich mould of dead men's graves.

Creeping where no life is seen,

A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works de-
 cayed,

And nations scattered been;

But the stout old Ivy shall never fade

From its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant in its lonely days

Shall fatten upon the past;

For the stateliest building man can raise

Is the Ivy's food at last.

Creeping where no life is seen,

A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

AMID THE ROSES.

I SEEK her midst the roses, and

My soul is sore for love.

Her image beams serenely grand

As Cynthia's form above,

Enchas'd in halo. Brave my hand

To grasp thy treasure prove!

I seek her midst the roses, for

I may no longer wait

A suitor reckless at her door,

And flinch to learn my fate.

I dare not hope. I dare no more

Than humbly supplicate.

I seek her midst the roses, where
Soft pleasures, redolent
Of gracious things, enrich the air
Impregnate with their scent.
She can but choose to hear a prayer
With odor thus bespente.

I meet her midst the roses. Yes;
Hard by the mossy briars.
One bud she clasps in close caress,
So cold, though near her fires.
To live as that, nor more nor less,
Would surfeit Jove's desires.

I greet her midst the roses, while
Fierce burns the breath of May.
Why turns she to avoid my smile?
Why cast her bud away?
Just Phœbus! could a thing of guile
Deserve a darker day?

Yet, no! Amid the roses, I
Will deem her cruel-kind:
When maiden frowns disdainfully
'T were wisdom to be blind.
'T were weak to count a wilful eye
The reflex of her mind.

Thus, tremulous midst the roses, lest
My love its love should miss,
I falter forth a bold request
That she will grant me bliss—
But once to sip her best of best,
The nectar of a kiss.

She midst her roses stands apart
In silvern panoply
Of innocence. But Cupid's dart,
Though fitted warily,
Wings not its flight. Must I depart
Shamed of my urgency?

Ye roses! "Such request, Sir Knight
Fond heart should never rue."
I hear a whisper, laughing light,
"Though best of best for you,
Nor coral lip, nor forehead white,
Rather this silken shoe!"

An echo from the roses rends
My bosom and the sky.
Humbly I kneel. My right hand bends
Her latchet to untie,
Whilst she a dainty foot extends
In gesture mockingly.

Then mid the blossoms ruby red
The Boy-God draws his shaft.
Home has the love-tipt arrow sped
On roseate odors waft.
She thrills. Her dainty heart has bled
Ere my poor lips have quaffed.

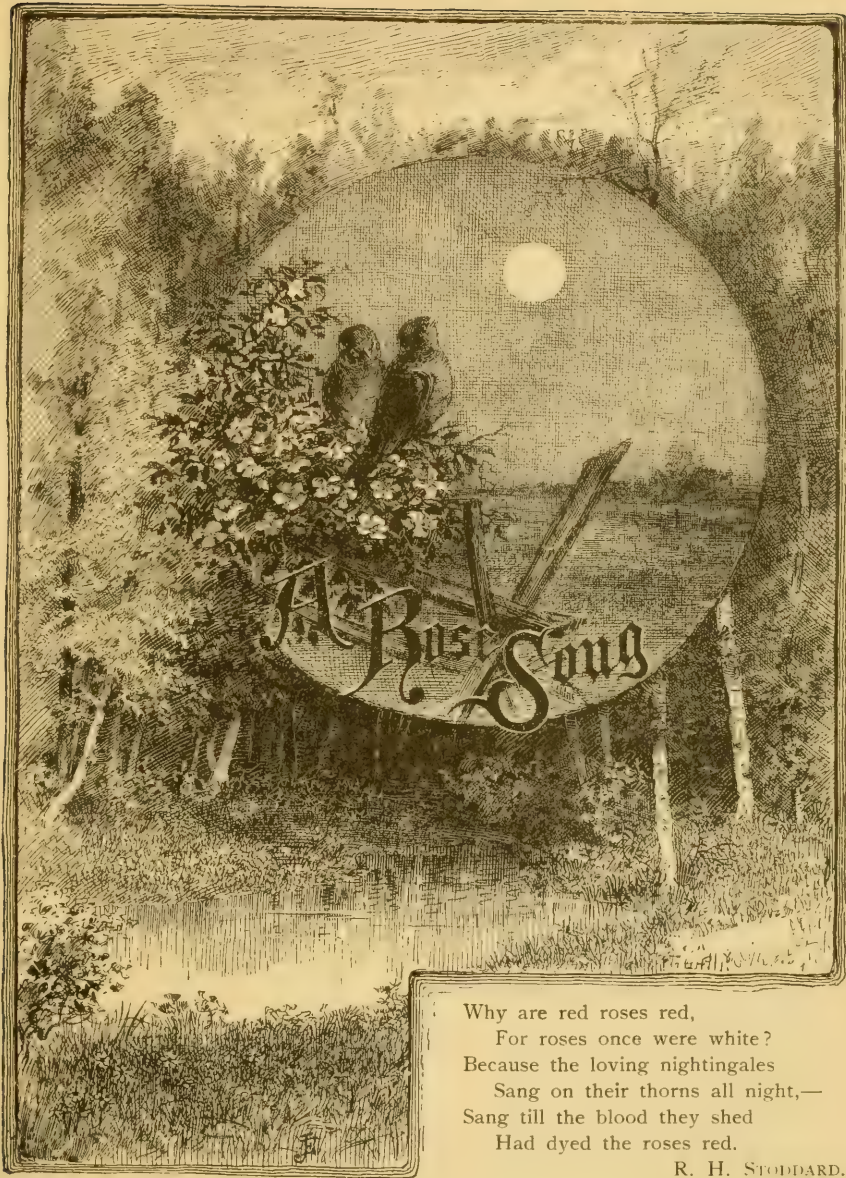
In true obeisance hers, not her,
The fire-containing ice.
No cause to cringe, no fear to err;
She changes in a trice
From white to rose; confessing, "Sir,
You give me Paradise."

Ye swains, amid the roses find
'T were wisdom to be true.
Your Chloe's test may seem unkind,
And hard your Chloe's shoe;
Yet when she proves your constant mind
She'll e'en consent to you.

—COMPTON READE.

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-show!
See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall—
Withered leaves,—one, two, and three,—
From the lofty elder tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round, they sink
Softly, slowly; one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,



Why are red roses red,
For roses once were white?
Because the loving nightingales
Sang on their thorns all night,—
Sang till the blood they shed
Had dyed the roses red.

R. H. STODDARD.

Each invisible and mute
 In his wavering parachute.
 — But the Kitten, how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
 First at one, and then its fellow
 Just as light and just as yellow;
 There are many now,— now one,—
 Now they stop, and there are none.
 What intenseness of desire
 In her upward eye of fire!
 With a tiger-leap! Half-way
 Now she meets the coming prey,
 Lets it go as fast, and then
 Has it in her power again;
 Now she works with three or four,
 Like an Indian conjurer;
 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Far beyond in joy of heart.
 Were her antics played in the eye
 Of a thousand standers-by,
 Clapping hands with shout and stare,
 What would little Tabby care
 For the plaudits of the crowd?
 Over happy to be proud,
 Over wealthy in the treasure
 Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'T is a pretty baby treat,
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;
 Here for neither Babe nor me
 Other playmate can I see.
 Of the countless living things
 That with stir of feet and wings
 (In the sun or under shade,
 Upon bough or grassy blade),
 And with busy revellings,
 Chirp, and song, and murmurings,
 Made this orchard's narrow space,
 And this vale, so blithe a place;
 Multitudes are swept away,
 Never more to breathe the day.
 Some are sleeping; some in bands
 Travelled into distant lands;
 Others slunk to moor and wood,
 Far from human neighborhood;
 And, among the kinds that keep
 With us closer fellowship,
 With us openly abide,
 All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he, that giddy sprite,
 Blue-cap, with his colors bright,
 Who was blest as bird could be,
 Feeding in the apple-tree—
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,
 Turning blossoms inside out—
 Hung, head pointing towards the ground,
 Fluttered, perched, into a round
 Bound himself, and then unbound—
 Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin!
 Prettiest tumbler ever seen!
 Light of heart, and light of limb—
 What is now become of him?
 Lambs, that through the mountains went
 Frisking, bleating merriment,
 When the year was in its prime,
 They are sobered by this time.
 If you look to vale or hill,
 If you listen, all is still,
 Save a little neighboring rill
 That from out the rocky ground
 Strikes a solitary sound.
 Vainly glitter hill and plain,
 And the air is calm in vain;
 Vainly Morning spreads the lure
 Of a sky serene and pure;
 Creature none can she decoy
 Into open sign of joy.
 Is it that they have a fear
 Of the dreary season near?
 Or that other pleasures be
 Sweeter even than gayety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
 In the impenetrable cell
 Of the silent heart which Nature
 Furnishes to every creature—
 Whatso'er we feel and know
 Too sedate for outward show—
 Such a light of gladness breaks,
 Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,—
 Spreads with such a living grace
 O'er my little Dora's face—
 Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
 Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
 That almost I could repine
 That your transports are not mine,
 That I do not wholly fare
 Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!

And I will have my careless season
 Spite of melancholy reason,
 Will walk through life in such a way
 That, when time brings on decay,
 Now and then I may possess
 Hours of perfect gladness.
 Pleased by any random toy—
 By a kitten's busy joy,
 Or an infant's laughing eye
 Sharing the ecstasy—
 I would fare like that or this,
 Find my wisdom in my bliss,
 Keep the sprightly soul awake,
 And have faculties to take,
 Even from things by sorrow wrought,
 Matter for a jocund thought—
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,
 To gambol with Life's falling leaf.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MARY MORISON.

O, MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wished, the trysted hour,
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor,
 How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
 Though this was fair, and that was braw,
 And you the toast of a' the town,
 I sighed, and said among them a',
 "Ye are na Mary Morison!"

Oh, Mary! canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whose only fault is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown!
 A thought ungente canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

ROBERT BURN-

THE CHILD AND THE WATCHER.

SLEEP on, baby on the floor,
 Tired of all thy playing—
 Sleep on with smile the sweeter for
 That you dropped away in;
 On your curls' fair roundness stand
 Golden lights serenely;
 One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
 Folds the dimple inly—
 Little head and little foot
 Heavy laid for pleasure;
 Underneath the lids half-shut
 Plants the shining azure;
 Open-souled in noonday sun,
 So, you lie and slumber;
 Nothing evil having done,
 Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,
 Shall I sigh to view you?
 Or sigh further to foretell
 All that may undo you?
 Nay, keep smiling, little child,
 Ere the faith appeareth!
 I smile, too; for patience mild
 Pleasure's token weareth.
 Nay, keep sleeping before loss;
 I shall sleep, though losing!
 As by cradle, so by cross,
 Sweet is the reposing.

And God knows, who sees us twain,
 Child at childish leisure,
 I am all as tired of pain
 As you are of pleasure.
 Very soon, too, by His grace,
 Gently wrapt around me,
 I shall show as calm a face,
 I shall sleep as soundly—
 Differing in this, that you
 Clasp your playthings sleeping,
 While my hand must drop the few
 Given to my keeping—

Differing in this, that I,
 Sleeping, must be colder,
 And in waking presently,
 Brighter to beholder—



Pure and true affection, well I know
Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness,
Such love of all our virtues is the gem;
Of heaven it is, and heavenly; woe to them
Who make it wholly earthly and of earth!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Differing in this beside
 (Sleeper, have you heard me?
 Do you move, and open wide
 Your great eyes toward me?)
 That while I you draw withal
 From this slumber solely,
 Me, from mine, an angel shall,
 Trumpet-tongued and holy!
 ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LOCHINVAR.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none;
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
 For a laggard in love and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
 'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
 "Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied—

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine;
 There are maidens in Scotland more loveily by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet—the knight took it up;
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow,"
 quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they
 rode and they ran:
 There was racing, and chasing, on Canno-
 bie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did
 they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young
 Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MAY.

May, thou month of rosy beauty,
 Month when pleasure is a duty;
 Month of maids that milk the kine,
 Bosom rich, and health divine;
 Month of bees and month of flowers,
 Month of blossom-laden bowers;
 Month of little hands with daisies,
 Lover's love, and poet's praises;
 O thou merry month complete,
 May, the very name is sweet!
 May was MAID in olden times—
 And is still in Scottish rhymes—
 May's the month that's laughing now.
 I no sooner write the word,
 Than it seems as though it heard,
 And looks up and laughs at me,
 Like a sweet face, rosily,—
 Flushing from the paper's white;
 Like a bride that knows her power
 Startled in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong
 Come to keep the winter long
 And deny us thy sweet looks,
 I can love thee, sweet, in books;
 Love thee in the poet's pages,
 Where they keep thee green for ages;
 Love and read thee as a lover
 Reads his lady's letter over,
 Breathing blessings on the art
 Which commingles those that part.
 There is May in books for ever:
 May will part from Spencer never;
 May's in Milton, May's in Prior,
 May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;

May's in all the Italian books;
 She has old and modern nooks,
 Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves,
 In happy places they call shelves,
 And will rise and dress your rooms
 With a drapery thick with blooms.

Come, ye rains, then, if ye will,
 May's at home and with me still;
 But come rather, thou good weather,
 And find us in the fields together.

LEIGH HUNT.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean;
 The winds of heaven mix for ever,
 With a sweet emotion;
 Nothing in the world is single;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle—
 Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother;
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—
 What are all these kisses worth,
 If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

MY LOVE.

I.

NOR as all other women are
 Is she that to my soul is dear;
 Her glorious fancies come from far,
 Beneath the silver evening-star;
 And yet her heart is ever near.



Hymn to the Flowers

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe and blush without a crime."
O may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime.

HORACE SMITH.

II.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

III.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

IV.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise:
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

V.

She hath no scorn of common things;
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

VI.

Blessing she is; God made her so;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

VII.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

VIII.

She is a woman—one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,

Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

IX.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

X.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud—
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune—
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon,

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;

Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The lark's heel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine!
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to
the wood—
Our wood, that is dearer than all—

From the meadow your walks have left so
sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes—
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender accacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your
sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake—
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with
curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

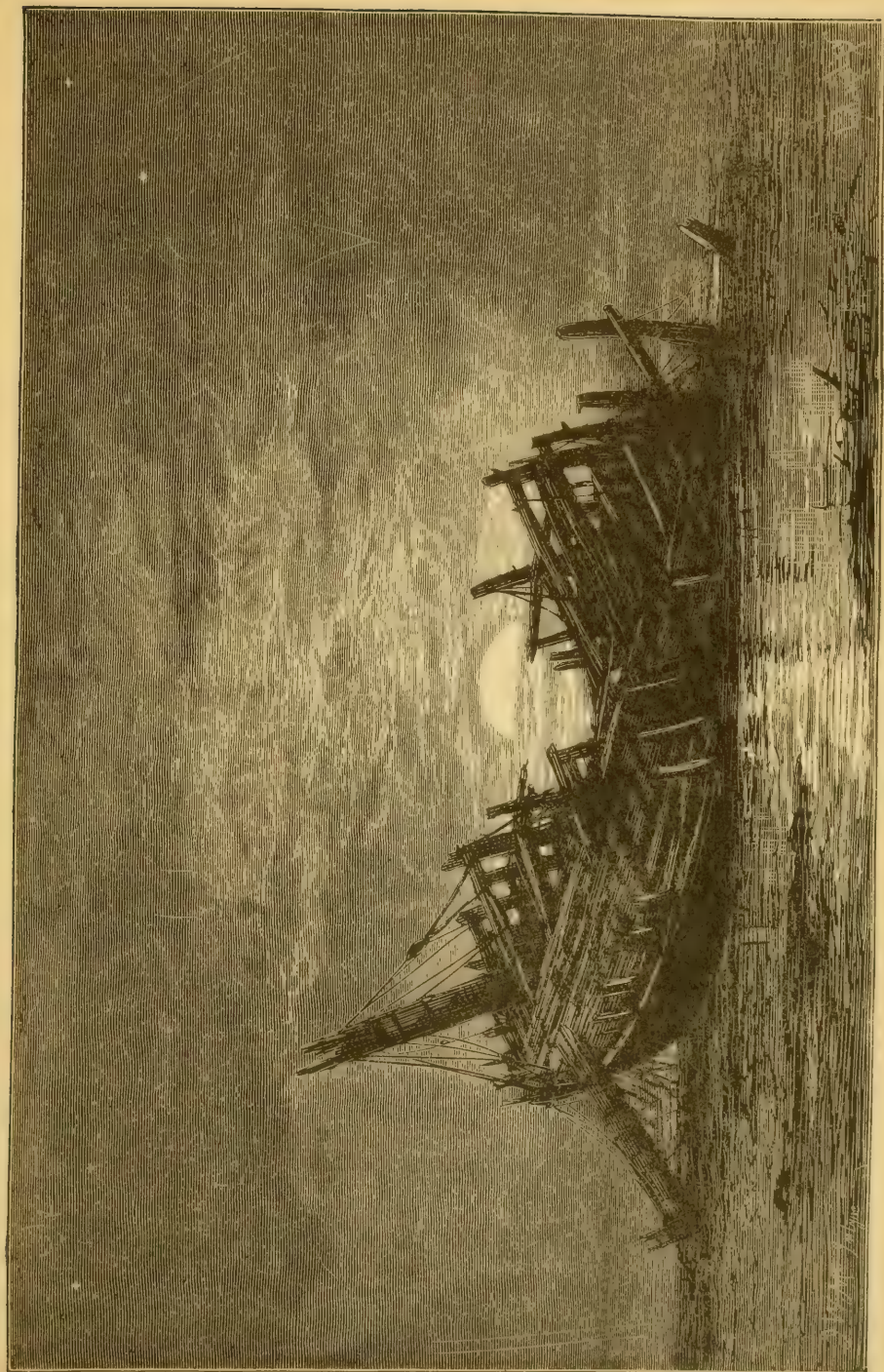
There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is
near;"

And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead—
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.
ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SHIPWRECK.

In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid
shade,
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging, thunders on the
ground;
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps
resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound in torment
reels.
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's
blows.
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble
rock:
Down on the vale of death, with dismal
cries,
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their
eyes
In wild despair: while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsions, rends the solid oak;
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And, crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides.
O, were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart;



SHIPWRECK.

Like him the smooth and mournful verse
to dress

In all the pomp of exquisite distress,
Then too severely taught by cruel fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivalled strains deplore

The impervious horrors of a leeward shore!
As o'er the surge the stooping mainmast
hung,

Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung;
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were
cast,

And there by oozy tangles grappled fast,
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming bil-
lows' rage,

Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till, all benumbed and feeble, they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades
below,

Some, from the main yard-arm impetuous
thrown

On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts de-
scend.

Now on the mountain wave on high they
ride,

Then downward plunge beneath the in-
volving tide,

Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore
alive;

The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And pressed the stony beach, a lifeless crew!

WILLIAM FALCONER.

WIDOW MACHREE.

I.

WIDOW machree, it's no wonder you frown—

Och hone! widow machree

Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty
black gown—

Och hone! widow machree.

How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear—
'T is destroying your hair,

Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl—
Och hone! widow machree!

II.

Widow machree, now the summer is come—

Och hone! widow machree

When every thing smiles, should a beauty
look glum?

Och hone! widow machree!

See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—

Why, even the bears

Now in couples agree;

And the mute little fish,

Though they can't spake, they wish—

Och hone! widow machree.

III.

Widow machree, and when winter comes
in—

Och hone! widow machree—

To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,

Och hone! widow machree.

Sure the shovel and tongs

To each other belongs,

And the kettle sings songs

Full of family glee;

While alone with your cup,

Like a hermit you sup,

Och hone! widow machree.

IV.

And how do you know, with the comforts
I've towld—

Och hone! widow machree—

But you're keeping some poor fellow out in
the cowl,

Och hone! widow machree!

With such sins on your head,

Sure your peace would be fled;

Could you sleep in your bed

Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, "Och hone! widow ma-
chree!"

v.

Then take my advice, darling widow ma-
chree—

Och hone! widow machree—
And with my advice, faith, I wish you 'd
take me,

Och hone! widow machree!

You 'd have me to desire

Then to stir up the fire;

And sure hope is no liar

In whispering to me,

That the ghosts would depart

When you 'd me near your heart—

Och hone! widow machree!

SAMUEL LOVER.

AFTER THE SEASON.

AT last 't is over, doggie dear,
The folks are fled, and town 's deserted:
The Park is desolate and drear,

Where once we walked and—some girls
—flirted.

Here, on the white cliff's grass-grown
brink,

'Neath which the blue sea frets and tosses,
We 'll rest ourselves awhile, and think
About the season's gains and losses.

Ah me! It seems but yesterday
The boughs with blossoms rich were
laden;

It was the merry month of May,

And I, a merry-hearted maiden.

Now, like a wild bird safely caged,
A captor my lost heart is caging;—

What wonder I should be engaged
To Guy, whose ways are so engaging?

Aunt Mary says that love 's a myth,
And other heresies advances;

She vows she has no patience with

A girl who throws away her chances.

My cousin hopes that "Eva knows
What's best, but must take leave to doubt
it,"

And shakes her head—which only shows
How little *she* can know about it!

It may not be in others' eyes

A wealthy match; but I've a notion

A wealth we never should despise

Is that of firm and deep devotion.

And, as I say, when cousin Nell

Laments that we can't keep a carriage,

Sometimes when young girls "marry well,"

It doesn't prove a well-made marriage.

The Earl who filled my school-day dream

When I was small and rather silly,

Might have supplied a splendid team

To dash me down through Piccadilly.

But of this truth right sure am I:

No mode of travel known at present

Compares to rambling on with Guy

Thro' fields of fancy, fresh and pleasant!

The Earl would have grand castles, plac'd

In several counties, I conjecture;

Arranged with most luxurious taste,

Of most imposing architecture.

But where is one so rich and rare

(Though practical old folks may quiz it)

As that grand castle in the air

Which Guy and I so often visit?

Which are most precious, pure and bright,

(I know how I should make selection!)

The gems that gleam with radiant light,

Or eyes that beam with fond affection?

And Guy's so good, and true, and bold,

With such a splendid air about him;

He should have been a knight of old—

Only I could n't live without him!

I'm sure 't is wise to marry Guy,

For true love is a peerless blessing;

The way some parents let men buy

Their daughters, is, I think, distressing.

I place that foremost 'mid the lot

Of things that should at once be seen to;

I'm sure it's wise—and if it's not,

It does n't matter, for I mean to!

ALFRED E. T. WATSON.



AFTER THE SEASON.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

"WAIT a little," you say, "you are sure it'll
all come right,"

But the boy was born i' trouble, an' looks
so wan an' so white:

Wait! an' once I ha' waited—I hadn't to
wait for long.

Now I wait, wait, wait for Harry.—No, no,
you are doing me wrong!

Harry and I were married: the boy can
hold up his head,

The boy was born in wedlock, but after my
man was dead;

I ha' work'd for him fifteen years, an' I
work an' I wait to the end.

I am alone in the world, an' you are my
only friend.

Doctor, if *you* can wait, I'll tell you the tale
o' my life.

When Harry an' I were children, he call'd
me his own little wife;

I was happy when I was with him, an' sorry
when he was away,

An' when we play'd together, I loved him
better than play;

He workt me the daisy chain—he made me
the cowslip ball,

He fought the boys that were rude, an' I
loved him better than all.

Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at home
in disgrace,

I never could quarrel with Harry—I had
but to look in his face.

There was a farmer in Dorset of Harry's
kin, that had need

Of a good stout lad at his farm; he sent,
an' the father agreed;

So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire
farm for years an' for years;

I walked with him down to the quay, poor
lad, an' we parted in tears.

The boat was beginning to move, we heard
them a-ringing the bell,

'I'll never love any but you, God bless you,
my own little Nell.'

I was a child, an' he was a child, an' he
came to harm;

There was a girl, a hussy, that workt with
him up at the farm,

One had deceived her an' left her alone
with her sin an' her shame,

And so she was wicked with Harry; the
girl was the most to blame.

And years went over, till I that was little
had grown so tall,

The men would say of the maids, 'Our
Nelly's the flower of 'em all'

I didn't take heed o' *them*, but I taught my-
self all I could

To make a good wife for Harry, when
Harry came home for good.

Often I seem'd unhappy, and often as happy,
too,

For I heard it abroad in the fields, 'I'll
never love any but you;'

'I'll never love any but you,' the morning
song of the lark,

'I'll never love any but you,' the nightin-
gale's hymn in the dark.

And Harry came home at last, but he look'd
at me sidelong and shy,

Vext me a bit, till he told me that so many
years had gone by,

I had grown so handsome and tall—that I
might ha' forgot him somehow—

For he thought—there were other lads—he
was fear'd to look at me now.

Hard was the frost in the field, we were
married o' Christmas day,

Married among the red berries, an' all as
merry as May—

Those were the pleasant times, my house
an' my man were my pride,
We seem'd like ships i' the channel a-sail-
ing with wind an' tide.

But work was scant in the Isle, tho' he tried
the villages round,
So Harry went over the Solent to see if
work could be found;
An' he wrote 'I ha' six weeks' work, little
wife, so far as I know;
I'll come for an hour to-morrow, an' kiss
you before I go.'

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't he
coming that day?
An' I hit on an old deal-box that was push'd
in a corner away,
It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a letter
along wi' the rest,
I had better ha' put my naked hand in a
hornets' nest.

'Sweetheart'—this was the letter—this was
the letter I read—
'You promised to find me work near you,
an' I wish I was dead—

Didn't you kiss me an' promise? you
haven't done it, my lad,
An' I almost died o' your going away, an'
I wish that I had.'

I too wish that I had—in the pleasant times
that had past,
Before I quarrell'd with Harry—*my* quar-
rel—the first an' the last.

For Harry came in, an' I flung him the let-
ter that drove me wild,
An' he told it me all at once, as simple as
any child,
'What can it matter my lass, what I did wi'
my single life?

I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to
his wife;
An' *she* wasn't one o' the worst.' 'Then,'
I said, 'I'm none o' the best.'
An' he smiled at me, 'Ain't you, my love?
Come, come, little wife, let it rest!
The man isn't like the woman, no need to
make such a stir.'
But he anger'd me all the more, an' I said
'You were keeping with her,
When I was a-loving you all along an' the
same as before.'
An' he didn't speak for a while, an' he
angerd me more an' more.

Then he patted my hand in his gentle way
'Let bygones be!'
'Bygones! you kept yours hush'd,' I said,
'when you married me!
By-gones ma' be come-agains; an' *she*—in
her shame an' her sin—
You'll have her to nurse my child, if I die
o' my lying in!

You'll make her its second mother! I hate
her—an' I hate you!'
Ah, Harry, my man, you had better ha'
beaten me black an' blue
Than ha' spoken as kind as you did, when
I were so crazy wi' spite,
'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all
come right.'

An' he took three turns in the rain, an' I
watch'd him, an' when he came in
I felt that my heart was hard, the was all
wet thro' to the skin,
An' I never said 'off wi' the wet,' I never
said 'on wi' the dry,'
So I knew my heart was hard, when he
came to bid me good-bye.
'You said that you hated me, Ellen, but
that isn't true, you know;
I am going to leave you a bit—you'll kiss
me before I go?'

'Going! you're going to her—kiss her—if you will,' I said,—
 I was near my time wi' the boy, I must ha' been light i' my head—
 'I had sooner be cursed than kiss'd!'—I didn't know well what I meant,
 But I turn'd my face from *him*, an' he turn'd *his* face an' he went.

And he sent me a letter, 'I've gotten my work to do;
 You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I never loved any but you;
 I am sorry for all the quarrel an' sorry for what she wrote,
 I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey an' go to-night by the boat.'

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,
 An' felt I had been to blame; he was always kind to me.
 'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right'—
 An' the boat went down that night—the boat went down that night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HELLVELLYN.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
 All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
 And starting around me the echoes replied.
 On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
 And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,

One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
 When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was the spot mid the brown meadow heather,
 Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in decay,—
 Like the course of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
 Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
 For faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
 The much-loved remains of her master defended,
 And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
 When the wind waved his garment how oft didst thou start?
 How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
 And, oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him,
 No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
 And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him—
 Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
 The tap'stry weaves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the
torches are gleaming,
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners
are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is
streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should
fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek
mountain lamb;
When, wilder'd he drops from some cliff
huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of
his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert
lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover fly-
ing,
With one faithful friend to witness thy dy-
ing,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catch-
edicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AN INVITATION.

"They that seek me early shall find me."

COME, while the blossoms of thy years are
brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery
maze,
Come, while the restless heart is bounding
lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy
ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer-
buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the youthful
breast,
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath
is holding,
Come—and secure interminable rest!

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and
lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have
gone;
Those who now love thee will have pass'd
forever,
Their looks of kindness will be lost to
thee;
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's
fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to
be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is
glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing
die;
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee
throwing
Fades, like the crimson from a sunset
sky;
Life hath but shadows, save a promise
given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless
ray;
O, touch the sceptre!—win a hope in
Heaven.
Come, turn thy spirit from the world
away!

Then will the crosses of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul;—
And, shining brightly in the forward dis-
tance,
Will of thy patient race appear the goal;
Home of the weary!—where, in peace re-
posing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
Though o'er its dust the curtain'd grave is
closing,
Who would not, *early*, choose a lot like
this?

WILLIS G. CLARK.

PHIL BLOOD'S LEAP.

A TALE OF THE GOLD-SEEKERS.

"THERE's some thinks Injins pison * *

*" It was Parson Pete that spoke,
As we sat there, in the camp-fire glare, like
shadows among the smoke.

'Twas the dead of night, and in the light
our faces shone bright red,
And the wind all round made a screeching
sound, and the pines roared overhead.

Ay, Parson Pete was talking: we called
him Parson Pete,
For you must learn he'd a talking turn, and
handled things so neat:
He'd a preaching style, and a winning
smile, and when all talk was spent,
Six-shooter had he, and a sharp bowie, to
point his argument.

Some one had spoke of the Injin folk, and
we had a guess, you bet,
They might be creeping, while we were
sleeping, to catch us in the net;
And the half-asleep were snoring deep,
while the others vigil kept,
But never a one let go his gun, whether he
woke or slept.

"There's some think Injins pison, and
others fancy 'em scum,
And most would slay them out of the way,
clean into Kingdom come;
But don't you go and make mistakes, like
many dern'd fools I've known,
For dirt is dirt, and snakes is snakes, but
an Injin's flesh and bone!"

We were seeking gold in the Texan hold,
and we'd had a blaze of luck,
More rich and rare the stuff ran there at
every foot we struck;

Like men gone wild we toiled and toiled,
and never seemed to tire,
The hot sun glared, and our faces flared,
with the greed o' gain, like fire.

I was captain of the mining men, and I had
a precious life,
For a wilder set I never met at derringer
and at knife;
Nigh every day there was some new fray,
and a shot in some one's brain,
And the blackest sheep in all the flock was
an imp of sin, from Maine,

Phil Blood. Well, he was six foot three,
with a squint to make you skear'd,
His face all scabb'd, and twisted, and stabb'd,
with carroty hair and beard,
Sour as the drink in Bitter Chink, sharp as
a grizzly's squeal,
Limp in one leg, for a leaden egg had
nicked him in the heel.

He was the primest workman there!—'twas
a sight to see him toil!
To the waist all bare, all devil and dare, the
sweat on his cheeks like oil;
With pickaxe and spade in sun and shade
he labored like the nation,
But when the spell was over,—well, he
liked recreation.

And being a crusty kind of cuss, the only
sport he had
When work was over seemed to us a bit
too rough and bad;
For to put some lead in a fellow's head was
the greatest fun in life,
And the only joke he liked to poke was the
point of his precious knife.

But game to the bone was Phil, I'll own,
and he always fought most fair,
With as good a will to be killed as kill, true
grit as any there:

Of honor, too, like me or you, he'd a scent,
though not so keen,
Would rather be riddled through and
through than do what he thought
mean.

But his eddication to his ruination had not
been over nice,
And his stupid skull was choking full of
vulgar prejudice;
For a white man *he* was an ekal, free to be
fought in open fray,
But an *Injin* a snake (make no mistake!) to
scotch in any way.

"A serpent's hide has pison inside, and an
Injin heart's as bad,—
He'll seem your friend for to gain his end,
but they hate the white like mad:
Worse than the least of bird or beast, never
at peace till dead,
A spotted snake, and no mistake!" that's
what he always said.

Well, we'd just struck our bit of luck, and
were wild as raving men,
When who should stray to camp one day,
but Black Panther, the Cheyenne;
Dressed like a christian, all a-grin, the old
one joins our band,
And though the rest looked black as sin, he
shakes me by the hand.

Now, the poor old cuss had been known to
us, and I knew that he was true,—
I'd have trusted him with life and limb as
soon as I'd trust *you*;
For though his wit was gone a bit, and he
drank like any fish,
His heart was kind, he was well-inclined,
as even a white could wish.

Food had got low, for we didn't know the
run of the hunting-ground,
And our hunters were sick, when just in
the nick, the friend in need was
found;

For he knew the place like his mother's
face (or better, a heap, you'd say,
Since she was a squaw of the roaming race,
and himself a cast-away).

Well, I took the Panther into camp, and the
critter was well content,
And off with him, on the hunting tramp,
next day our party went,
And I reckon that day and the next we
didn't hunger for food,
And only one in the camp looked vexed—
that imp of sin, Phil Blood.

Nothing would please his contrairy ideas!
an Injin made him boil!
But he said naught and he scowling
wrought from morn till night at his
toil,
And I knew his skin was hatching sin, and
I kept the Panther apart,
For the Injin he was too weak to see the
depths of a white man's heart.

One noon-day, when myself and the men
were resting by the creek,
The red sun blazed, and we lay half-dazed,
too tired to stir or speak;
'Neath the alder trees we stretched at ease,
and we couldn't see the sky,
For the lien-flowers in bright blue showers
hung through the branches high.

It was like the gleam of a fairy-dream, and
I felt the earth's first man,
In an Eden bower with the yellow flower
of a cactus for a fan;
Oranges, peaches, grapes, and figs, cluster-
ed, ripened, and fell,
And the cedar scent was pleasant, blent
with the soothing 'cacia smell.

The squirrels red ran overhead, and I saw
the lizards creep,
And the woodpecker bright with the chest
so white tapt like a sound in sleep;

I lay and dozed with eyes half closed, and
felt like a three-year child,
And, a plantain blade on his brow for a
shade, even Phil Blood looked mild.

Well, back jest then came our hunting men,
with the Panther at their head,
Full of his fun was every one, and the
Panther's eyes were red,
And he skipt about with grin and shout,
for he'd had a drop that day,
And he twisted and twirled, and squealed
and skirled, in the foolish Injin way.

To the waist all bare Phil Blood lay there,
with only his knife in his belt,
And I saw his bloodshot eye-balls flare, and
I knew how fierce he felt,
When the Ingin dances with grinning
glances around him as he lies,
With his painted skin and monkey grin,—
and leers into his eyes.

Then before I knew what I should do Phil
Blood was on his feet,
And the Ingin could trace the hate in his
face, and his heart began to beat,
And "Get out o' the way," he heard them
say, "for he means to hev your life!"
But before he could fly at the warning cry,
he saw the flash of the knife.

"Run, Panther, run?" cried every one, and
the Panther took the track,
With a wicked glare, like a wounded bear,
Phil Blood sprang at his back.
Up the side so steep of the canyon deep
the poor old critter sped,
And after him ran the devil's limb, till they
faded overhead.

Now, the spot of ground where our luck
was found was a queerish place, you'll
mark,
Jest under the jags of the mountain crags
and the precipices dark,

And the water drove from a fall above, and
roared both day and night,
And those that waded beneath were shaded
by crags to left and right.

Far up on high, close to the sky, the two
craggs leant together,
Leaving a gap, like an open trap, with a
gleam of golden weather,
And now and then when at work the men
looked up they caught the bounds
Of the deer that leap from steep to steep,
and they seemed the size o' hounds.

A pathway led from the beck's dark bed up
to the crags on high,
And up that path the Ingin fled, fast as a
man could fly.
Some shots were fired, for I desired to keep
the white cuss back;
But I missed my man, and away he ran on
the flying Ingin's track.

* * * * *

Now all below is thick, you know, with
'cacia, alder, and pine,
And the bright shrubs deck the side of the
beck, and the lien-flowers so fine,
For the forest creeps all under the steeps,
and feathers the feet of the crags
With boughs so thick that your path you
pick, like a steamer among the snags.

But right above you, the crags, Lord love
you! are bare as this here hand,
And your eyes you wink at the bright blue
chink, as looking up you stand.
If a man should pop in that trap at the top,
he'd never rest hand or leg,
Till neck and crop to the bottom he'd drop—
and smash on the stones like an egg!

Now, the breadth of the trap, though it
seemed so small from the p'ace be-
low, d'ye see,
Was what a deer could easily clear, but a
man—well, not for me!

And it happened, yes! the path, I guess,
led straight to that there place,
And if one of the two didn't leap it, whew!
they must meet there face to face.

"Come back, you cuss! come back to us!
and let the critter be!"

I screamed out loud, while the men in a
crowd stood gazing at them and me;
But up they went, and my shots were spent,
and I shook as they disappeared,—
One minute more, and we gave a roar, for
the Injin had leapt,—and *cleared!*

A leap for a deer not a man, to clear,—and
the bloodiest grave below!
But the critter was smart and mad with fear,
and he went like a bolt from a bow,
Close after him came the devil's limb, with
his eyes as wild as death,
But when he came to the gulch's brim, I
reckon he paused for breath.

For breath at the brink! but—a white man
shrink, when a red had passed so
neat?

I knew Phil Blood too well to think he'd
turn his back dead beat!

He takes one run, leaps up in the sun, and
bounds from the slippery ledge,
And he clears the hole, but—God help his
soul! just touches the other edge!

One scrambling fall, one shriek, one call,
from the men that stand and stare,—
Black in the blue where the sky looks
through, he staggers, dwarfed up
there;

The edge he touches, then sinks, and
clutches the rock—my eyes grow
dim—

I turn away—what's that they say?—he's
a-hanging on to the brim?

* * * On the very brink of the fatal
chink a wild thin shrub there grew,
And to that he clung, and in silence swung
betwixt us and the blue,

And as soon as a man could run I ran the
way I'd seen them flee,
And I came mad-eyed to the chasm's side,
and—what do you think I see?

All up? Not quite? Still hanging? Right!
But he'd torn away the shrub;

With lolling tongue he clutched and swung
—to what? ay, that's the rub!

I saw him glare and dangle in air,—for the
empty hole, you know,—

Helped by a *pair of hands* up there!—The
Injin's? Yes *that's so!*

Now, boys, look here! for many a year I've
roughed in this here land—

And many a sight both day and night I've
seen that I think grand;

Over the whole world I've been, and I know
both things and men,

But the biggest sight I've ever seen was the
sight I saw just then.

I held my breath—so nigh to death the cuss
swung hand and limb,

And it seemed to me that down he'd flee,
with the Panther after him.

But the Injin at length puts out his
strength, and another minute passed,
—And safe and sound to the solid ground
he drew Phil Blood at last.

Saved? True for you! By an Injin too—
and the man he meant to kill!

There all alone, on the brink of stone, I see
them standing still;

Phil Blood gone white, with the struggle
and fright, like a great mad bull at
bay,

And the Injin meanwhile, with a half-
skeered smile, ready to spring away.

What did Phil do? Well, I watched the
two, and I saw Phil Blood turn back,
Then he leant to the brink and took a blink
into the chasm black,

Then, stooping low for a moment or so, he
took his bowie bright,
And he chucked it down the gulf with a
frown, and whistle, and lounged from
sight.

Hands in his pockets, eyes downcast, silent,
thoughtful, and grim,
While the Panther, grinning as he passed,
still kept his eyes on him;
Phil Blood strolled slow to his mates below,
down by a mountain track,
With his lips set tight and his face all white,
and the Panther at his back.

I reckon they stared when the two ap-
peared! but never a word Phil spoke,
Some of them laughed and others jeered,
—but he let them have their joke;
He seemed amazed, like a man gone dazed,
the sun in his eyes too bright,
And, in spite of their cheek, for many a
week, he never offered to fight.

And after that day he changed his play, and
kept a civiler tongue,
And whenever an Injin came that way his
contrairy head he hung;
But whenever he heard the lying word,
“*It's a LIE!*” Phil Blood would groan;
“*A Snake is a Snake, make no mistake! but
an Injin's flesh and bone!*”

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

MINE cracious! Mine cracious! shust look
here und see
A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.
Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf
got,
Vas grayz mit trinking, or someding like
dot;
Id vasn't because I trinks lager und vine,
It vas all on aggount off dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas
qveer;
Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass
off beer,
Mit a bare-footed hed, and nose but a
sphpeck,
A mout dot goes most to der pack off his
neck,
Und his leedle pink toes mit der rest all
combine
To give sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcop for making a
noise;
He shust has pecun to shbeak goot English,
too,
Says “mama,” und “bapa,” und somedimes
“ah—goo!”
You don't find a baby den dimes out off
nine
Dot vos qvite so schmart as dot baby off
mine.

He grawls der vloer ofer, und drows dings
about,
Und puts efyding he can find in his mout;
He dumbles der sthairs down, und falls
vrom his chair,
Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible sckare;
Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mat
borcubine
Ven I dinks off dose pranks off dot baby
off mine.

Dere vas someding, you pet, I don'd likes
pooty vell;
To hear in der nighdt, dimes dot young
Deutscher yell,
Und dravel der ped-room midout many
clo'es,
Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine
pack quickly goes;
Dose leedle shimnadic dricks vasn't so
fine,
Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off
mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vas goin' to pe
men,
Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den;
Dey vill vare a white shirt vront inshted off
a bib,
Und wouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in
deir crib—
Vell! vell! ven I'm feeple und in life's de-
cline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby
off mine.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

"TIS TIME THIS HEART SHOULD
BE UNMOVED."

Written at Missolonghi on the Poet's Thirty-sixth
birthday, January 22nd, 1824.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move!
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts would shake my soul, nor
now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around me see!

The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be,

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honorable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out - less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

LORD BYRON.

THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless
woods,

There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I
steal

From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all
conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean
—roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee
in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin—his
control

Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy path,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay
 And dashest him again to earth;—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, on spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?

Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 And stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! And my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

THE COUNTESS OF LUNN.

"I won't deny that I love you Ned,—
 Had you asked me sooner, you might
 have won:
 I had another offer to day,
 And now—I think I'll be Countess of
 Lunn.

"I always was fond of titles, you know;
 And oh, Ned, won't it be jolly fun,
 When away off yonder on British shores,
 To know you are loved by the Countess
 of Lunn?"

"'Tis hard to lose you, my only love,"
 He sadly whispered, and gently sighed;
 "When the London season recalled us
 home
 I had hoped to make you my bonny
 bride."

For a moment silence reigned supreme
 On the moonlit slopes of the "castled
 Rhine;"
 And two hearts 'neath the silvery beam
 With the flow of the restless waves kept
 time.

Said he: "For a nobleman's title I'm
 spurned,
 But I swear I'll not live a bachelor's life;
 Now tell me, of all your dear girl friends,
 Which think you would make me the
 fittest wife?"

"Now, there's Mabel Rand, with her coal-
 black eyes,
 And hair like the glint of a raven's wing;
 'Twould be nice at the theater, opera, ball,
 To call her my own—the darling thing.

"What's that you're saying? 'A saucy
 flirt?'
 I always thought you admired her style!
 Ah! now I have it— your dearest friend,
 That sweet little fairy, Bessie Lisle.

"'Twill be sweet through the leafy woods
 to roam
 When the sunlight dies in the crimson
 west;
 Her soft gold ringlets my cheeks shall fan,
 And her rosebud lips to my own be
 prest."

"No, no," she cried, with a startled look,
 As in wild despair to his arm she clung;
 Then softly whispered: "O, dearest Ned,
 I think—I won't be Countess of Lunn!"

CORA A. TELLER.

LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not! ye hapless sons of
 clay!
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly
 flowers—
 Things that are made to fade and fall away
 Ere they have blossomed for a few short
 hours.

Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change;
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
 The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and
 strange,
 The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
 Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die—
 May perish from the gay and gladsome
 earth;
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
 Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
 Love not!

Love not! oh warning vainly said
 In present hours as in years gone by;
 Love flings a halo round the dear one's
 head,
 Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
 Love not!

HON. CAROLINE NORTON.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot
sun

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge among the new-
mown mead.

That is the grasshopper's—he takes the
lead

In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for, when tired out
with fun,

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant
weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove
there shrills

The Cricket's song in warmth increas-
ing ever,

And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy
hills.

JOHN KEATS.

LULLABY.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go;

Come from the dying moon and blow,

Blow him again to me;

While my little one, while my pretty
one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;

Father will come to thee soon.

Rest, rest on mother's breast;

Father will come to thee soon.

Father will come to his babe in the nest;

Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon;

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 't is to her alone uprise
His wakening arms; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A RECEIPT FOR SALAD.

To make this condiment your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled
eggs;

Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitch-
en sieve,

Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,

And, half suspected, animate the whole;

Of mordent mustard add a single spoon,

Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;

But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault

To add a double quantity of salt;

Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca
crown,

And twice with vinegar, procured from
town;

And lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss

A magic soupcon of anchovy sauce.

Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous
treat!

'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;

Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,

And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl;

Serenely full, the epicure would say,

"Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined
to-day."

SYDNEY SMITH.

THE USEFUL PLOW.

A COUNTRY life is sweet,
 In moderate cold and heat,
 To walk in the air how pleasant and fair!
 In every field of wheat,
 The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
 And every meadow's brow;
 So that, I say, no courtier may
 Compare with them who clothe in gray,
 And follow the useful plow.

They rise with the morning lark,
 And labor till almost dark,
 Then, folding their sheep, they hasten to
 sleep,
 While every pleasant park
 Next morning is ringing with the birds
 that are singing
 On each green, tender bough.
 With what content and merriment
 Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
 To follow the useful plow!

ANONYMOUS.

TAKE, OH! TAKE THOSE LIPS
AWAY.

TAKE, oh! take those lips away
 That so sweetly were forsworn,
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn!
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears.
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKESPEARE and JOHN FLETCHER.

SONNETS

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF
TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of
 youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and twen-
 tieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom
 showeth.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the
 truth,
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;
 And inward ripeness doth much less
 appear
 That some more timely-happy spirits in-
 du'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which time leads me, and the will
 of heaven:
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great task-master's eye.
 JOHN MILTON.

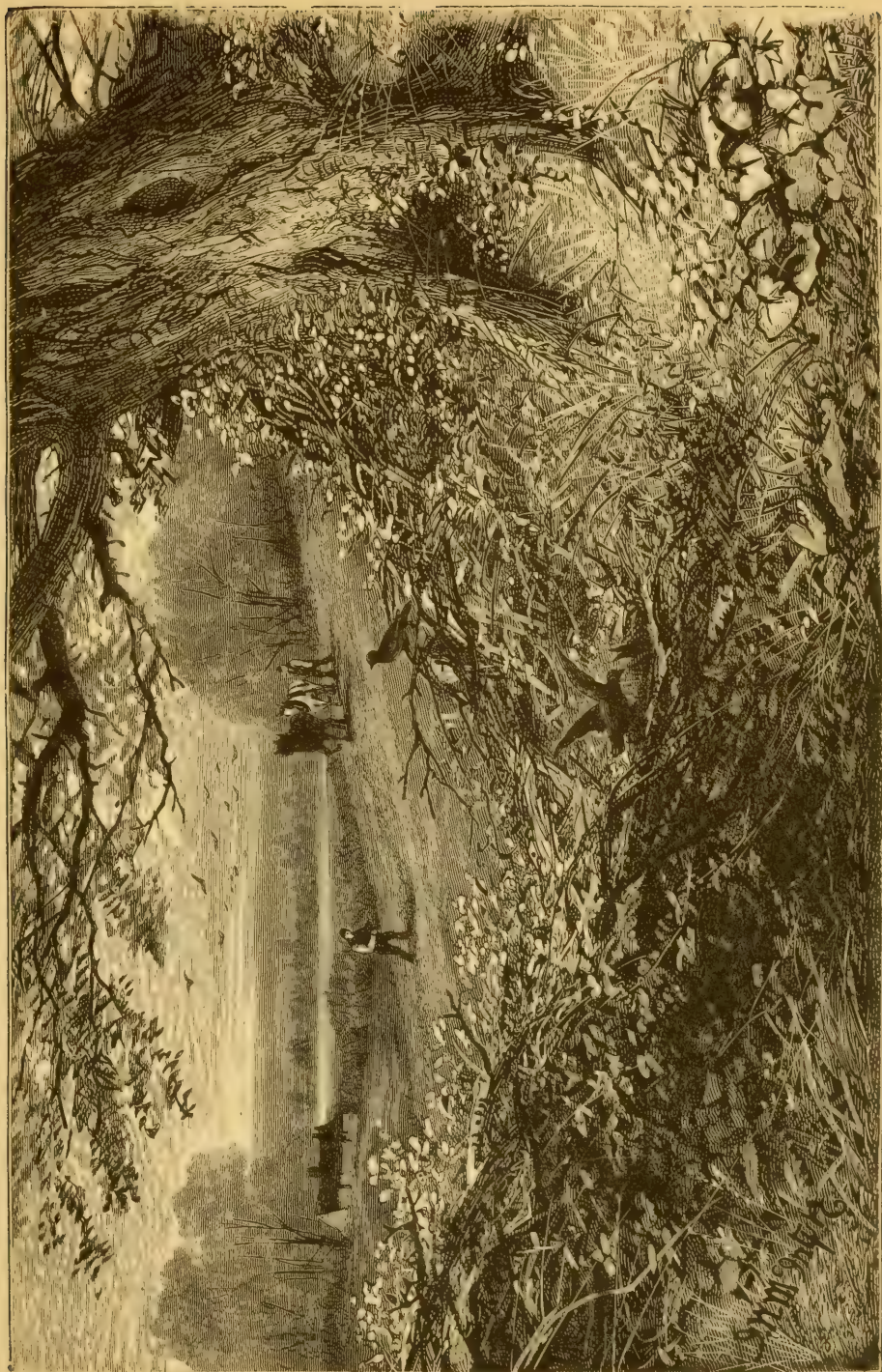
AULD LANG SYNE.

I.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min'?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne?
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne!

II

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot
 Sin auld lang syne.



THE USEFUL PLOW

III.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roared
 Sin auld lang syne.

IV.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll take a right guid wille-waught
 For auld lang syne!

V.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne!

ROBERT BURNS.

SPRING.

Now the lusty Spring is seen;
 Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
 Daintily invite the view.
 Everywhere, on every green,
 Roses blushing as they blow,
 And enticing men to pull;
 Lilies whiter than the snow;
 Woodbines of sweet honey full—
 All love's emblems, and all cry:
 Ladies, if not plucked, we die!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER
BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,
 Gentle death!
 Let her leave thee with no strife,
 Tender, mournful, murmuring life!

She hath seen her happy day—
 She hath had her bud and blossom;
 Now she pales and shrinks away,
 Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,
 Angels dear!
 Bear her perfect soul above,
 Seraph of the skies—sweet love!
 Good she was, and fair in youth;
 And her mind was seen to soar,
 And her heart was wed to truth:
 Take her, then, for evermore—
 For ever—evermore!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE MAY QUEEN.

I.

You must wake and call me early, call me
 early, mother dear;
 To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all
 the glad new-year—
 Of all the glad new-year, mother, the mad-
 dest, merriest day;
 For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be queen o' the May.

II.

There's many a black, black eye, they say,
 but none so bright as mine;
 There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate
 and Caroline;
 But none so fair as little Alice in all the
 land, they say;
 So I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be queen o' the May.

III.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I
 shall never wake,
 If you do not call me loud, when the day
 begins to break;
 But I must gather knots of flowers and
 buds, and garlands gay;
 For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be queen o' the May.

IV.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye
should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath
the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I
gave him yesterday,—
But I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be queen o' the May.

V.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I
was all in white;
And I ran by him without speaking, like a
flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not
what they say,
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be queen o' the May.

VI.

They say he's dying all for love—but that
can never be;
They say his heart is breaking, mother—
what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad'll woo me any
summer day;
And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be queen o' the May.

VII.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to
the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me
made the queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come
from far away;
And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be queen o' the May.

VIII.

The honeysuckle round the porch has
woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the
faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like
fire in swamps and hollows gray;
And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be queen o' the May.

IX.

The night-winds come and go, mother,
upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to
brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole
of the livelong day;
And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be queen o' the May.

X.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green
and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over
all the hill.
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll mer-
rily glance and play,
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be queen o' the May.

XI.

So you must wake and call me early, call
me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all
the glad new-year:
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the mad-
dest, merriest day,
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be queen o' the May.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I.

If you're waking, call me early, call me
early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad
new-year.
It is the last new year that I shall ever see—
Then you may lay me low i' the mould,
and think no more of me.

II.

To-night I saw the sun set—he set and
left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and
all my peace of mind;

And the new year's coming up, mother;
but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf
upon the tree.

III.

Last May we made a crown of flowers;
we had a merry day—
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they
made me queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole and
in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the
tall white chimney-tops.

IV.

There's not a flower on all the hills—the
frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come
again.
I wish the snow would melt and the sun
come out on high—
I long to see a flower so before the day I
die.

V.

The building rook 'll crawl from the windy
tall elm tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow
lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with
summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the
mouldering grave.

VI.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that
grave of mine,
In the early, early morning the summer
sun 'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm
upon the hill—
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and
all the world is still.

VII.

When the flowers come again, mother, be-
neath the waning light
You 'll never see me more in the long gray
fields at night;

When from the dry dark wold the summer
airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and
the bulrush in the pool.

VIII.

You 'll bury me, my mother, just beneath
the hawthorn shade,
And you 'll come sometimes and see me
where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother; I shall
hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long
and pleasant grass.

IX.

I have been wild and wayward, but you 'll
forgive me now;
You 'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my
cheek and brow;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your
grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother,—
you have another child.

X.

If I can, I 'll come again, mother, from out
my resting place;
Though you 'll not see me mother, I shall
look upon your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall
hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you
think I'm far away.

XI.

Good-night! good-night! when I have said
good-night for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the
threshold of the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my
grave be growing green—
She 'll be a better child to you than ever I
have been.

XII.

She 'll find my garden tools upon the gran-
ary floor.
Let her take 'em—they are hers; I shall
never garden more.

But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the
rose-bush that I set
About the parlor window, and the box of
mignonette.

XIII.

Good-night, sweet mother! Call me be-
fore the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at
morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad
new-year—
So, if you're waking, call me, call me
early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet
alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the
bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning
of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now
the violet's here.

II.

Oh sweet is the new violet, that comes
beneath the skies;
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to
me that cannot rise;
And sweet is all the land about, and all the
flowers that blow;
And sweeter far is death than life, to me
that longs to go.

III.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave
the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet,
His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I
find release;
And that good man the clergyman, has
told me words of peace.

IV.

Oh blessings on his kindly voice, and on
his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until
he meet me there!
Oh blessings on his kindly heart and on
his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt
beside my bed.

V.

He showed me all the mercy, for he taught
me all the sin;
Now, though my lamp was lighted late
there's One will let me in.
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if
that could be;
For my desire is but to pass to Him that
died for me.

VI.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the
death-watch beat—
There came a sweeter token when the
night and morning meet;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your
hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell
the sign.

VII.

All in the wild March-morning I heard
the angels call—
It was when the moon was setting, and the
dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind
began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard
them call my soul.

VIII.

For lying broad awake, I thought of you
and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no
longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both—
and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music
on the wind.

IX.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened
 in my bed;
 And then did something speak to me—I
 know not what was said;
 For great delight and shuddering took hold
 of all my mind,
 And up the valley came again the music
 on the wind.

X.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's
 not for them—it's mine;"
 And if it comes three times, I thought, I
 take it for a sign.
 And once again it came, and close beside
 the window-bars—
 Then seemed to go right up to heaven and
 die among the stars.

XI.

So now I think my time is near; I trust it
 is. I know
 The blessed music went that way my soul
 will have to go.
 And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go
 to-day;
 But Effie, you must comfort her when I
 am past away.

XII.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell
 him not to fret;
 There's many worthier than I would make
 him happy yet.
 If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have
 been his wife;
 But all these things have ceased to be, with
 my desire of life.

XIII.

Oh look! the sun begins to rise! the heav-
 ens are in a glow;
 He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of
 them I know.
 And there I move no longer now, and
 there his light may shine—
 Wild flowers in the valley for other hands
 than mine.

XIV.

Oh sweet and strange it seems to me, that
 ere this day is done
 The voice that now is speaking may be be-
 yond the sun—
 For ever and for ever with those just souls
 and true—
 And what is life, that we should moan?
 why make we such ado?

XV.

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home,
 And there to wait a little while till you and
 Effie come—
 To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon
 your breast—
 And the wicked cease from troubling, and
 the weary are at rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn;
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day;
 But now, I often wished the night
 Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
 The roses, red and white,
 The violets, and the lily-cups—
 Those flowers made of light!
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birthday,—
 The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing;
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky.
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 't is little joy
 To know I'm farther off from Heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
 And sett'st the weary laborer free!
 If any star shed peace, 't is thou,
 That send'st it from above,
 Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
 Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
 Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
 Whilst, far off, lowing herds are heard,
 And songs when toil is done,
 From cottages whose smoke unstirred
 Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
 Parted lovers on thee muse;
 Their remembrancer in Heaven
 Of thrilling vows thou art,
 Too delicious to be riven,
 By absence, from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MY VALENTINE.

How, prithee, shall I woo my Love—
 My Valentine?
 By MISSIVE sweet
 And scented as the airs that rove
 Around her bow'r
 At evening hour,
 And vie in haste to kiss her feet;

Or with FOND HOPES—

 As rosy-hued
 As my Celia's damask cheek—
 When with blushes scarce subdued
 In maiden pride
 She turns aside
 Whene'er my love I would outpeak!

With RICHES—

 Golden as her hair
 Where envious sunbeams frequent play,
 Tho' fain, uncertain to rest where
 'Midst locks so bright
 Their borrow'd light
 Must die, or living pass away!

Or woo her with a CORONET—

Rare jewels, Bright as her pure eyes,
 Which peep beneath their lashes wet,
 In coyest fear
 Lest love appear
 To claim their glances for his prize.

Or suppliant, her PITY move
 With tears for my forlorn estate;
 Such pity near akin to love.

 Ah, happy swain,
 Would she but deign
 With my unworthiness to mate!

No! None of these will I address
 To her, my true-lov'd Valentine!
 But with a longing tenderness
 I'll seek her bow'r,
 At twilight hour,
 And boldly claim to call her mine!

There my LOVE alone I'll plead,
 While Faith and Truth shall witness bear,
 For Honors, Riches, I've no need,
 By Cupid arm'd
 I'll rise unharmed
 From stubborn conflict with despair.

And tho' no word to me she say,
 I'll know by one sweet, tender sign
 That she forever, day by day,
 Thro' good and ill
 Will love me still,
 My own true-hearted Valentine!

H. FRITH.



A Vesper Song

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see;
O, Thou who changest not, abide with me.

W. H. LYTE.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's
 breath,
 And stars to set,—but all,
 Thou hast all season's for thine own, O
 Death!

Day is for mortal care,
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous
 hearth,
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice
 of prayer:
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the
 earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
 Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and
 wine;
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelm-
 ing power,
 A time for softer tears,—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
 May look like things too glorious for decay,
 And smile at thee—but thou art not of
 those
 That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their
 prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's
 breath,
 And stars to set—but all
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O
 Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
 When summer-birds from far shall cross
 the sea,
 When autumn's hue shall tinge the gold-
 en grain:
 But who shall teach us when to look for
 thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
 Comes forth to whisper where the violets
 lie?

Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—
 They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
 Thou art where music melts upon the air;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 And the world calls forth—and thou art
 there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest,—
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and
 trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the prince-
 ly crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's
 breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O
 Death!

FELICIA HEMANS.

SOLILOQUY OF KING RICHARD II.

THE MORNING BEFORE HIS MURDER IN PONTE-
 FRACT CASTLE.

WHETHER the soul receives intelligence,
 By her near genius, of the body's end,
 And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
 Foregoing ruin whereto it doth tend:
 Or whether nature else hath conference
 With profound sleep, and so doth warning
 send,
 By prophetising dreams, what hurt is near,
 And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:

However, so it is, the now sad king,
 Tossed here and there his quiet to con-
 found,

Feels a strange weight of sorrows gather-
ing
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no
ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
Lists not to eat, still muses, sleeps in-
sound;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick,
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his
last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where others' liberty make him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the
more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom
poor.

"O happy man," saith he, "that lo I see,
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness
yields!
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre
weilds
Thine, thine is that true life: that is to
live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

"Thou sitt'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of other's harms, but fearest
none:
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who
aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do
moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost in-
quire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part—envy not all.

"Thrice happy you that look as from the
shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;

No interest, no occasion to deplore
Others men's travels, while yourselves sit
free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us
the more

To see our misery, and what we be:
Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil."

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.—
Matthew vi. 28,

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bath'd in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics are ye of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stain'd with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchang'd the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;—
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

JOHN KEBLE.

WHEN.

IF I were told that I must die to-morrow,
 That the next sun
 Which sinks should bear me past all fear
 and sorrow

For any one,
 All the fight fought, all the short journey
 through,
 What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or fal-
 ter,
 But just go on,
 Doing my work, nor change nor seek to al-
 ter
 Aught that is gone;
 But rise and move and love and smile and
 pray
 For one more day.

And, laying down at night for a last sleep-
 ing,
 Say in that ear
 Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within thy
 keeping
 How should I fear?
 And when to-morrow brings thee nearer
 still,
 Do thou thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful,
 tender,
 My soul would lie
 All the night long; and when the morning
 splendor
 Flushed o'er the sky,
 I think that I could smile—could calmly
 say,
 "It is his day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yon-
 der
 Held out a scroll,

On which my life was writ, and I with
 wonder

Beheld unroll
 To a long century's end its mystic clue,
 What should I do?

What *could* I do, O blessed Guide and Mas-
 ter,
 Other than this;
 Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
 Nor fear to miss
 The road, although so very long it be,
 While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
 Although unseen,
 Through thorns, through flowers, whether
 the tempest hide Thee,
 Or heavens serene,
 Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
 Thy love decay.

I may not know; my God, no hand reveal-
 eth
 Thy counsels wise;
 Along the path a deepening shadow steal-
 eth,
 No voice replies
 To all my questioning thought, the time to
 tell;
 And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
 Thy will always,
 Through a long century's ripening fruition
 Or a short day's:
 Thou canst not come too soon; and I can
 wait
 If Thou come late.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog;—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!

Over the table—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;

Five years we've tramped through wind
and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank, and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs, (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for the
strings).

Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the
griddle,

And Roger and I set up for kings!

No thank ye, sir,—I never drink;

Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Are n't we Roger?—see him wink!—

Well, something hot, then,—we won't
quarrel.

He's thirsty too,—see him nod his head?

What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water and
chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,

I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his
sockets.

There isn't another creature living

Would do it, and prove through every
disaster,

So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,

To such a miserable, thankless master!

No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!

By George, it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough
is sir!)

Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your
officer!

Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now
hold your

Cap, while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel
shakes

When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly, new acquaintance.

Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty know-
ing!

The night's before us, fill the glasses!—

Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!
Some brandy,—thank you,—there!—it
passes.

Why not reform! That's easily said,

But I've gone through such wretched
treatment,

Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat
meant,

That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with
thinking,

I'd sell out heaven for something warm,
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love;—but I took to drink,—
The same old story,—you know how it
ends.

If you could have seen these classic features,
 You needn't laugh, sir; they were not
 then
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
 I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
 Whose head was happy on this breast!
 If you could have heard the songs I sung
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't
 have guessed

That ever I, sir, should be straying
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
 Ragged and penniless, and playing
 To you to-night, for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife;
 'Twas better for her that we should part,
 Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
 I have seen her! Once! I was weak and
 spent
 On the dusty road. A carriage stopped;
 But little she dreamed, as on she went. *
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers
 dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry—
 It makes me wild to think of the change!
 What do you care for a beggar's story?
 Is it amusing? you find it strange?
 I had a mother so proud of me!
 'Twas well she died before—do you know
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see
 The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
 This pain, then Roger and I will start.
 I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,
 Aching thing in place of a heart?
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he
 could,
 No doubt, remembering things that were,
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now: that glass was warming.
 You rascal! limber your lazy feet!

We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are
 free,
 And the sleepers need neither victuals nor
 drink:—

The sooner the better for Roger and me!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

I du believe in Freedom's cause,
 Ez far away ez Payris is;
 I love to see her stick her claws
 In them infarnal Pharyisees;
 It's wal enough agin a King
 To drop resolves and triggers,—
 But libbaty's a kind o' thing
 Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
 A tax 'on teas and coffees,
 Thet nothin' aint extravygunt,—
 Providin', I'm in office;
 For I hev loved my country sence
 My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
 And Uncle Sam I reverence,
 Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
 O' levyin' the taxes,
 Ez long ez like a lumberman,
 I get just wat I axes.
 I go free-trade through thick and thin,
 Because it kind o' rouses
 The folks to vote—and keep us in
 Our quiet custom houses.

I du believe it's wise and good
 To sen' out furrin missions,
 Thet is, on sartan' understood,
 An' orthydox conditions;
 I mean nine thousan' dol. per ann.,
 Nine thousan' more fer outfit,—

An, me to recommend the man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' and convartin';
The bread comes back in many ways
An' buttered too for sartin';
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin public trusts
To very private uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
For 'lectioneers to spout on;
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides for his,
And gives a good sized junk to all;
I don't care *how* hard money is
Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I do believe with all my soul
In the great Press's freedom,
To point the people to the goal
An' in the races lead 'em;
Palsied the arm that forges yokes
At my fat contracts squintin',
And withered be the nose that pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin'.

I du believe that I should give
What's his'n unto Cæsar,
For it's by him I move and live,
From him my bread and cheese air.
I du believe that all o' me
Doth bear his superscription,—
Will, conscience, honor, honesty
An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer and praise
To him that hez the grantin'
O' jobs,—in every thin' that pays,
But most of all in CANTIN;
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
I *don't* believe in princerpel,
But O, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
Or thet, ez it may happen
One way or t'other hendiest is
To ketch the people nappin';
It aint by princerpels or men,
My preudunt course is steadied—
I scent which pays the best, and then
Go into it bald-headed.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
Come's natural to a President,
Let 'lone the row-de-dow it saves
To have a wal broke precedent;
For any office, small or great
I couldn't ax with no face,
Without I'd been throu' dry and wet
The unrizziest kind o' doughface.

I du believe whatever trash,
'll keep the people in blindness—
That we the Mexicans can thrash
Right inter brotherly kindness;
Thet bombshells, grape, an powder an' ball
Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thatt peace, to make it stick at all
Must be druv in by bagnets,

In short, I firmly du believe
In humbug generally,
For it's a thing that I perceive
To have a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
In pastures sweet hath led me,
An' this'll keep the people green
To feed as they hev fed me.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AFTER ALL.—1862.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands reddened
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits, pale, in his easy chair;
While a gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
A fair young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance,
The faltering echoes come—
Of the flying blast of trumpet,
And the rattling roll of drum.

Then the grandsire speaks in a whisper,—
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,
The rose-buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard,
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still,
There's a nameless grave on the battle-
field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman,
By the cold hearth sits alone;
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

WILLIAM WINTER.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

[The women of Columbus, Mississippi, strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and the National soldiers.]

By the flow of the inland river,
When the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass
quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one the Blue;
Under the other the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
These in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
'Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever,
 When they laurel the graves of our
 dead !
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. FINCH.

LITTLE BREECHES.

I don't go much on religion,
 I never ain't had no show;
 But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
 On the handful o' things I know.
 I don't pan out on the prophets
 And free-will, and that sort o' thing,—
 But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
 Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
 And my little Gabe came along,
 No four year old in the country
 Could beat him for pretty and strong;
 Peart, and chipper, and sassy,
 Always ready to swear and fight,
 And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,
 Just to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket,
 As I passed by Taggart's store;
 I went in for a jug of molasses,
 And left the team at the door.
 They scared at something and started,—
 I heard one little squall,
 And hell-to-split over the prairie
 Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie
 I was almost froze with skeer,
 But we roused up some torches,
 And sarched for em far and near.

At last we struck hosses and wagon,
 Snowed under a soft, white mound,
 Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe,
 No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
 Of my fellow-critters aid,—
 I iust flopped down on my marrow-bones
 Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

* * * * *

By this, the torches was played out,
 And me and Israel Parr,
 Went off for some wood to a sheepfold,
 That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
 Where they shut up the lambs at night,
 We looked in and seen them huddled thar
 So warm and sleepy and white;
 And THAR sot Little Breeches and chirped
 As peart as ever you see,
 "I want a chaw of terbacker,
 And that's what the matter of me."

How did he git *thar*? Angels !
 He could never have walked in that
 storm!
 They just scooped down and toted him
 To whar it was safe and warm !
 And I think that saving a little child,
 And bringing him to his own,
 Is a derned sight better business
 Than loafing around a throne!

JOHN HAY.

OLD FOLKS.

Ah, dont be sorrowful, darling,
 And don't be sorrowful, pray;
 Taking the year all round, my dear,
 There is'nt more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more rain than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing grey;
But, taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago;
And the time of the year is coming my
dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day;
We feel and know that we can go,
Wherever he leads the way.

Ah, God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BOYS.

This selection is a poem addressed to the class of 1829, in Harvard College, some thirty years after their graduation. The author, who retains in a high degree the freshness and joyousness of youth, addresses his classmates as "boys."

Has there any old fellow got mixed with
the boys?

If there has, take him out, without mak-
ing a noise.

Hang the almanac's cheat and the cata-
logue's spite!

Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we
are more?

He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him
the door!

"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white*
if we please;
Where the snow flakes fall thickest there's
nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the
the mistake!

Look close,—you will see not a sign of a
flake!

We want some new garlands for those we
have shed,

And these are white roses in place of the
red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may
have been told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were old;

That boy we call "Doctor," and this we
call "Judge;"

It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all
fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on
the right;

"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you
to night?

That's our "Member of Congress," we say
when we chaff;

There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?
—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful
book,

And the Royal Society thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in,—a good joke
it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-
decker brain,

That could harness a team with a logical
chain;

When he spoke for our manhood in sylla-
bled fire,

We called him "The Justice," but now he's
the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent
pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him
Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and
the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My Country,"
"of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think
he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he
has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to
his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs
loudest of all!

Yes we're boys,—always playing with
tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we
ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing,
and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling
away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and
its gray!
The stars of its Winter, the dews of its
May!
And when we have done with our life-last-
ing toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children,
THE BOYS!

O. W. HOLMES.

TO MILTON.

MILTON! I think thy spirit hath passed
away
From these white cliffs, and high-em-
battled towers;
This gorgeous, fiery-colored world of ours
Seems fallen into ashes dull and gray,

And the age changed into a mimic play
Wherein we waste our else too-crowded
hours:
For all our pomp and pageantry and
powers
We are but fit to delve the common clay.
Seeing this little isle on which we stand,
This England, this sea-lion of the sea,
By ignorant demagogues is held in fee,
Who love her not: Dear God! is this the
land
Which bare a triple empire in her hand
When Cromwell spake the word De-
mocracy.

OSCAR WILDE.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

THEY'VE got a brand new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right,
They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'in my voice and vote;
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note!

I've been a sister good an' true,
For five-an'-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read;
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led!
And now, their bold, new-fangled ways,
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day, the preacher, good old dear,
 With tears all in his eyes,
 Read—"I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies."—
 I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
 I s'pose I al'ays will;
 It somehow gratifies my whim,
 In good old Ortonville;
 But when that choir got up to sing,
 I couldn't catch a word;
 They sung the most dog-gonedest thing
 A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near,
 An' when I seed them grin,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And boldly waded in.
 I thought I'd chase their tune along,
 And tried with all my might;
 But, though my voice is good an' strong
 I couldn't steer it right;
 When they was high, then I was low,
 An' also contra'wise;
 And I too fast, or they too slow,
 To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know
 They played a little tune;
 I didn't understand, an' so
 I started in too soon.
 I pitched it pritty middlin' high,
 I fetched a lusty tone,
 But oh, alas! I found that I
 Was singing there alone!
 They laughed a little, I am told;
 But I had done my best,
 And not a wave of trouble rolled
 Across my peaceful breast.

And sister Brown—I could but look—
 She sits right front of me;
 She never was no singin' book,
 An never meant to be;
 But then she al'ays tried to do
 The best she could, she said;
 She understood the time right through,
 An' kep' it, with her head.

But when she tried this mornin', oh,
 I had to laugh, or cough—
 It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
 It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
 As one might well suppose,
 He took one look at sister Brown,
 And meekly scratched his nose.
 He looked his hymn book through and
 through,
 And laid it on the seat,
 And then a pensive sigh he drew,
 And looked completely beat.
 An' when they took another bout
 He didn't even rise,
 But drewed his red bandanner out,
 An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
 For five an' thirty year;
 I've done what seemed my part to do,
 An' prayed my duty clear;
 But death will stop my voice, I know,
 For he is on my track;
 And some day I to church w'il go,
 And never more come back.
 And when the folks get up to sing—
 Whene'er that time shall be—
 I do not want no patent thing
 A squealin' over me!

WILL M. CARLETON.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in
 Algiers,
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there
 was dearth of woman's tears;
 But a comrade stood beside him, while his
 life-blood ebbed away,
 And bent, with pitying glances, to hear
 what he might say.

The dying soldier faltered, and he took that
comrade's hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my
own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some dis-
tant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on
the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when
they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant
vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and
when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath
the setting sun;
And mid the dead and dying, were some
grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts,
the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly be-
held life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen,—fair
Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall
comfort her old age;
For I was still a truant bird that thought
his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a
child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of
struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his
scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would; but
kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the
bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bin-
gen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob
with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home
again with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly with a calm
and steadfast eye,

For her brother was a soldier too, and not
afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her
in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or
shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my
father's sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen
on the Rhine.

"There's another — not a sister; in the
happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment
that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry — too fond for
idle scorning,—
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes
sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere
the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out
of prison),
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the
yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bin-
gen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I
heard, or seemed to hear
The German songs we used to sing, in
chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the
slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the
evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we
passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and
well-remembered walk!
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly
in mine,
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved
Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse
his grasp was childish, weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed
and ceased to speak.

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark
of life had fled,—

The soldier of the legion in a foreign land
is dead !

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and
calmly she looked down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with
bloody corpses strewn ;

Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale
light seemed to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen
on the Rhine.

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em
good and stout,

For things at home are cross-ways, and
Betsy and I are out ;

We who have worked together so long as
man and wife

Must pull in single harness the rest of our
nat'ral life.

"What is the matter," says you? I swan!
it's hard to tell!

Most of the years behind us we've passed
by very well ;

I have no other woman—she has no other
man—

Only we've lived together as long as ever
we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has
talked with me ;

And we've agreed together that we can
never agree.

Not that we've catched each other in any
terrible crime ;

We've been a gatherin' this for years, a
little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had,
for a start ;

Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take
us two apart ;

I had my various failings, bred in the flesh
and bone,

And Betsy, like all good women, had a
temper of her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we
disagreed,

Was somethin' concerning heaven—a dif-
ference in our creed ;

We arg'd the thing at breakfast, we arg'd
the thing at tea,

And the more we arg'd the question, the
more we couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when
we lost a cow ;

She had kicked the bucket for certain, the
question was only how ?

I held my opinion, and Betsy another had,
And when we had done a talkin', we both
of us were mad.

And the next that I remember, it started
in a joke ;

And for full a week it lasted and neither of
us spoke.

And the next was when I fretted because
she broke a bowl ;

And she said I was mean and stingy, and
hadn't any soul.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the
self-same way,

Always something to arg'e and something
sharp to say,

And down on us came the neighbors, a
couple of hundred strong,

And lent their kindest service to help the
thing along.

And there have been days together, and
many a weary week,

When both of us were cross and spunky ;
and both too proud to speak ;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the
whole of the summer and fall,

If I can't live kind with a woman, why,
then I won't at all.

And so I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy
has talked with me;
And we have agreed together that we can
never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is
mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement and take it
to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer, the very first
paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, she shall
have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through
many a weary day,
And its nothin more than justice that Betsy
has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead, a man
can thrive and roam,
But women are wretched critters, unless
they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never
failed to say,
That Betsy should never want a home, if I
was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's
drawin' tol'able pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a
rainy day,
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to
get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her
all of that.

I see that you are smiling, sir, at my givin'
her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no
stock in such;
True and fair I married her, when she was
blithe and young,
And Betsy was always good to me, except-
ing with her tongue.

When I was young as you sir, and not so
smart, perhaps,
For me she mitted a lawyer, and several
other chaps,

And all of em was flustered, and fairly
taken down,
And for a time I was counted the luckiest
man in town.

Once, when I had a fever, I won't forget it
soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey, and crazy as a
loon—

Never an hour went by me when she was
out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck
to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a
kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I
ever seen,

And I don't complain of Betsy or any of
her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told
each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go
home to-night,
And read the agreement to her and see if
it's all right;

And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a trad-
in' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and
out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to
me didn't occur;

That when I am dead at last she will bring
me back to her,

And lay me under the maple we planted
years ago,

When she and I was happy, before we
quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would
be laid by me;

And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll
then agree;

And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't
think it queer

If we loved each other the better because
we've quarreled here.

WILL M. CARLETON.

THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

SLEEP!—The ghostly winds are blowing!
 No moon abroad—no star is glowing;
 The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
 To the land where you and I are going!

We are going afar,
 Beyond moon or star,

To the land where the sinless angels are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,
 ('T was melted away by his looks of fire)—
 Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
 All for the sake of a man's desire;

But now we'll go
 Where the waters flow,

And make us a bed where none shall
 know.

The world is cruel—the world is untrue;
 Our foes are many, our friends are few;
 No work, no bread, however we sue!
 What is there left for me to do,

But fly—fly
 From the cruel sky,

And hide in the deepest deeps—and die!

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!

While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work—work—work,

Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's oh! to be a slave

Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work

Till the brain begins to swim!

Work—work—work

Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Seam, and gusset, and band,

Band, and gusset, and seam,

Till over the buttons I fall asleep,

And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!

O men, with mothers and wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creature's lives!

Stitch—stitch—stitch,

In poverty, hunger, and dirt—

Sewing at once, with a double thread,

A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death—

That phantom of grisly bone?

I hardly fear his terrible shape,

It seems so like my own—

It seems so like my own

Because of the fasts I keep;

O God! that bread should be so dear,

And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!

My labor never flags,

And what are its wages? A bed of straw

A crust of bread—and rags,

That shattered roof—and this naked floor—

A table—a broken chair—

And a wall so blank my shadow I thank

For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!

From weary chime to chime!

Work—work—work—

As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seam,

Seam, and gusset, and band—

Till the heart is sick and the brain be-
 numbed,

As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work

In the dull December light!

And work—work—work,

When the weather is warm and bright!—

While underneath the eaves

The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour—
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

CONSTANCY.

ONE eye of beauty, when the sun,
Was on the stream of Guadalquivir,
To gold converting one by one,
The ripples of the mighty river,
Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl, with auburn hair
And eyes that might the world have
cheated,—
A wild bright, wicked, diamond pair!

She stooped and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,

I could have sworn 't was silver flowing.
Her words were three, and not one more,
What could Diana's motto be?
The siren wrote upon the shore,—
"Death, not inconstancy."

And then her two large languid eyes
So turned on mine that, devil take me,
I set the air on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me!
Saint Francis would have been deceived
With such an eye and such a hand;
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand.

—ANONYMOUS.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device—
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue—
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright.
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass," the old man said:
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!



CONSTANCY.

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night:
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—
Excelsior!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow
house,

Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at
heart—

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all
around—

Earth and her waters, and the depths
of air—

Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold
ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many
tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee,
shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering
up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude
swain

Turns with his snare, and treads upon. The
oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy
mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou
wish

Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie
down

With patriarchs of the infant world—with
kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the
good—

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the
vales

Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured
round all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that
tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom—Take the
wings

Of morning; traverse Barca's desert sands,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no
 sound
 Save his own dashings—yet— the dead are
 there;
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them
 down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there
 alone.
 So shalt thou rest; and what if thou with-
 draw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that
 breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of
 care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall
 leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and
 shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the
 long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he
 who goes
 In the full strength of years—matron, and
 maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed
 man,—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
 By those, who in their turn shall follow
 them.

So live, that when thy summons comes
 to join
 The innumerable caravan which moves
 To that mysterious realm where each shall
 take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained
 and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
 grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his
 couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant
 dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN
 HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE
 HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
 Of credit and renown;
 A trainband captain eke was he,
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
 "Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton
 All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself and children three,
 Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear;
 Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
 As all the world doth know;
 And my good friend, the calender,
 Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
 And, for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed
Where they did all get in—
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the
wheels—
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride—
But soon came down again:

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came: for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs—
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe.
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon.
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow—the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay;
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung—
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back,
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay:

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired:"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear—
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit—
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said
"I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you came here—
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear!
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might.
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again—
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE MOURNER.

Yes! there are real mourners,—I have seen
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention (through the day) her duties
claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed,
Neatly she drest, nor vainly seemed t' expect
Pity for grief or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep;
Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid:
For then she thought on one regretted
youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned
truth;

In every place she wandered where they 'd
been,

And sadly-sacred held the parting scene,
Where last for sea he took his leave; that
place

With double interest would she nightly
trace!

Happy he sailed, and great the care she
took

That he should softly sleep and smartly look;
White was his better linen, and his cheek
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow:
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she
told

How he should guard against the climate's
cold

Yet saw not danger; dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood.

His messmates smiled at flushings on
his cheek,

And he too smiled, but seldom would he
speak,

For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not
explain.

He called his friend, and prefaced with a
sigh

A lover's message,—“Thomas, I must die;
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go!—if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake;
Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze,
blow on!

Give me one look before my life be gone!
O, give me that, and let me not despair!
One last fond look!—and now repeat the
prayer.”

He had his wish, had more: I will not
paint

The lovers' meeting; she beheld him faint,—
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes with-
drew;

He tried to smile, and half succeeding said,
“Yes! I must die”—and hope forever fled.

Still, long she nursed him; tender
thoughts meantime

Were interchanged, and hopes and views
sublime.

To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart and held the aching
head;

She came with smiles the hour of pain to
cheer,

Apart she sighed; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the
grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and they
forgot

The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot.
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigor in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his
chair.

Lively he seemed, and spake of all he knew;
The friendly many, and the favorite few;
. but then his hand was prest,
And fondly whispered, “Thou must go to
rest.”

“I go,” he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the
sound;

Then gazed affrighted; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past!
She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved,—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her
bed,

Awake alike to duty and the dead;
She would have grieved had friends pre-
sumed to spare

The least assistance,—’twas her proper
care.

Here will she come, and on the grave will
sit,

Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be
found;

Then go again, and thus her hours employ,
While visions please her, and while woes
destroy.

GEORGE CRABBE.



THE MOURNER.

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY AT
BELZON'S EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walked about, (how strange
a story!)

In Thebe's streets three thousand years
ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles studend-
ous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted
dummy;

Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear
its tune;

Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground,
mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon—
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied crea-
tures,

But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs
and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's
fame?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by
Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise
played?

Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my strug-
gles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its jug-
gles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharoah, glass to
glass;

Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido
pass;

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when
armed,

Has any Roman soldier mauled and
knuckled;

For thou wert dead, and buried, and em-
balm'd,

Ere Romulus and Remus had been suck-
led:

Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop—if that withered
tongue

Might tell us what those sightless orbs
have seen—

How the world looked when it was fresh
and young,

And the great deluge still had left it
green;

Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!

Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy
vows;

But prythee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;

Since in the world of spirits thou hast
slumbered—

What hast thou seen—what strange adven-
tures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box exten-
ded

We have, above ground, seen some
strange mutations;

The Roman empire has begun and ended—
New worlds have risen—we have lost old
nations;

And countless kings have into dust been
humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has
crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cam-
byses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thun-
dering tread—
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis;
And shook the pyramids with fear and
wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern
breast,
And tears adown thy dusky cheek have
rolled;
Have children climbed those knees, and
kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and
race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man—who quitt'st thy narrow
bed,
And standest undecayed within our pres-
ence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment
morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with
its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument en-
dure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue—that when both must
sever,
Although corruption may our frame con-
sume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.

MORNING.

His compassions fail not; they are new every morn-
ing.—Lamen. iii. 22, 23.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight,
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untir'd we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before.

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:—
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fits us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

WHILE sauntering through the crowded
street,
Some half-remembered face I meet,

Albeit upon no mortal shore
That face, methinks, has smiled before.

Lost in a gay and festal throng,
I tremble at some tender song,—

Set to an air whose golden bars
I must have heard in other stars.

In sacred aisles I pause to share
The blessings of a priestly prayer,—

When the whole scene which greets mine
eyes
In some strange mode I recognize

As one whose every mystic part
I feel prefigured in my heart.

At sunset, as I calmly stand,
A stranger on an alien strand,

Familiar as my childhood's home
Seems the long stretch of wave and foam.

One sails toward me o'er the bay,
And what he comes to do and say

I can foretell. A prescient lore
Springs from some life outlived of yore.

O swift, instinctive, startling gleams
Of deep soul-knowledge! not as *dreams*;

For aye ye vaguely dawn and die,
But oft with lightning certainty

Pierce through the dark, oblivious brain,
To make old thoughts and memories
plain,—

Thoughts which perchance must travel
back
Across the wild, bewildering track

Of countless æons; memories far,
High-reaching as yon pallid star,

Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering
grace
Faints on the utmost rings of space!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE LIGHTING-ROD DISPENSER.

WHICH this railway smash reminds me, in
 an underhanded way,
 Of a lightning-rod dispenser that came
 down on me one day;
 Oiled to order in his motions—sancti-
 monious in his mien—
 Hands as white as any baby's, an' a face
 unnat'ral clean;
 Not a wrinkle had his raiment, teeth and
 linen glittered white,
 And his new-constructed neck-tie was an
 interestin' sight!
 Which I almost wish a razor had made red
 that white-skinned throat,
 And that new constructed neck-tie had
 composed a hangman's knot,
 Ere he brought his sleek-trimmed carcass
 for my woman folks to see,
 And his buzz-saw tongue a-runnin' for to
 gouge a gash in me.
 Still I couldn't help but like him—as I fear
 I al'ays must,
 The gold o' my own doctrine in a fellow-
 heap o' dust;
 For I saw that my opinions, when I fired
 them round by round,
 Brought back an answerin' volley of a
 mighty similar sound.
 I touched him on religion, and the joys my
 heart had known;
 And I found that he had very similar no-
 tions of his own!
 I told him of the doubtings that made sad
 my boyhood years;
 Why, he'd laid awake till morning with
 that same old breed of fears!

I pointed up the pathway that I hoped to
 heaven to go:
 He was on that very ladder, only just a
 round below!
 Our politics was different, and at first he
 galled and winced;
 But I arg'ed him so able, he was very soon
 convinced

And 'twas gettin' tow'rd the middle of a
 hungry summer day—
 There was dinner on the table, and I asked
 him, would he stay?
 And he sat him down among us—everlastin'
 trim and neat—
 And he asked a short crisp blessin' almost
 good enough to eat!
 Then he fired up on the mercies of our
 Everlastin' Friend,
 Till he gi'n the Lord Almighty a good
 first-class recommend;
 And for full an hour we listened to that
 sugar-coated-scamp—
 Talkin' like a blessed angel—eatin' like a
 blasted tramp!

My wife—she liked the stranger, smiling
 on him warm and sweet;
 (It al'ays flatters women when their guests
 are on the eat!)
 And he hinted that some ladies never lose
 their youthful charms,
 And caressed her yearlin' baby, and received
 it in his arms.
 My sons and daughters liked him—for he
 had progressive views,
 And he chewed the cud o' fancy, and gi'n
 down the latest news;
 And I could'nt help but like him—as I fear
 I al'ays must,
 The gold of my own doctrines in a fellow-
 heap o' dust.

He was chiselin' desolation through a piece
 of apple-pie,
 When he paused an' gazed upon us, with a
 tear in his off-eye,
 And said "Oh, happy family!—your joys
 they make me sad!
 They all the time remind me of the dear
 ones once I had!
 A babe as sweet as this one; a wife *almost*
 as fair;
 A little girl with ringlets, like that one
 over there.
 But had I not neglected the means within
 my way

Then they might still be living, and loving
me to-day.

"One night there came a tempest; the
thunder peals were dire;
The clouds that marched above us were
shooting bolts of fire;
In my own house I lying, was thinking, to
my shame,
How little I had guarded against those
bolts of flame,
When crash!—through roof and ceiling
the deadly lightning cleft,
And killed my wife and children, and only
I was left!

"Since then afar I've wandered, and
naught for life have cared,
Save to save others' loved ones whose lives
have yet been spared;
Since then, it is my mission, where'er by
sorrow tossed,
To sell to worthy people good lightning-
rods at cost.
With sure and strong protection I'll clothe
your buildings o'er;
'Twill cost you—twenty dollars (*perhaps* a
trifle more;
Whatever else it comes to, at lowest price
I'll put;
You simply *sign a contract* to pay so much
per foot)".

I—signed it! while my family, all approv'n',
stood about;
The villain dropped a tear on't—but he
didn't blot it out!
That self-same day, with wagons, came
some rascals great and small;
They hopped up on my buildin's just as if
they owned 'em all;
They hewed 'em and they hacked 'em—
agin' my loud desires—
They trimmed 'em off with gewgaws, and
they bound 'em down with wires;

They hacked 'em and they hewed 'em
and they hewed and hacked 'em still,
And every precious minute kep' a runnin'
up the bill.

To find my soft-spoke neighbor, did I rave
and rush and run:
He was suppin' with a neighbor, just a few
miles further on.
"Do you think," I loudly shouted, "that I
need a mile o'wire
For to save each separate hay-cock out
o' heaven's consumin' fire?
Did you think to keep my buildin's out
o' some uncertain harm,
I was goin' to deed you over all the balance
of my farm?

He silenced me with silence in a very little
while,
And then trotted out the contract with a
reassuring smile;
And for half an hour explained it, with ex-
asperatin' skill,
While his myrmurdums kep' probably a
runnin' up my bill.
He held me to that contract with a firmness
queer to see;
'Twas the very first occasion he had
disagreed with me!
And for that 'ere thunder story, ere the
rascal finally went,
I paid two hundred dollars, if I paid a single
cent.

And if any lightnin'-rodist wants a din-
ner-dialogue
With the restaurant department of an en-
terprisin' dog,
Let him set his mouth a-runnin' just inside
my outside gate;
And I'll bet two hundred dollars that he
won't have long to wait.

WILL CARLETON.

A MODEST CREED.

BELIEVE as I believe, no more no less:
That I am right, and no one else, confess;
Feel as I feel, think only as I think;
Eat what I eat and drink but what I drink;
Look as I look, do always as I do,
And then, and only then, I'll fellowship
with you.

That I am right, and always right, I know,
Because my own convictions tell me so;
And to be right is simply this—to be
Entirely and in all respects like me;
To deviate a hair's breadth, or begin
To question, or to doubt, or hesitate, is sin.

I reverence the Bible, if it be
Translated first and then explained by me;
By churchly laws and customs I abide,
If they with my opinions coincide:
All creeds and doctrines I concede divine,
Excepting those, of course, which disagree
with mine.

Let sink the drowning, if he will not swim
Upon the plank that I throw out to him;
Let starve the hungry, if he will not eat
My kind and quantity of bread and meat;
Let freeze the naked, if he will not be
Clothed in such garments as are made for
me.

'Twere better that the sick should die than
live,
Unless they take the medicine I give;
'Twere better sinners perish, than refuse
To be conformed to my peculiar views;
'Twere better that the world stand still,
than move
In any other way than that which I ap-
prove.

ANONYMOUS.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

WITHOUT haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm and sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that 'round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then, with all thy might!
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by,
Go and dare, before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide;—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

J. W. DE GOETHE.

HAPPINESS.

THERE are in this rude stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime:
Who carry music in their heart,
Through dusty lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily toil with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain re-
peat.

JOHN KEEBLE.

MICHAEL ANGELO IN VIA LARGA.

Pietro the unworthy successor of Lorenzo the Magnificent, when asked by Michael Angelo for marble from the royal mines, answered the great Sculptor scornfully, and bade him build his statues in snow.

I do believe, divinest Angelo,
That winter-hour in Via Larga, when
They bade thee build a statue up in snow,
And straight that marvel of thine art
again

Dissolved beneath the sun's Italian glow,
Thine eyes, dilated with the plastic passion,

Thawing too, in drops of wounded manhood, since,

To mock alike thine art and indignation,
Laughed at the palace-window the new prince,—

('Aha! this genius needs for exaltation,
When all's said, and howe'er the proud may wince,

A little marble from our princely mines!')

I do believe that hour thou laughedst too,

For the whole sad world and for thy Florentines,

After these few tears—which were only few!

That as, beneath the sun, the grand white lines

Of thy snow statute trembled and withdrew,—

The head, erect as Jove's, being palsied first,

The eyelids flattened, the full brow turned blank,—

The right hand, raised but now as if it cursed,

Dropt, a mere snowball, (till the people sank

Their voices, though a louder laughter burst

From the royal window,) thou couldst proudly thank

God and the prince for promise and pre-sage,

And laugh the laugh back, I think verily,

Thine eyes being purged by tears of righteous rage

To read a wrong into a prophecy,

And measure a true great man's heritage

Against a mere great duke's posterity.

I think thy soul said then, "I do not need

A principedom and its quarries after all;

For if I write, paint, carve a word, indeed,

On book or board or dust, on floor or wall,
The same is kept of God who taketh heed

That not a letter of the meaning fall,

Or ere it touch and teach His world's deep heart,

Outlasting, therefore, all your lordships, sir!

So keep your stone, beseech you, for your part,

To cover up your grave-place and refer

The proper titles! I live by my art!

The thought I threw into this snow shall stir

This gazing people when their gaze is done;

And the tradition of your act and mine,

When all the snow is melted in the sun,
Shall gather up, for unborn men, a sign

Of what is the true principedom! ay, and none

Shall laugh that day, except the drunk with wine."

Amen, great Angelo! the day's at hand.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

CHARITY.

HE erred, no doubt, perhaps he sinned;

Shall I then dare to cast a stone?

Perhaps this blot on a garment white,

Counts less then the dingy robes I own.

GEORGE HOUGHTON.

THROUGH CASA GUIDI WINDOWS.

THE sun strikes through the windows,
up the floor:
Stand out in it, my own young Florentine
Not two years old, and let me see thee
more!
It grows along thy amber curls to shine
Brighter than elsewhere. Now, look
straight before,
And fix thy brave blue English eyes on
mine,
And from my soul, which fronts the fu-
ture so,
With unabashed and unabated gaze,
Teach me to hope for, what the Angels
know
When they smile clear as thou dost, down
God's ways,
With just alighted feet between the snow
And snowdrops, where a little lamb may
graze,
Thou hast no fear, my lamb, about the
road,
Albeit in our vain-glory we assume
That, less than we have, thou hast learnt
of God.
Stand out, my blue-eyed prophet!—thou to
whom
The earliest world-day light that ever
flowed,
Through Casa Guidi windows, chanced to
come!
Now shake the glittering nimbus of thy
hair,
And be God's witness—that the elemental
New springs of life are gushing every-
where
To cleanse the water-courses, and prevent all
Concrete obstructions which infest the
air!
—That earth's alive, and gentle or ungentle
Motions within her, signify but growth!—
The ground swells greenest o'er the labour-
ing moles.
Howe'er the uneasy world is vexed and
wroth

Young children, lifted high on parent
soul,

Look round them with a smile upon the
mouth,

And take for music every bell that tolls,
Who said we should be better if like
these?

But *we* sit murmuring for the future
though

Posterity is smiling on our knees,
Convicting us of folly? Let us go—

We will trust God. The blank inter-
stices

Men take for ruins. He will build into
With pillared marbles rare, or knit
across

With generous arches, till the fane's com-
plete.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

O GENTLE SUMMER RAIN.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silvery lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of *ine*,—
To drink thy freshness once again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies;
The cattle pant beneath the tree;
Through parching air and purple skies
The earth looks up, in vain, for thee;
For thee,—for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

Come thou, and brim the meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist,
O falling dew! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed,
And Earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

"EXILED BUT NOT LOST!"

FROM "THE DRAMA OF EXILE,"

ETERNITY stands always fronting God;
A stern colossal image, with blind eyes
And grand dim lips that murmur ever-
more

God, God, God! While the rush of life
and death,

The roar of act and thought, of evil and
good,

The avalanches of the ruining worlds
Tolling down space,—the new world's
genesis

Budding in fire,—the gradual humming
growth

Of the ancient atoms and first forms of
earth,

The slow procession of the swathing seas
And firmamental waters,—and the noise
Of the broad, fluent strata of pure airs,—
All these flow onward in the intervals
Of that reiterated sound of—God!

Which word, innumerable angels straight-
way lift

Wide on celestial altitudes of song
And choral adoration, and then drop
The burden softly, shutting the last notes
In silver wings.

Exiled human creatures,
Let your hope grow larger,
Larger grows the vision
Of the new delight.
From this chain of Nature's,
God is the Discharger;
And the Actual's prison
Opens to your sight.

Future joy and far light
Working such relations,
Hear us singing gently
Exiled is not lost!
God, above the starlight,
God, above the patience,
Shall at last present ye
Guerdons worth the cost,

Patiently enduring,
Painfully surrounded,
Listen how we love you—
Hope the uttermost—
Waiting for that curing
Which exalts the wounded,
Hear us sing above you—
EXILED, BUT NOT LOST!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

HOPE.

AND do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain
More than the father's heart rich good in-
vent?

Each time we smell the autumn's dying
scent,

We know the primrose time will come again;
Not more we hope, nor less would soothe
our pain.

Be boundless in thy faith, for not misspent
Is confidence unto the Father lent;
Thy need is sown and rooted for His rain.
His thoughts are as thine own; nor are His
ways

Other than thine, but by their loftier sense
Of beauty infinite and love intense.

Work on. One day, beyond all thoughts
of praise,

A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays;
Nor other than thy need, thy recompense.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

PERFECTION.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to
garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane;
 My life's bright dream and early
 Hath come again;
 I renew, in my fond vision
 My heart's dear pain—
 My hopes, and thy derision
 Florence Vane.

The ruin, lone and hoary,
 The ruin old
 Where thou didst hark my story
 At even told—
 That spot—the hues Elysian
 Of sky and plain—
 I treasure in my vision
 Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
 In their prime;
 Thy voice excelled the closes
 Of sweetest rhyme;
 Thy heart was as a river
 Without a main,
 Would I had loved thee never
 Florence Vane.

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
 Thy glorious clay
 Lieth the green sod under—
 Alas! the day!
 And it boots not to remember
 Thy disdain
 To quicken love's pale ember,
 Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
 By young graves weep;
 The daisies love to dally
 Where maidens sleep,
 May their bloom in beauty vying
 Never wane
 Where thy mortal clay is lying
 Florence Vane.

PHILIP P. COOKE.

DAWN.

Juliet.—Wilt thou be gone? It is not
 yet near day,
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine
 ear:
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate
 tree:
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo.—It was the lark, the herald of
 the morn,
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious
 streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund
 day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops;
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE COSMIC EGG.

UPON a rock yet uncreate,
 Amid a chaos inchoate,
 An uncreated being sate;
 Beneath him, rock,
 Above him, cloud.
 And the cloud was rock,
 And the rock was cloud.
 The rock then growing soft and warm
 The cloud began to take a form,
 A form chaotic, vast and vague,
 Which issued in the cosmic egg.
 Then the Being uncreate
 On the egg did incubate,
 And thus became the incubator;
 And of the egg did allegate,
 And thus became the alligator;
 And the incubator was potentate,
 But the alligator was potentator.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FROST.

The frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of
sight;

So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the
rain,

Who make so much bustle and noise in
vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered
its crest;

He lit on the trees and their boughs he
dressed

In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who
slept,

And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he
stepped,

By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers,
and trees,

There were beves of birds, and swarms of
bees;

There were cities with temples and towers;
and these

All pictures in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding
there

That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now just to set them a-thinking,

I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,

"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;

And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick! to tell them I'm drink-
ing."

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my
brothers,

Ere the sorrow comes with years?

They are leaning their young heads against
their mothers,

And *that* cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the mead-
ows;

The young birds are chirping in their
nest;

The young fawns are playing with their
shadows;

The young flowers are blowing toward
the West—

But the young, young children, O my
brothers,

They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the playtime of the
others,

In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their
sorrow,

Why their tears are falling so?

The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago—

The old tree is leafless in the forest—

The old year is ending in the frost—

The old wound if stricken is the sorest—

The old hope is hardest to be lost:

But the young, young children, O my
brothers,

Do you ask them why they stand

Weeping sore before the bosoms of their
mothers,

In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken
faces,

And their looks are sad to see,

For the man's hoary anguish draws and
presses

Down the cheeks of infancy—

"Your old earth," they say, "is very
dreary,"

"Our young feet," they say, "are very
weak!

Few paces have we taken yet are weary,
 Our grave rest is very far to seek:
 Ask the aged why they weep, and not the
 children,

For the outside world is cold,
 And we young ones stand without in our
 bewildering,
 And the graves are for the old."

'True' say the children 'it may happen
 That we die before our time:
 Little Alice died last year—her grave is
 shapen

Like a snow-ball in the rime.
 We look into the pit prepared to take her—
 Was no room for any work in the close
 clay:

From the sleep wherein she lieth none will
 wake her
 Crying: 'Get up, little Alice, it is day.'
 If you listen by that grave in sun and
 shower

With your ear down little Alice never
 cries!
 Could we see her face, be sure we should
 not know her,

For the smile has time for growing in
 her eyes,
 And merry go the moments lulled and
 stilled in

The shroud by the kirk-chime!
 It is good when it happens say the children,
 That we die before our time!'

Alas! alas! the children! they are seeking
 Death in life as best to have,
 They are binding up their hearts away
 from breaking

With a cerement from the grave!
 Go out, children, from the mine and city—
 Sing out, children, as the little thrushes
 do—

Pluck your handfuls of the little cowslips
 pretty—
 Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let
 them through!

But they answer 'are your cowslips of the
 meadows
 Like our weeds anear the mine?

Leave us quiet in the dearth of the coal
 shadows,
 From your pleasures fair and fine!

'For oh' say the children, 'we are weary
 And we cannot run or leap—
 If we cared for any meadows, it were
 merely

To drop down in them and sleep.
 Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
 We fall upon our faces trying to go:
 And underneath our heavy eyelids droop-
 ing

The reddest flower would look as pale as
 snow.

For all day long we drag our burden tiring
 Through the coal dark underground,
 Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
 In the factories round and round.

'For all day the wheels are droning turn-
 ing,—

Their wind comes in our faces,—
 Till our hearts turn,—our heads with
 pulses burning,

And the walls turn in their places—
 Turns the sky in the high window blank
 and reeling—

Turns the long light that drops adown
 the wall—

Turn the black flies that crawl along the
 ceiling
 All are turning, all the day, and we with
 all!

And all day the iron wheels are droning;
 And sometimes we could pray,

'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad
 moaning,)

'Stop! Be silent for to day!'

Ay! Be silent! Let them hear each
 other breathing

For a moment mouth to mouth—
 Let them touch each others hands in a
 fresh wreathing

Of their tender human youth!
 Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
 's not all the life God fashions or
 reveals—

Let them prove their living souls against
the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O
wheels!—

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls which God is call-
ing sunward
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my
brothers,

To look up to Him and pray—
So the Blessed One who blesseth all the
others

Will bless them another day.

They answer, who is God that He should
hear us

While the rushing of the iron wheels
is stirred?

When we sob aloud, the human creatures
near us

Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a
word!

And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their
resounding)

Strangers speaking at the door:

Is it likely God, with angels singing round
Him,

Hears our weeping any more?

Two words indeed of praying we remem-
ber;

And at midnight's hour of harm

'Our Father,' looking upward in the cham-
ber,

We say softly for a charm.

We know no other words except 'Our
Father,'

And we think that in some pause of an-
gels' song

God may pluck them with the silence sweet
together

And hold both within His right hand,
which is strong.

'Our Father,' if He heard us, He would
surely

(For they call him good and mild)

Answer smiling down the steep world very
purely,

'Come and rest with me, my child.'

'But, no!' say the children, weeping faster,
He is speechless as a stone;

And they tell us of His image in the Mas-
ter

Who commands us to work on.

'Go to!' say the children—'Up in Heaven,
Dark wheel-like turning clouds are all
we find:

Do not mock us; grief has made us un-
believing,—

We look up for God but tears have made
us blind.'

Do you hear the children weeping and dis-
proving,

O my brothers, what ye preach?

For God's possible is taught by His world's
loving—

And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before
you;

They are weary ere they run;

They have never seen the sunshine nor the
glory

Which is brighter than the sun;

They know the grief of man without his
wisdom;

They sink in man's despair, without its
calm—

Are slaves, without the liberty in Christen-
dom,

Are martyrs by the pang without the
palm—

Are worn as if with age yet unretrievably
The harvest of its memories cannot reap—

Are orphans of the earthly love and heav-
enly—

Let them weep! Let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken
faces,

And their look is dread to see,

For they mind us of their angels in high
places

With eyes turned on Deity;—

'How long,' they say, 'how long, O cruel
Nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a
child's heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpita-
tion,
And tread onward to your throne amid
the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold heaper,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob in the silence curses
deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath!'

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LOVE AT SEA.

WE are in love's land to-day;
Where shall we go?
Love shall we start or stay,
Or sail or row?
There's many a wind and way,
And never a may but may;
We are in love's land to-day;
Where shall we go?

Our landwind is the breath
Of sorrows kissed to death
And joys that were;
Our ballast is a rose;
Our way lies where God knows
And love knows where.
We are in love's land to-day—

Where shall we land you sweet?
On fields of strange men's feet,
Or fields near home?
Or where the fire-flowers blow
Or where the flowers of snow
Or flowers of foam?
We are in love's land to-day—

Land me, she says, where love
Shows but one shaft, one dove,
One heart, one hand,

—A shore like that, my dear,
Lies where no man will steer,
No maiden land.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

IN MEMORIAM — PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

Now all ye flowers make room;
Hither we come in gloom
To make a mighty tomb,
Sighing and weeping.
Grand was the life he led;
Wise was each word he said;
But with the noble dead
We leave him sleeping.

Soft may his body rest
As on his mother's breast,
Whose love stands all confessed
Mid blinding tears;
But may his soul so white
Rise in triumphant flight
And in God's land of light
Spend endless years.

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

Learn to live, and live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,
Little tasks make large return.

In thy labors patient be,
Afterward released and free,
Nature will be bright to thee.

Toil when willing groweth less;
"Always play" may seem to bless,
Yet the end is weariness.

Live to learn and learn to live,
Only this, content can give,
Reckless joys are fugitive.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

LOVE.

FROM "SONGS OF SEVEN."

I LEANED out of the window, I smelt the
white clover,

Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not
the gate;

"Now if there be footsteps, he comes, my
one lover—

Hush, nightingale, hush! O, sweet
nightingale, wait

Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near;
For my love, he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer
and nearer,

A cluster of stars hangs like fruit on the
tree:

The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes
clearer;—

To what art thou listening, and what
dost thou see?

Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey
brims over

From sycamore blossoms, or settle, or
sleep;

You glow-worms shine out, and the path-
way discover

To him that comes darkling along the
rough steep.

Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my
one lover,

I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee
to-night."

By the sycamore passed he, and through
the white clover,

And all the sweet speech I had fashioned
took flight.

But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright,

JEAN INGELOW.

"SHALL I WED THEE?"

THE violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love—thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars, they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,
But I kiss—thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lily is bride o' the bee;
Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth,—
Shall I wed thee?

BAYARD TAYLOR.

"LIFE WILL BE GONE ERE I
HAVE LIVED."

LIFE will be gone ere I have lived;
Where now is life's first prime?
I've worked and studied, longed and griev-
ed

Through all that busy time,
To toil, to think, to long, to grieve—
Is such my future fate?

The morn was dreary, must the eve
Be also desolate?

Well such a life at least makes Death
A welcome wished-for friend
Then aid me, Reason, Patience, Faith,
To suffer to the end.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

LET us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—

From the ways of the tapestry weavers
on the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they
study it with care,

And while their fingers deftly work, their
eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the
patient, plodding weaver;

He works on the wrong side evermore, but
works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the
web is tossed and turned,

And he sees his real handiwork, that his
marvelous skill is learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it
pays him for all it cost,

No rarer, daintier work than his was ever
done by the frost.

Thus the master bringeth him golden hire
and giveth him praises as well,

And how happy the heart of the weaver is,
no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God
let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving always, till the
mystic web is done.

Weaving kindly; but weaving surely, each
for himself, his fate,

We may not see how the right side looks,
we can only weave and wait.

But looking above for the pattern, no
weaver hath need to fear,

Only let him look clear into heaven—the
perfect pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Savior forever
and always in sight,

His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his
weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web
is turned and shown,

He shall hear the voice of the Master, it
shall say to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of heaven to
bear him thence shall come down,
And God shall give him gold for his hire,
not coin. but a fadeless crown.

ANONYMOUS.

WORK.

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to
toil—

Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work
assoil.

God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and
hand,

From thy hand and thy heart, and thy
brave cheer,

And God's grace fructify through thee to
all.

The least flower, with a brimming cup,
may stand

And share its dew-drop with another near.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

COURTESY.

How sweet and gracious even in common
speech,

Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of
flowers,—

It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the
globe.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

THERE ARE GAINS FOR ALL OUR
LOSSES.

THERE are gains for all our losses—
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

RELEASE.

As one who leaves a prison cell,
And looks, with glad though dazzled eye,
Once more on wood and field and sky,
And feels again the quickening spell

Of Nature thrill through every vein,
I leave my former self behind,
And, free once more in heart and mind,
Shake off the old, corroding chain,

Free from my past—a jailer dread—
And with the present clasping hands,
Beneath fair skies, through sunny lands,
Which memory's ghosts ne'er haunt, I tread.

The pains and griefs of other days
May, shadow-like, pursue me yet;
But toward the sun my face is set,
His golden light on all my ways.

ANONYMOUS.

MEMORY.

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice,
Nella miseria.

DANTE.

STAND on a funeral mound,
Far, far from them that love thee:
With a barren hearth around,
And a cypress bower above thee:
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,
Of summer, and summer's roses.

Sleep where the thunders fly
Across the tossing billow;
Thy canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow;
And dream, while the chill sea-foam
In mockery dashes o'er thee,
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee

Watch in the deepest cell
Of the foeman's dungeon tower
Till hope's most cherished spell
Has lost its cheering power;
And sing, while the galling chain
On every stiff limb freezes,
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,
Of the breath of the mountain breezes.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavor,
When the honeyed lips are mute,
And the strong arm crushed for ever;
Look back to the summer sun,
From the mist of dark December;
Then say to the broken-hearted one
"Tis pleasant to remember!"

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

SMILE AND NEVER HEED ME.

THOUGH, when other maids stand by,
 I may deign thee no reply,
 Turn not then away and sigh,—
 Smile and never heed me!
 If our love, indeed, be such
 As must thrill at every touch,
 Why should others learn as much?—
 Smile, and never heed me!

Even if, with maiden pride,
 I should bid thee quit my side,
 Take this lesson for thy guide,—
 Smile, and never heed me!
 But when stars and twilight meet,
 And the dew is falling sweet,
 And thou hear'st my coming feet,—
 Then thou—then—mayst heed me!

CHARLES SWAIN.

KISSING HER HAIR.

Kissing her hair, I sat against her feet:
 Wove and unwove it—wound and found it
 sweet;
 Made fast therewith her hands, drew down
 her eyes
 Deep as deep flowers, and dreamy like dim
 skies;
 With her own tresses bound, and found her
 fair,—

Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me,
 Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea:
 What pain could get between my face and
 hers?
 What new sweet thing would Love not rel-
 ish worse?
 Unless, perhaps, white Death had kissed
 me there,—

Kissing her hair.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE TWO ANCHORS.

It was a gallant sailor man,
 Had just come from sea,
 And, as I passed him in the town,
 He sang "Ahoy!" to me.
 I stopped, and saw I knew the man,—
 Had known him from a boy;
 And so I answered, sailor-like,
 "Avast!" to his "Ahoy!"
 I made a song for him one day,—
 His ship was then in sight,—
 The little anchor on the left,
 The great one on the right."

I gave his hand a hearty grip,
 "So you are back again:
 They say you have been pirating
 Upon the Spanish Main;
 Or was it some rich Indiaman
 You robbed of all her pearls?
 Of course you have been breaking hearts
 Of poor Kanaka girls!"
 "Wherever I have been," he said,
 I kept my ship in sight,—
 'The little anchor on the left,
 The great one on the right.'

"I heard last night that you were in:
 I walked the wharves to-day,
 But saw no ship that looked like yours,
 Where does the good ship lay?
 I want to go on board of her.
 "And so you shall," said he;
 "But there are many things to do
 When one comes home from sea.
 You know the song you made for me?
 I sing it morn and night,—
 'The little anchor on the left,
 The great one on the right.'"

"But how's your wife and little one?"
 "Come home with me," he said.
 "Go on; go on: I follow you,"
 I followed where he led.
 He had a pleasant little house;
 The door was open wide,
 And at the door the dearest face,—
 A dearer one inside;

He hugged his wife and child; he sang—
 His spirits were so light,—
 "The little anchor on the left,
 The great one on the right."

'Twas supper-time, and we sat down,—
 The sailor's wife and child,
 And he and I: he looked at them,
 And looked at me, and smiled.
 "I think of this when I am tossed
 Upon the stormy foam,
 And, though a thousand leagues away,
 Am anchored here at home."
 Then, giving each a kiss, he said,
 "I see in dreams at night,
 This little anchor on my left,
 This great one on my right."

R. H. STODDARD.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben
 Lomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er
 the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm summer
 gloamin',
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flower o'
 Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin'
 blossom,
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o'
 green;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this
 bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o'
 Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's
 bonnie,—
 For guileless simplicity marks her its
 ain;
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet
 Flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to
 the e'ening!—

Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood
 glen:
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and
 winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the Flower o'
 Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my
 Jessie!

The sports o' the city seemed foolish and
 vain;

I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear
 lassie

Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the Flower
 o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest
 grandeur,

Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height o' its
 splendor,

If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flower o'
 Dumblane.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had com-
 panions,

In my days of childhood, in my joyful
 school-days;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carous-
 ing,

Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom
 cronies;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not see
 her,—

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:

Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my
childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to tra-
verse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a
brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's
dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they
have left me,
And some are taken from me: all are de-
parted;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

[Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of modern Greece, fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspa, the sight of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were: "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain."]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he
bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a
king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.
At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band.—
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their
blood,

On old Plataea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek? the
Greek!"

He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and
well;

They piled that ground with Moslem
slain:

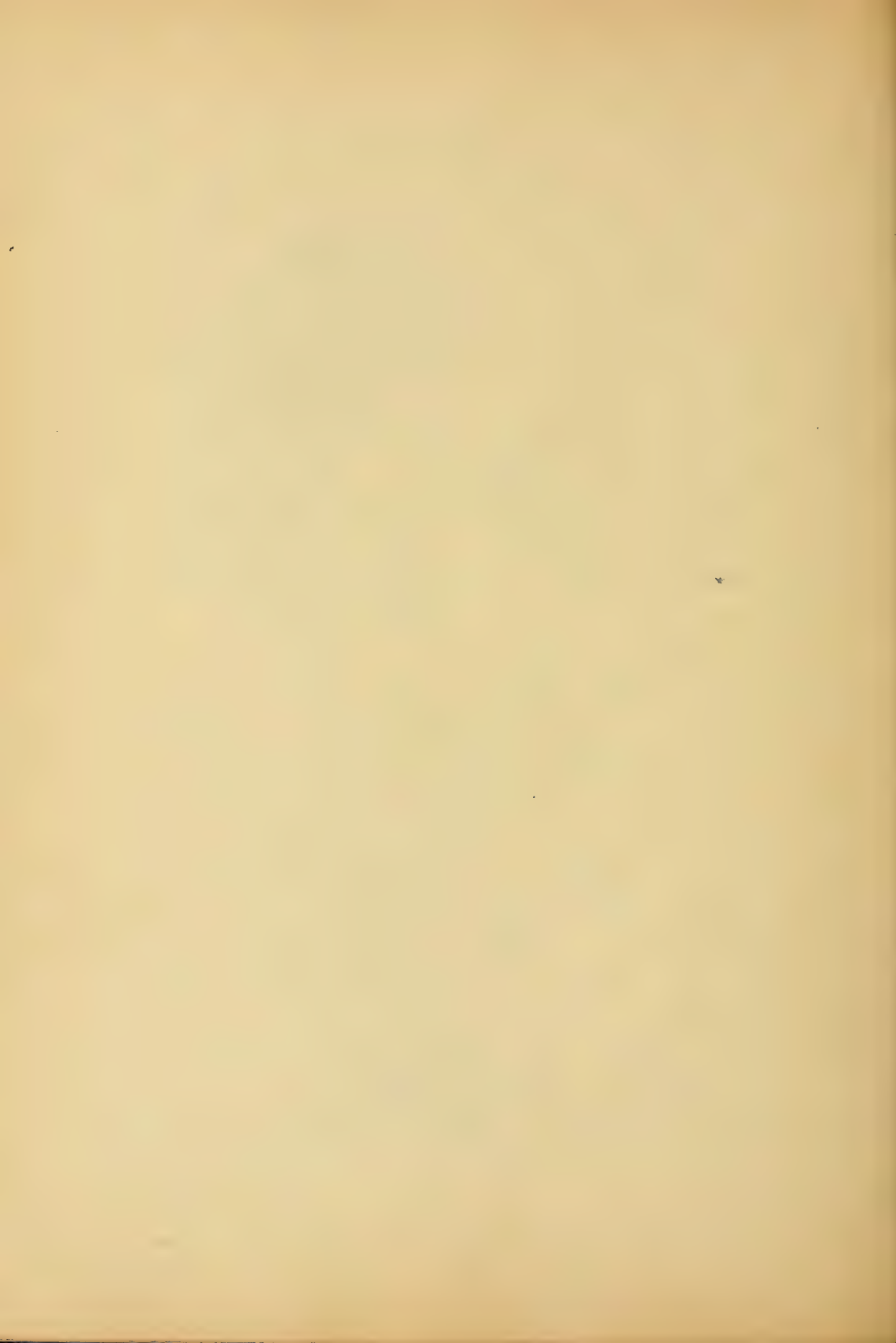
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades w
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death,
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song and dance and
wine,—



THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.



And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour,—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee; there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone,
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek

Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,—
And even she who gave thee birth,—
Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend,

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SPRING STEPS.

ONCE more upon the hills my eager feet,
 By Winter's spite too long imprisoned,
 run,
 And 'mid the bosage, waking to the
 sun,
 The happy heralds of the spring-time
 meet.
 The shy arbutus in its masked retreat
 Hides close, but vainly, its bright bloom
 begun,
 For my hot greed hath ruthless rapine
 done
 On baby blossoms faintly flushed and sweet.
 The odorous pinks are burnishing their
 green,
 While dainty larches the infection take,
 And out on the soft air their tassels
 shake,
 As 'shamed to have their barren liveries
 seen.
 So the brown maples and the birches
 white
 Bestir themselves to mend their woful
 plight.
 Not yet the tender feet of bright-eyed May
 The moss veiled bosses of the woodland
 press;
 A few bold buds, from Winter's dire
 duress
 In happy freedom sprung, their charms dis
 play;
 While here and there, along my random
 way,
 Like cloudlets dropped, lie shreds of Win
 ter's dress,
 Torn by the copses in his northward
 stress,
 That chill the venturous violets with dis
 may,
 Yet by their pallid contrast make more
 plain
 The timid hues that flush the sleeping
 grass,
 And bid its weary swoon of silence pass
 Into the verdurous flow of life again.

Forever green, both weald and wold
 would lack

The charms December steals and May
 brings back.

I stand, this April-waning morn, between
 The tears of Nature and her kindling
 mirth,

Between the sleep and waking of the
 Earth,

Whence this grand miracle is soonest seen.
 A silent wonder floods the air serene,

In happy presage of the Spring's sweet
 birth,

Not Plenty's horn, poured in the lap of
 Dearth,

The gladness of whose coming can out
 mean.

O tuneful choirs, whose errant spies to-day
 Are piping in the glades their nerald
 notes,

Tune with your austral music all your
 throats,

And come to chant for us the birth of May.
 Till then let April weep impatient tears,
 Whose stress such after-wealth of beauty
 bears.

PROFESSOR W. C. RICHARDS.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country
 Afar beyond the stars,
 Where stands a winged sentry,
 All skilful in the wars.

There above noise and danger,
 Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
 And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files,

He is thy gracious friend,
 And, (O my soul awake!)
 Did in pure love descend,
 To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace,
 The rose that cannot wither—
 Thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
 For none can thee secure,
 But One who never changes—
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Do you remember all the sunny places,
 Where in bright days, long past, we
 play'd together?

Do you remember all the old home faces
 That gather'd round the hearth in wintry
 weather?

Do you remember all the happy meetings,
 In summer evenings round the open
 door—

Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words and
 tender greetings,
 And clasping hands whose pulses beat no
 more?

Do you remember them?

Do you remember all the merry laughter;
 The voices round the swing in our old
 garden:

The dog that, when we ran, still follow'd
 after;

The teasing frolic sure of speedy pardon:
 We were but children *then*, young, happy
 creatures,

And hardly knew how much we had to
 lose—

But *now* the dreamlike memory of those
 features

Comes back, and bids my darken'd spirit
 muse.

Do you remember them?

Do you remember when we first departed
 From all the old companions who were
 round us,

How very soon again we grew light-
 hearted,

And talk'd with smiles of all the links
 which bound us?

And after, when our footsteps were return-
 ing,

With unfelt weariness, o'er hill and plain;
 How our young hearts kept boiling up, and
 burning,

To think how soon we'd be at home
 again.

Do you remember this?

Do you remember how the dreams of glory
 Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure;
 How we thought less of being famed in
 story,

And more of those to whom our fame
 gave pleasure.

Do you remember in far countries, weep-
 ing,

When a light breeze, a flower, hath
 brought to mind

Old happy thoughts, which till that hour
 were sleeping,

And made us yearn for those we left be-
 hind?

Do you remember this?

Do you remember when no sound woke
 gladly,

But desolate echoes through our home
 were ringing,

How for a while we talk'd—then paused full
 sadly,

Because our voices bitter thoughts were
 bringing?

Ah me! those days—those days! my friend,
 my brother,

Sit down, and let us talk of all our woe,
 For we have nothing left but one another;—

Yet where *they* went, old playmate, *we*
 shall go—

Let us remember this.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE WORLD.

'Tis all a great show
 The world that we're in—
 None can tell when 'twas finished,
 None saw it begin;
 Men wander and gaze through
 Its courts and its halls,
 Like children whose love is
 The picture-hung wall.

There are flowers in the meadow,
 There are clouds in the sky—
 Songs pour from the woodland,
 The waters glide by;
 Too many, too many
 For eye or for ear,
 The sights that we see,
 And the sounds that we hear.

A weight as of slumber
 Comes down on the mind;
 So swift is life's train
 To its object we're blind;
 I myself am but one
 In the fleet-gliding show—
 Like others I walk
 But know not where I go.

One saint to another
 I heard say "How long?"
 I listened, but naught more.
 I heard of his song;
 The shadows are walking
 Through city and plain—
 How long shall the night
 And its shadow remain?

How long ere shall shine,
 In this glimmer of things,
 The light of which prophet
 In prophecy sings?
 And the gates of that city
 Be open, whose sun
 No more to the west
 Its circuit shall run!

JONES VERY.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

(Sung at the opening of the International Exposition in Philadelphia, May 10, 1876.)

OUR Father's God, from out whose hand
 The centuries fall like grains of sand,
 We meet to-day, united, free,
 And loyal to our land and Thee,
 To thank Thee for the era done,
 And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
 The fathers spake that word of Thine,
 Whose echo is the glad refrain
 Of rended bolt and falling chain,
 To grace our festal time, from all
 The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
 The Old World thronging all its streets,
 Unveiling all the triumphs won
 By art or toil beneath the sun;
 And unto common good ordain
 The rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, Who hast here in concord furled
 The war-flags of a gathered world,
 Beneath our Western skies fulfill
 The Orient's mission of good-will.
 And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
 Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
 For beauty made the bride of use,
 We thank Thee, while, withal, we crave
 The austere virtues strong to save,
 The honor proof to place or gold,
 The manhood never bought or sold!

O, make Thou us, through centuries long,
 In peace secure, in justice strong;
 Around our gift of freedom draw
 The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
 And, cast in some diviner mold,
 Let the new cycle shame the old!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

WE stand among the fallen leaves,
 Young children at our play,
 And laugh to see the yellow things
 Go rustling on their way:
 Right merrily we hunt them down,
 The autumn winds and we,
 Nor pause to gaze where snow-drifts lie,
 Or sunbeams gild the tree:
 With dancing feet we leap along
 Where wither'd boughs are strown;
 Nor past nor future checks our song—
The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves
 In youth's enchanted spring—
 When hope (who wearies at the last)
 First spreads her eagle wing.
 We tread with steps of conscious strength
 Beneath the leafless trees,
 And the color kindles in our cheek
 As blows the winter breeze;
 While, gazing towards the cold grey sky,
 Clouded with snow and rain,
 We wish the old year all past by,
 And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves
 In manhood's haughty prime—
 When first our pausing hearts begin
 To love "the olden time;"
 And, as we gaze, we sigh to think
 How many a year hath pass'd
 Since neath those cold and faded trees
 Our footsteps wander'd last;
 And old companions—now perchance
 Estranged, forgot, or dead—
 Come round us, as those autumn leaves
 Are crush'd beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves
 In our *own* autumn day—
 And, tottering on with feeble steps,
 Pursue our cheerless way.
 We look not back—too long ago
 Hath all we loved been lost;

Nor forward—for we may not live
 To see our new hope cross'd:
 But on we go—the sun's faint beam
 A feeble warmth imparts—
 Childhood without its joy returns—
The present fills our hearts!

HON. MRS. NORTON.

SLEEP.

FROM "SECOND PART OF HENRY IV."

KING HENRY. How many thousand of
 my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep! O gen-
 tle sleep!
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted
 thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids
 down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky
 cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy
 slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the
 great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest mel-
 ody?
 O thou dull god! why liest thou with the
 vile,
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly
 couch
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his
 brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hang-
 ing them
 With deafening clamors in the slippery
 clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?

Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie
down;
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

FROM "FIRST PART OF HENRY IV."

GLENDOWER. She bids you on the wan-
ton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth
you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of
sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heav-
iness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and
sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed
team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

FROM "CYMBELINE."

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

FROM "MACBETH."

Macbeth does murder sleep,—the innocent
sleep,
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of
care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's
bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

FROM "THE TEMPEST."

We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep

SHAKESPEARE.

L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight
born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his
jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under the ebon shapes, and low-
browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven cyleped Euphrosyne,
And, by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,—
As he met her once a-Maying,—
There, on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste, thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,—
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek,—
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.
Come: and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free,—
To hear the lark begin his flight,

And singing startle the dull Night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine;
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn door,
 Stoutly struts his dame before;
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerily rouse the slumbering Morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill
 Through the high wood echoing shrill;
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the plowman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,

Whilst the landscape round it measures
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,—
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest,—
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
 Are at their savory dinner set,
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves

With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the checkered shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale
 With stories told of many a feat:
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat,—
 She was pinched and pulled, she said,
 And he, by friar's lantern led;
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thrashed the corn
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And, crop-full, out of doors he flings
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
 Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,—
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp and feast and revelry,
 With masque and antique pageantry,—
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream;
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,—
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes run-
ning,

Untwisted all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,—
The Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

JOHN MILTON.

"THE SAVIOUR ONCE LAY SLEEP- ING."

Sung at the funeral of Mary McVicar Booth to the
music of Schubert's "Adieu."

THE Savior once lay sleeping
In death's mysterious gloom,
The loving ones stood weeping
Around his silent tomb.
But oh! what morn of gladness
Dawned on that tearful night!
On hearts bowed down in sadness,
There shone immortal light.

Adieu! 'tis life's last greeting;
The parting hour has come,
And fast my soul is fleeting,
To seek its starry home!
Yet dare I mourn when Heaven
Has bid thy soul be free,
A life of bliss has given
Forevermore to thee!

Adieu! go thou before me,
To join the seraph song;
A secret sense comes o'er me,
I tarry here not long.
Adieu! there comes a morrow
To every day of pain;
On earth we part in sorrow,
To meet in bliss again.

ANONYMOUS.

TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once
again!

I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I
hear

A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you
look!

How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how
free!

How do you look, for all your bared brows,
More gorgeously majestic than kings
Whose loaded coronets exhaust the mine!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine,
whose smile

Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose
forms,

Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine, whose subject never kneels
In mockery, because it is your boast
To keep him free! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to
you

To show they still are free! I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS
AIN DRAP O' DEW.

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind;
Though pressed and hemmed on every side,
hae faith and ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends or crossed in love, as
whiles nae doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or
tears flow frae your een,
Believe it for the best, and trow there's good
in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In the lang, lang days o' simmer, when the
clear and cloudless sky
Refuses ae wee draps o' rain to nature
parched and dry,
The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars
verdure spring anew,
And ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should
feel owre proud and hie,
And in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae
poorlith's ee,
Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come, we
ken na whence or how,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her, together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit:

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 't was not pride
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in nature's school—
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind—
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore!
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning.

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day—
A bliss that would not go away—
A sweet fore-warning?

CHARLES LAMB.

BE PATIENT.

BE patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear
against the earth;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o'
the seed has birth—
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its
little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground,
and the blade stands up in the day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The germs of
mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must
underground be wrought;
But as sure as there's a power that makes
the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty, the
blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—go and watch
the wheat ears grow—
So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor
change nor throe—
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is
fully grown,
And then again day after day, till the
ripened field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—though yet our
hopes are green,
The harvest fields of freedom shall be
crowned with sunny sheen.
Be ripening! be ripening! mature your si-
lent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with
fire on freedom's harvest day!

ANONYMOUS.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

AN ANCIENT HYMN.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrows can be found—
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt, nor any sore;
There is no death nor ugly night,
But life for evermore.

No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
No cloud nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun—
For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
But pleasures every way.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee!
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,
No woeful night is there;
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—
No well-away, no fear.
Jerusalem the city is
Of God our king alone;
The lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon His throne.

O God! that I Jerusalem
With speed may go behold!
For why? the pleasures there abound
Which here cannot be told.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine—
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—
There angels do appear.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are made of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

Within thy gates nothing can come
That is not passing clean;
No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust,
No filth may there be seen.
Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
And end my griefs and plaints—

Take me to Thy Jerusalem,
And place me with Thy saints!

Who there are crowned with glory great,
And see God face to face,
They triumph still, and aye rejoice—
Most happy is their case.
But we that are in banishment,
Continually do moan;
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep—
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
Our pleasures are but pain,
Our joys not worth the looking on—
Our sorrows aye remain.
But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
Seems but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see—
The king sitting upon His throne,
And thy felicity?
Thy vineyards, and thy orchards,
So wonderfully rare,
Are furnished with all kinds of fruit,
Most beautifully fair.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks,
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flow-
ers
As nowhere else are seen.
There cinnamon and sugar grow,
There nard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring—
There music's ever sweet;
There many a fair and dainty thing
Are trod down under feet.
Quite through the streets, with pleasant
sound,
The flood of life doth flow;

Upon the banks, on every side,
The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened
fruit—

For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the world
To Thee their honors bring.
Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place
Full sore I long to see;
Oh! that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee!

There David stands, with harp in hand,
As master of the choir;
A thousand times that man were blest
That might his music hear.
There Mary sings "Magnificat,"
With tunes surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Singing about her feet.

"Te Deum" doth St. Ambrose sing,
St. Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zacharie
Have not their songs to seek.
There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing,
With all blest saints whose harmony
Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
And take me home to Thee;
Oh! paint Thy name on my forehead,
And take me hence away,
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
And sing Thy praises aye.

Jerusalem, the happy home—
Jehovah's throne on high!
O sacred city, queen, and wife
Of Christ eternally!
O comely queen with glory clad,
With honor and degree.

All fair thou art, exceeding bright—
No spot there is in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all;
For thou art fair and beautiful—
None ill can thee befall.
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
No darkness dare appear—
No night, no shade, no winter foul—
No time doth alter there. /

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
No glittering star to light;
For Christ, the king of righteousness,
For ever shineth bright.
A lamb unspotted, white and pure,
To thee doth stand in lieu
Of light—so great the glory is
Thine heavenly king to view.

He is the King of kings, beset
In midst His servants' sight;
And they, His happy household all,
Do serve Him day and night.
There, there the choir of angels sing—
There the supernal sort
Of citizens, which hence are rid
From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,
The apostles six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
And confessors betwixt.
There doth the crew of righteous men
And matrons all consist—
Young men and maids that here on earth
Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs, that hardly 'scaped
The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell;
And though the glory of each one
Doth differ in degree,
Yet is the joy of all alike
And common as we see.

There love and charity do reign,
And Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold
In joy celestial.
They love, they praise—they praise, they
love;
They "Holy, holy," cry;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
But laud continually.

Oh! happy thousand times were I,
If, after wretched days,
I might with listening ears conceive
Those heavenly songs of praise,
Which to the eternal king are sung
By happy wights above—
By saved souls and angels sweet,
Who love the God of love.

Oh! passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and king,
His praises there to sound;
And to enjoy my Christ above,
His favor and His grace,
According to His promise made,
Which here I interlace:

"O Father dear," quoth he, "let them
Which thou has put of old
To me, be there where lo! I am—
Thy glory to behold;
Which I with Thee, before the world
Was made in perfect wise,
Have had—from whence the fountain
great
Of glory doth arise."

Again: "If any man will serve
Thee, let him follow me;
For where I am, he there, right sure,
Then shall my servant be."
And still: "If any man loves me,
Him loves my father dear,
Whom I do love—to him myself
In glory will appear."

Lord, take away my misery,
That then I may be bold
With Thee, in Thy Jerusalem,
Thy glory to behold;
And so in Zion see my king,
My love, my Lord, my all—
Where now as in a glass I see,
There face to face I shall.

Oh! blessed are the pure in heart—
Their Sovereign they shall see;
O ye most happy, heavenly wights,
Which of God's household be!
O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,
These gins and fetters strong;
For I have dwelt within the tents
Of Kedar over long.

Yet, search me, Lord, and find me out!
Fetch me Thy fold unto,
That all Thy angels may rejoice,
While all Thy will I do.
O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to Thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord,
To quit me from all strife,
That to Thy hill I may attain,
And dwell there all my life—
With cherubim and seraphim
And holy souls of men,
To sing Thy praise, O God of Hosts!
Forever and amen!

ANONYMOUS.

LIFE.

WE are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song
“Endure and—die?”

BRYAN W. PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL.)

THE NEW YEAR.

A FLOWER unblown; a book unread;
A tree with fruit unharvested;
A path untrod; a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes:
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous fountain yet unsealed;
A casket with its gifts concealed;
This is the year that for you waits,
Beyond to-morrow's mystic gates.

Oh, may this flower unfold to you
Visions of beauty sweet and new;
This book on golden pages trace
Your sacred joys and deeds of grace.
May all the fruit of this strange tree
Luscious and rosy-tinted be;
This path through fields of knowledge go;
This house with love's content o'erflow;
This landscape glitter with the dew
Of blessed hopes and friendships true,
This fountain's living crystal cheer,
As fall the springs that once were dear;
This casket with such gems be stored
As shine in lives that love the Lord.

HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne,
 Apparell in magnificent attire,
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,
 On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
 And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
 Repeated like a burden or refrain,
 He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
 De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*"
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,
 "What mean these words?" the clerk made
 answer meet,
 "He has put down the mighty from their
 seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree."
 Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
 "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
 Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
 For unto priests and people be it known,
 There is no power can push me from my
 throne!"
 And leaning back, he yawned and fell
 asleep,
 Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
 The church was empty, and there was no
 light,
 Save where the lamps, that glimmering,
 few and faint,
 Lighted a little space before some saint.
 He started from his seat and gazed around,
 But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
 He groped towards the door, but it was
 locked;
 He cried aloud, and listened, and then
 knocked,
 And uttered awful threatenings and com-
 plaints,
 And imprecations upon men and saints.
 The sounds re-echoed from the roof and
 walls
 As if dead priests were laughing in their
 stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
 The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
 And thinking thieves were in the house of
 prayer,
 Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is
 there?"
 Half choked with rage, King Robert fierce-
 ly said,
 "Open: 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?"
 The frightened sexton, muttering, with a
 curse,
 "This is some drunken vagabond or
 worse!"
 Turned the great key and flung the portal
 wide;
 A man rushed by him at a single stride,
 Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
 Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor
 spoke,
 But leaped into the blackness of the night,
 And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne,
 Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
 Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with
 mire,
 With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
 Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
 Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting
 in his rage
 To right and left each seneschal and page,
 And hurried up the broad and sounding
 stair,
 His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
 From hall to hall he passed with breathless
 speed;
 Voices and cries he heard, but did not
 heed,
 Until at last he reached the banquet room,
 Blazing with light, and breathing with per-
 fume.
 There on the dias sat another king,
 Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-
 ring,
 King Robert's self in features, form, and
 height,
 But all transfigured with angelic light!

It was an angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st
thou here?"

To which King Robert answered with a
sneer,

"I am the king, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne?"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their
swords;

The angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the king, but the king's jester;
thou

Henceforth shall wear the bells and scallop-
ed cape,

And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape:
Thou shalt obey my servants when they
call,

And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and
prayers,

They thrust him from the hall and down
the stairs;

A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange
alarms,

The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the
king!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first
beam,

He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cape and bells beside his bed;
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their
stalls,

And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched
ape.

It was no dream; the world he loved so
much

Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned
again

To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and
wine,

And deep within the mountain's burning
breast

Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley grab that jesters wear
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are
shorn,

By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to
scorn,

His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the angel met him on his way
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the king?" the passion of his
woe

Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And lifting high his forehead, he would
fling

The haughty answer back, "I am, I am
the king!"

Almost three years were ended; when there
came

Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to
come

On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The angel with great joy received his guests,

And gave them presents of embroidered
vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent
made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings,
and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gate,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merri-
ment
In all the country towns through which
they went.

The pope received them with great pomp,
and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's
square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the
crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud:
"I am the king! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, king of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to
your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange
sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of an angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of
men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor
saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber
floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the
Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending
heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his
train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Under Salerno, and from there by sea,
And when once more within Palermo's
walls,
And seated upon his throne in his great
hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher
And with a gesture bade the rest retire,
And when they were alone, the angel said
"Art thou the king?" Then bowing down
his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his
breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou know-
est best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to
heaven
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is
shriven!"
The angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,

And through the open windows, loud and clear,
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
 Above the stir and tumult of the street:
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree!"
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
 "I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
 But all apparelled as in days old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
 And when his courtiers came they found him there
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MUSIC.

"Wonderful! Music in the house, music in the heart, and music also in heaven."

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Music in the house
 Gushings low and sweet,
 Eyes with patience soft,
 Willing hands and feet.

Music in the heart,
 Battle songs of faith,
 Pæans over life,
 Pæans over death.

Music up in heaven,
 Floating from above,
 Filling house and heart
 With the heaven of Love.

WADE ROBINSON.

WEARY.

I WOULD have gone; God bade me stay;
 I would have worked; God bade me rest,
 He broke my will from day to day;
 He read my yearnings unexpressed,
 And said me nay!

Now, I would stay; God bids me go;
 Now I would rest; God bids me work.
 He breaks my heart tossed too and fro;
 My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
 And vex it so!

I go Lord where thou sendest me;
 Day after day I plod and mōil;
 But Christ, my Lord, when will it be
 That I may let alone my toil,
 And rest in Thee?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

MARY STOOD THE CROSS BESIDE.

Jews were wrought to cruel madness,
 Christians fled in fear and sadness,
 Mary stood the cross beside;
 At its foot, her foot she planted,
 By the dreadful scene undaunted,
 Till the gentle sufferer died.
 Poets oft have sung her story,
 Painters deck'd her brow with glory,
 Priests her name have deified.

But no worship, song or story
 Touches like the simple story,
 "Mary stood the cross beside!"
 And when under fierce oppression
 Goodness suffers like transgression,
 Christ again is crucified.
 But if love be there true-hearted,
 By no grief or terror parted,
 Mary stands the cross beside.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FALLOW FIELD.

THE sun comes up and the sun goes down :
The night mist shroudeth the sleeping
town :

But if it be dark or if it be day,
If the tempest beat or the breezes play,
Still here on this upland slope I lie,
Looking up to the changeful sky.

Naught am I but a fallow field ;
Never a crop my acres yield.
Over the wall at my right hand
Stately and green the corn blades stand
And I hear at my left the flying feet
Of the winds that rustle the bending
wheat.

Often while yet the morn is red
I list for our master's eager tread.
He smiles at the young corn's towering
height,
He knows the wheat is a goodly sight,
But glances not at the fallow field
Whose idle acres no wealth may yield.

Sometimes the shout of the harvesters
The sleeping pulse of my being stirs,
And as one in a dream I seem to feel
The sweep and the rush of the swinging
steel,
Or I catch the sound of the gay refrain
As they heap their wains with the golden
grain.

Yet, O my neighbors, be not too proud,
Though on every tongue your praise is
loud.

Our mother Nature is kind to me,
And I am beloved by bird and bee,
And never a child that passes by
But turns upon me a grateful eye.

Over my head the skies are blue :
I have my share of the rain and dew ;
I bask like you in the summer sun
When the long bright days pass, one by
one,

And calm as yours is my sweet repose,
Wrapped in the warmth of the winter
snows.

For little our loving mother cares
Which the corn or the daisy bears,
Which is rich with the ripening wheat,
Which with the violet's breath is sweet,
Which is red with the clover bloom,
Or which for the wild sweet-fern makes
room.

Useless under the summer sky
Year after year men say I lie,
Little they know what strength of mine
I give to the trailing blackberry vine ;
Little they know how the wild grape
grows,
Or how my life-blood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cups I fill
For the mosses creeping under the hill ;
Little they think of the feast I spread
For the wild wee creatures that must be
fed ;
Squirrel and butterfly, bird and bee,
And the creeping things that no eye can see.

Lord of the harvest, Thou dost know
How the summers and winters go.
Never a ship sails east or west
Laden with treasures at my behest,
Yet my being thrills to the voice of God
When I give my gold to the golden-rod.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL.

LIFE is beautiful ! Its duties
Cluster round us day by day,
And their sweet and solemn voices,
Warn to watch and work and pray,
Only they its blessings forfeit
Who by sin their spirits cheat
And to slothful stupor yielding
Let the rust their armor eat.

ANONYMOUS.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?
 Every lassie has her laddie—
 Ne'er a ane hae I;
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye.
*Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel' ;
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,
 I dinna care to tell.*

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the town,
 Gin a body greet a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Every lassie has her laddie—
 Ne'er a ane hae I;
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye.
*Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel' ;
 But whaur his hame, or what his name,
 I dinna care to tell.*

ANONYMOUS.

FAIRY SONG.

SHED no tear! oh shed no tear!
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Weep no more! oh weep no more!
 Young buds sleep in the root's white core,
 Dry your eyes! oh dry your eyes!
 For I was taught in Paradise
 To ease my breast of melodies—
 Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
 'Mong the blossoms white and red—
 Look up! look up! I flutter now
 On this fresh pomegranate bough
 See me! 't is this silvery bill
 Ever cures the good man's ill.
 Shed no tear! oh shed no tear!
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Adieu, adieu—I fly—adieu!
 I vanish in the heaven's blue—
 Adieu, adieu!

JOHN KEATS.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH
TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone that breaks at night
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks
 To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A
MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song;
 And if you find it wond'rous short
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say
 That still a godly race he ran
 When e'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes;
 The naked every day he clad,
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain his private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
 The wandering neighbors ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
 To every Christian eye:
 And while they swore the dog was mad
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That showed the rogues they lied:
 The man recovered of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"PROUD MAISIE IS IN THE WOOD."

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
 Walking so early;
 Sweet robin sits on the bush
 Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
 When shall I marry me?"
 —"When six braw gentlemen
 Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
 Birdie, say truly?"
 —"The gray-headed sexton
 That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
 Shall light thee steady;
 The owl from the steeple sing
 Welcome, proud lady!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE WISHING-WELL.

WHAT! you are come, despite your boast
 You are not superstitious?
 No faith in fairies, nor in ghosts,
 Nor Wishing-Well? Delicious

I know you better, and I hide
 Within the hollow oak;
 To the clear spring your wish confide—
 Nor spring, nor I, will joke.

I see you've culled the small blue flower
 I told you of last night;
 You come, too, at the sunset hour,
 Determined to be right.

You fix your eyes upon the ground,
 Are counting nine times nine;
 My mysteries your thoughts have bound—
 Approach, sweet Geraldine.

There, now upon the steps you stand,
 You gaze upon the wave,
 The flowers poised within your hand,
 Why, Geraldine, how grave!

You lightly laughed at all I said
 About the mystic spell,
 And thrice you shook your pretty head
 Against the Wishing-Well.

Some stronger faith enthralled you now,
 Your mirth owns some eclipse;
 A shade of thought is on your brow,
 No smile upon your lips.

Your face reflected there you trace,
 And, by some fancy's freak,
 As you gaze down upon your face
 The waters seem to speak.

"Hail! fairest form of womanhood
 That we have ever pressed
 On summer eve, amid the wood,
 Upon our peaceful breast.

"For many a maid has lingered here,
 And all her secrets told,
 And troubled us with lying tear,
 While wishing but for gold.

"And gallant youths from town and hall
 Have given us their trust:
 But, ah! their love was hollow all,
 Another name for lust.

"We grant no wish that is not pure.
 No hope for selfish gain;
 We love no love that can't endure—
 No pleasure void of pain.

"And now thrice welcome we bid you;
 We know the sacred sign
 That marks a maiden pure and true,
 As you are Geraldine!



THE WISHING WELL.

"So drop the flower from your hand,
We hold it fondly given;
Pause but one moment on the strand,
And breathe your wish to Heaven."

The flower falls! the Well receives
Your gift—and, also, mine;
No withered buds; no Autumn leaves—
Bright blossoms, **Geraldine**.

I hold your hand—to hold your heart
Soon in the marriage spell;
And thus we vow no more to part,
Beside the Wishing-Well!

CHARLES LAURENCE YOUNG.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast

It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
 Frozen and dead
 Perchance upon some bleak and stormy
 shore
 O doubting heart!
 Far over purple seas,
 They wait, in sunny ease,
 The balmy southern breeze
 To bring them to their northern homes
 once more.

Why must the flowers die?
 Prisoned they lie
 In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
 O doubting heart!
 They only sleep below
 The soft white ermine snow
 While winter winds shall blow,
 To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
 These many days;
 Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
 O doubting heart!
 The stormy clouds on high
 Veil the same sunny sky
 That soon, for spring is nigh,
 Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
 Is quenched in night;
 What sound can break the silence of despair?
 O doubting heart!
 The sky is overcast,
 Yet stars shall rise at last,
 Brighter for darkness past,
 And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

"WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING."

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's
 traces,
 The mother of months in meadow or plain
 Fills the shadows and windy places
 With lip of leaves and ripple of rain;

And the brown bright nightingale amorous
 Is half assauged for Itylus,
 For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces;
 The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying
 of quivers,
 Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
 With a noise of winds and many rivers,
 With a clamor of waters, and with might;
 Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
 Over the splendor and speed of thy feet!
 For the faint east quickens, the wan west
 shivers,
 Round the feet of the day and the feet of
 the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing
 to her,
 Fold our hands round her knees and
 cling?
 Oh that man's heart were as fire and could
 spring to her,
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that
 spring!
 For the stars and the winds are unto her
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
 And the south-west wind and the west
 wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
 And all the season of snows and sins;
 The days dividing lover and lover,
 The light that loses, the night that wins;
 And time remembered is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
 And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
 Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
 The faint fresh flame of the young year
 flushes

From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,
 And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
 Follows with dancing and fills with delight
 The Mænad and Bassarid;
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
 Over her eyebrows shading her eyes;
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its
 leaves,

But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
 not here;

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the
 deer.

Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the
 North,

The birth-place of valor, the country of
 worth;

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands forever I love.
 Farewell to the mountains high covered
 with snow;

Farewell to the straths and green valleys
 below;

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging
 woods;

Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring
 floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
 not here,

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the
 deer;

Chasing the wild deer, and following the
 roe,

My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

Rise! Sleep no more! 'T is a noble morn.
 The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn.
 And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten
 hound,

Under the steaming, steaming ground.
 Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
 And leave us alone in the clear gray sky!
 Our horses are ready and steady.—So, ho!
 I'm gone, like a dart from a Tartar's bow.
*Hark, hark!—Who calleth the maiden Morn
 From her sleep in the woods and the stubble
 corn?*

The horn,—the horn!

The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now, through the copse where the fox is
 found,

And over the stream at a mighty bound,
 And over the high lands and over the low,
 O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!
 Away!—as a hawk flies full at his prey,
 So flieth the hunter, away,—away!

From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
 When the red fox dies, and—the day is done.
*Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is
 borne?*

'T is the conquering voice of the hunter's horn:

The horn,—the horn!

The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.

Sound! Sound the horn! To the hunter
 good

What's the gully deep or the roaring flood?
 Right over he bounds, as the wild stag
 bounds.

At the heels of his swift, sure, silent,
 hounds,

Oh, what delight can a mortal lack,
 When once he is firm on his horse's back,
 With his stirrups short, and his snaffle
 strong,

And the blast of the horn for his morning
 song?

*Hark, hark!—Now, home! and dream till
 morn*

Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn!

The horn,—the horn!

*Oh, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's
 horn!*

BARRY CORNWALL.

AN EVENING IN SPRING

AVE MARIA! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of heaven is wor-
thiest thee!

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, where I
so oft

Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant
tower

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred
with prayer.

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of prayer!

Ave Maria! 't is the hour of love!

Ave Maria! may our spirits dare

Look up to thine and thy Son's above!

Ave Maria! O that face so fair

Those downcast eyes beneath the Al-
mighty dove,—

What though 't is but a pictured image—
strike,—

That painting is no idol,—'t is too like.

Sweet hour of twilight! in the solitude

Of the pine forest, and the silent shore

Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial
wood,

Rooted where once the Adrian wave
flowed o'er.

To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,

Evergreen forest; which Boccaccio's lore

And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to
me,

How have I loved the twilight hour and
thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,

Making their summer lives one ceaseless
song,

Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and
mine,

And vesper-bells that rose the boughs
along;

The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,

His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the
fair throng,

Which learned from this example not to
fly

From a true lover,—shadowed my mind's
eye.

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—

Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding
wings,

The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured
steer;

Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone
clings,

Whate'er our household gods protect of
dear,

Are gathered round us by thy look of rest:
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's
breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts
the heart

Of those who sail the seas, on the first
day

When they from their sweet friends are
torn apart;

Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,

(As the far bell of vesper makes him start,

Seeming to weep the dying day's decay);

Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?

Ah! surely nothing dies but something
mourns. LORD BYRON.

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun!

Conspiring with him how to load and bless

With fruit the vines that round the
thatcheaves run—

To bend with apples and mossed cottage
trees,



AN EVENING IN SPRING.

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core—
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel
shells

With a sweet kernel—to set budding,
more

And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never
cease.

For summer has o'er-brimmed their
clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may
find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing
wind;

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while
thy hook

Spares the next swath and all its twin-
ed flowers;

And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozyings, hours
by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay,
where are they?

Think not of them—thou hast thy music
too:

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying
day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy
hue;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats
mourn

Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or
dies;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from
hilly bourn;

Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble
soft

The red-breast whistles from the garden
croft,

And gathering swallows twitter in the
skies.

JOHN KEATS.

*2

AUTUMN—A DIRGE.

THE warm sun is failing; the bleak wind
is wailing;

The bare boughs are sighing; the pale flow-
ers are dying;

And the Year

On the earth, her death-bed, in shroud of
leaves dead,

Is lying,

Come, months, come away,

From November to May;

In your saddest array

Follow the bier

Of the dead, cold Year,

And like dim shadows watch by her sepul-
chre.

The chill rain is falling; the nipt worm is
crawling;

The rivers are swelling; the thunder is
knelling

For the Year;

The blithe swallows are flown and the
lizards each gone

To his dwelling;

Come, months, come away;

Put on white, black, and gray;

Let your light sisters play—

Ye, follow the bier

Of the dead, cold Year,

And make her grave green with tear on
tear.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of Summer,

Left blooming alone;

All her lovely companions

Are faded and gone;

No flower of her kindred,

No rosebud is nigh,

To reflect back her blushes,

Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,

To pine on the stem;

Since the lovely are sleeping,

Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOORE.

COSTUME.

I.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed,—
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,—
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not mine heart.

BEN JONSON.

II.

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Intrails the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoestring, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,—
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

I.

ST. AGNES' EVE—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the
frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the beadman's fingers while he
told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a
death,
Past the sweet virgin's picture, while his
prayer he saith.

II.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his
knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;
The sculptured dead, on each side seem to
freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passed by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods
and mails.

III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere music's golden
tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve;
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake
to grieve.

IV.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude
soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was
wide,



COSTUME.

From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice
rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put
crosswise on their breasts.

v.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuffed, in youth, with
triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away;
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady
there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry
day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly
care,
As she had heard old dames full many
times declare.

vi.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of de-
light,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of heaven with upward eyes for all that
they desire.

vii.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping
train
Pass by—she heeded not at all; in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cooled by high dis-
dain,

But she saw not; her heart was elsewhere;
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest
of the year.

viii.

She danced along with vague, regardless
eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and
short;
The hallowed hour was near at hand; she
sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all amorn
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow
morn.

ix.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime across the
moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on
fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and
implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline;
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all un-
seen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in
sooth such things have been.

x.

He ventures in; let no buzzed whisper tell;
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel;
For him, those chambers held barbarian
hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage; not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in
soul.

XI.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's
flame,

Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland.
He startled her; but soon she knew his face
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand.
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from
this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-
thirsty race!

XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish
Hildebrand;

He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and
land;

Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a
whit

More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away!"—"Ah, gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair
sit,

And tell me how"—"Good saints, not here,
not here;

Follow me, child, or else these stones will
be thy bier."

XIII.

He followed through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she muttered "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.

"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"Oh, tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving
piously."

XIV.

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days;
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,

And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,
To venture so. It fills me with amaze
To see thee Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night; good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time
to grieve"

XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-
book,

As spectacted she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she
told

His lady's purpose; and he scarce could
brook

Tears, at the thought of those enchantments
cold,

And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown
rose,

Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot; then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start;
"A cruel man and impious thou art!"

Sweet lady, let her pray and sleep and
dream

Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I
deem

Thou canst not surely be the same that thou
didst seem."

XVII.

'I will not harm her, by all saints I swear!'
Quoth Porphyro; "Oh may I ne'er find
grace

When my weak voice shall whisper its last
prayer,

If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face;
Good Angela, believe me by these tears,

Or I will, even in a moment's space,
 Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's
 ears,
 And beard them, though they be more
 fanged than wolves and bears."

XVIII.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard
 thing,
 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight
 toll;
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and
 evening,
 Were never missed." Thus plaining doth
 she bring
 A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
 So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
 That Angela gives promise she will do
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or
 woe.

XIX.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
 Him in a closet, of such privacy
 That he might see her beauty unespied,
 And win perhaps that night a peerless
 bride;
 While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-
 eyed.
 Never on such a night have lovers met,
 Since Merlin paid his demon all the mon-
 strous debt.

XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame;
 "All cates and dainties shall be stored there
 Quickly on this feast-night; by the tambour
 frame
 Her own lute thou wilt see; no time to
 spare,
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
 Wait here, my child, with patience kneel
 in prayer
 The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady
 wed,

Or may I never leave my grave among the
 dead."

XXI.

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.
 The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
 The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
 To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd and
 chaste;
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in
 her brain.

XXII.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
 Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware;
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,
 She turned, and down the aged gossip led
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed!
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove
 frayed and fled.

XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died;
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
 No uttered syllable, or woe betide!
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
 As though a tongueless nightingale should
 swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in
 her dell.

XXIV.

A casement high and triple-arched there
 was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-
 grass,
 And diamonded with pains of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,

As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked
wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand herald-
ries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood
of queens and kings.

XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry
moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair
breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and
boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together
prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew
faint
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from
mortal taint.

XXVI.

Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Uncasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm
is fled.

XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the popped warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims
pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
again.

XXVIII.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he
bless,
And breathed himself; then from the closet
crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where,
lo!—how fast she slept.

XXIX.

Then by the bed-side where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
Oh for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise
is gone.

XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered;
While he from forth the closet brought a
heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and
gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Leban-
on.

XXXI.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing
hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver. Sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume
light.—

"And now, my love, my seraph fair awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite;
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul
doth ache."

XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains;—'t was a midnight
charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight
gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies;
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entailed in woofed phan-
tasies.

XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest
be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called "La belle dame sans
mercy;"
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft
moan;
He ceased—she panted quick—and sud-
denly
Her blue eyes affrayed wide open shone;
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-
sculptured stone.

XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep.
There was a painful change, that nigh ex-
pelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep:
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many
a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would
keep,
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous
eye,

Fearing to move or speak, she looked so
dreamingly.

XXXV.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine
ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear;
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill,
and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings
dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my love, I know not
where to go."

XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep re-
pose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet; meantime the frost-wind
blows
Like love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes'
moon hath set.

XXXVII.

'T is dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown
sleet;
"This is no dream, my bride, my Made-
line!"
'T is dark; the iced gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and
pine.—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost, with sick, unprun-
ed wing."

XXXVIII.

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely
bride!

Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart shaped and
vermeil dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st
well

To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

XXXIX.

"Hark! 't is an elfin storm from fairy land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassailers will never heed.
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy
mead.

Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a
home for thee."

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At giaring watch, perhaps with ready
spears—

Down the wide stairs a darkling way they
found,

In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by
each door;

The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and
hound,

Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty
floor.

XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide
hall!

Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side;

The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook
his hide,

But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide;
The chains lie silent on the footworn
stones;

The key turns, and the door upon its
hinges groans.

XLII.

And they are gone! ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the baron dreamt of many a
woe,

And all his warrior-guests, with shade and
form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-
worm,

Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face de-
form;

The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye, unsought-for slept among his
ashes cold.

JOHN KEATS.

CAUGHT.

ON a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee
Thou, for whom even Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

—SHAKESPEARE.



CAUGHT.

THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekel crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sat Huldry all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o' wood in,—
 There warn't no stoves (till comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her!
 An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung
 An' in among 'em rusted
 The old queen's-arm that gran'ther Young
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm from floor to ceilin
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
 On such a blessed creetur,
 A dogrose blushin' to a brook
 Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
 Clean grit an' human natur';
 None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
 He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
 Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells,—
 But still he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
 All crinkly like curled maple,
 The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir;
 My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin' bunnet
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
 She seemed to've got a new soul,
 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, and knowed it tu,
 A raspin' on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelin's flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin' her cheer a jerk,
 Ez though she wished him furdur,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wall—no—I come designin'—"
 "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin'
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t'other,

An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is, they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

J. R. LOWELL.

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

THERE's a happy time coming,
When the boys come home,
There's a glorious day coming,
When the boys come home.
We will end the dreadful story
Of this treason dark and gory
In a sunburst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter
When the boys come home,
For our hearts will be lighter
When the boys come home.
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,

And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest
When the boys come home,
And their cheer will ring the loudest
When the boys come home.
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty,
When the boys come home,
And their uniforms dusty,
When the boys come home.
But all shall see the traces
Of battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them,
When the boys come home,
To bless them and to greet them,
When the boys come home;
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dis sever
From the Nation's heart forever,
When the boys come home.

JOHN HAY.

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

FOUNDED ON AN OLD GERMAN LEGEND.

THE fettered spirits linger
In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
Their last faint earthly stain,
Which life's imperfect sorrow
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet on each feast of Mary
Their sorrow finds release,
For the great Archangel Michael
Comes down and bids it cease:

And the name of these brief respites
Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once—so runs the legend—
When the archangel came,
And all these holy spirits
Rejoiced at Mary's name,
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.

And, though a great *Te Deum*
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke,
So, when St. Michael questioned,
Thus the poor spirit spoke:—

"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain;
I prize Our Lady's blessing,
Although it comes in vain
To still my burning anguish,
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loved me
Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish
Is more than I can bear;
All the torment that I suffer
Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal
Death took my life away;
Not all love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay.
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him,—
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace,—then I know
He would endure in patience,
And strive against his woe."

Thus the archangel answered:—
"Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of heaven
Will give you full relief;
Yet, if his earthly comfort
So much outweighs your grief,

"Then, through a special mercy,
I offer you his grace,—
You may seek him who mourns you,
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute's space.

"But, when that time is ended,
Return here, and remain
A thousand years in torment,
A thousand years in pain:
Thus dearly must you purchase
The comfort he will gain."

* * * * *

The lime-trees' shade at evening
Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches
Pace slowly, side by side,
In low and tender converse,
A bridegroom and his bride.

The night is calm and stilly,
No other sound is there
Except their happy voices:—
What is that cold bleak air
That passes through the lime-trees,
And stirs the bridegroom's hair?

While one low cry of anguish,
Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
Is borne upon the gale:—
Why does the bridegroom shudder
And turn so deadly pale?

* * * * *

Near purgatory's entrance
The radiant angels wait;
It was the great St. Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate,
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the angel:
"Heaven's joy is deep and vast;
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit,
For heaven is yours at last;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

GOD.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide—
Unchanged through time's all devastating
flight!

Thou only God—there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none ex-
plore!

Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone—
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God, and know no
more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may
count

The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for
Thee

There is no weight nor measure; none can
mount

Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest
spark,

Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would
try

To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so
high,

Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord! in Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, har-
mony,

Sole origin—all life, all beauty Thine;
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious!
Great!

Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe sur-
round—

Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with
breath!

Thou the beginning with the end hast
bound,

And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery
blaze,

So suns are born, so worlds spring forth
from Thee;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy
praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss—
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy
command,

All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal
light—

A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous
beams?

But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to
Thee?

And what am I then?—Heaven's unnum-
bered host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light
divine,

Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom
too;

Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions
fly

Eager towards Thy presence—for in Thee

I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring
high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—Thou
art!

Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering
heart;

Though but an atom midst immensity.
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy
hand!

I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and
earth—

On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their
birth,

Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me—
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave—a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvel-
ously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown!
This clod

Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plen-
itude

Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author
there.

O thoughts ineffable! Oh visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of
Thee,

Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our
breast,

And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can
soar,

Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and
good!

Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

GABRIEL ROMANOWITCH DERZHAVIN.
(Russian.)

"IT SINGETH LOW IN EVERY HEART."

Tune "Auld Lang Syne."

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down:
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God for evermore!

ANONYMOUS.

GOD THE LIFE AND LIGHT OF ALL.

THOU art, O Lord! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with parting beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even;
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd dyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE LETTER "H."

'TWAS whispered in heaven, and muttered
in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it
fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted
to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence
confessed;
'T was seen the lightning, and heard in
the thunder;

'Twill be found in the spheres, when riven
asunder;
'Twas given to man with his earliest
breath,
Assists at his birth, and attends him in
death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and
health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his
wealth.

It begins every hope, every wish it must
bound,
And though unassuming, with monarchs
is crowned.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with
care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from
home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will
be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be
drowned,
It softens the heart; and, though deaf to
the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate
flower,—
O, breathe on it softly; it dies in an hour.

CATHARINE FANSHAWE.

DEAD.

A SORROWFUL woman said to me,
"Come in and look on our child."
I saw an angel at shut of day,
And it never spoke,—but smiled.

I think of it in the city's streets,
I dream of it when I rest,—
The violet eyes, the waxen hands,
And the one white rose on the breast!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

[The author of this poem, one of the victims of the persecuting Henry VIII., was burnt to death at Smithfield in 1546. It was made and sung by her while a prisoner in Newgate.]

LIKE as the armed knighte,
Appointed to the field,
With this world wil I fight,
And faith shal be my shilde.

Faith is that weapon stronge,
Which wil not fail at nede;
My foes therefore amonge,
Therewith wil I procede.

As it is had in strengthe,
And forces of Christes waye,
It will prevaile at lengthe,
Though all the devils saye *naye*.

Faith of the fathers olde
Obtained right witness,
Which makes me very bolde
To fear no worldes distress.

I now rejoyce in harte,
And hope bides me do so;
For Christ will take my part,
And ease me of my woe.

Thou sayst, Lord, whoso knocke,
To them wilt thou attende;
Undo, therefore, the locke,
And thy stronge power sende.

More enemies now I have
Than heeres upon my head;
Let them not me deprave,
But fight thou in my steade.

On thee my care I cast,
For all their cruell spight;
I set not by their haste,
For Thou art my delight.

I am not she that list
My anker to let fall
For every drislinge mist;
My shippe's substantial.

Not oft I use to wright
In prose, nor yet in ryme;
Yet will I shewe one sight,
That I sawe in my time:

I sawe a royall throne,
Where Justice shulde have sitte;
But in her steade was One
Of moody cruell witte.

Absorpt was rightwiseness,
As by the raginge floude;
Sathan, in his excess,
Sucte up the guiltlesse bloude.

Then thought I,—Jesus, Lorde,
When thou shalt judge us all,
Harde is it to recorde
On these men what will fall.

Yet, Lorde, I thee desire,
For that they doe to me,
Let them not taste the hire
Of their iniquitie.

ANNE ASKEWE.

THE NUN.

If you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be;
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me.
The roses all turn pale, too;
The doves all take the veil, too;
The blind will see the show:
What! you become a nun, my dear?
I'll not believe it, no!

If you become a nun, dear,
A bishop Love will be;
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chant, "We trust in thee!"
The incense will go sighing,
The candles fall a dying,
The water turn to wine.
What! you go take the vows, my dear?
You may—but they'll be mine.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

I HAVE three friends, three glorious friends,
 three dearer could not be;
 And every night when midnight tolls, they
 meet to laugh with me.
 The first was shot by Carlist thieves three
 years ago in Spain,
 The second drowned near Alicante, and I
 alive remain.
 I love to see their thin, white forms come
 stealing through the night,
 And grieve to see them fade away in the
 early morning light.
 The first with gnomes in Under-land, is
 leading a lordly life,
 The second has married a mermaiden, a
 beautiful water-wife.
 And since I have friends in the earth and sea,
 with a few I trust so high,
 'Tis a matter of small account to me, the
 way that I may die.
 For whether I sink in the foaming flood,
 or swing on the triple tree,
 Or lie in my grave as a Christian should, is
 much the same to me.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

BEFORE SEDAN.

"The dead hand clasped a letter."—*Special Correspondence.*

HERE in this leafy place,
 Quiet he lies,
 Cold, with his sightless face
 Turned to the skies;
 'Tis but another dead;—
 All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
 Kings must have slaves;
 Kings climb to eminence
 Over men's graves.
 So this man's eyes are dim;—
 Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
 There at his side?
 Paper his hand had clutched
 Tight ere he died:
 Message or wish, may be:—
 Smoothen it out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
 Here could have smiled!—
 Only the tremulous
 Words of a child:—
 Prattle, that had for stops
 Just a few ruddy drops.

Look: she "is sad to miss,
 Morning and night,
 His"—her dead father's—"kiss,—
 Tries to be bright,
 Good to mamma, and sweet,"—
 That is all. "*Marguerite.*"

Ah, if beside the dead
 Slumbered the pain!
 Ah, if the hearts that bled
 Slept with the slain!
 If the grief died!—but no:—
 Death will not have it so.

ANONYMOUS.

UNFINISHED STILL.

A BABY's boot, and a skein of wool,
 Faded, and soiled, and soft:
 Odd things, you say, and no doubt you're
 right,
 Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,
 Up in the yards aloft.

Most like its folly, but, mate, look here:
 When first I went to sea
 A woman stood on the far-off strand,
 With a wedding ring on the small soft hand,
 Which clung so close to me.

My wife, God bless her! The day before,
 She sat beside my foot;

And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore;
What, think you, found I there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white;
A cottage empty, and dark as night,
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still
The tangled skein lay near,
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast
Down in the churchyard drear.

ANONYMOUS.

WHAT IS THE GRASS.

A CHILD once said, *What is the grass?*
fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not
know what it is any more than he.
I guess it must be the flag of my disposition
out of hopeful green-stuff woven.
I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly
dropt,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the
corner, that we may see and remark,
and say *Whose?*
Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the
produced babe of the vegetation;
Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
And it means sprouting alike in the broad
zones and narrow zones,
Growing among black folks as among
white;
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I
gave them the same I received the
same,
And now it seems to me the beautiful un-
cut hair of graves.
Tenderly will I use you, curling grass;
It may be you transpire from the breasts of
young men;

It may be if I had known them I would
have loved them;
It may be you are from old people, and
from women, and from offspring
taken out of their mother's laps;
And here you are the mother's laps.
This grass is very dark to be from the
white heads of old mothers;
Darker than the colorless beards of old
men;
Dark to come from under the painted roofs
of mouths.
O I perceive after all so many withering
tongues!
And I perceive they do not come from the
roofs of mouths for nothing,
I wish I could translate the hints about the
dead young men and women,
And the hints about old men and mothers,
and the offspring taken soon out of
their laps.
What do you think has become of the young
men and old men?
And what do you think has become of the
women and children?
They are alive and well somewhere;
The smallest sprout shows there is really no
death;
And if even there was, it led forward life,
and does not wait at the end to
avert it,
And ceased the moment life appeared.
All goes outward and onward—nothing
collapses;
And to die is different from what any one
supposed and luckier.

WALTER WHITMAN.

REQUIESCAT.

TREAD lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.
All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,

She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

OSCAR WILDE.

LAUS DEO!

[On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the
Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery.]

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;

In the earthquake he has spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea:
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
He has triumphed gloriously!

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever his right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin.

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains,
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

GOOD BY.

Good by, proud world, I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good by to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good by, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned
clan;

For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may
meet?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake—
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no time to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O' delved gold the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

Aye, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Conformed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
Who "giveth His beloved sleep."

And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath has gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall,—
He giveth His beloved sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

DOWN TO THE VALE THIS WATER STEERS.

Down to the vale this water steers; how
merrily it goes!
'T will murmur on a thousand years, and
flow as now it flows;
And here on this delightful day, I cannot
choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay beside this
fountain's brink.
My eyes are filled with childish tears, my
heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears that in
those days I heard.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DESIRE.

THOU, who dost dwell alone;
Thou, who dost know Thine own;
Thou, to whom all are known,
From the cradle to the grave,—
Save, O, save!

From the world's temptations;
From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,
Save, O, save!

When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher;

But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Make idols to adore;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion,
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave,—
Save, O, save!

From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars Thy creature;
From grief, that is but passion;
From mirth, that is but feigning;
From tears, that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine old strength revealing,
Save, O, save!

From doubt, where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong;
Where comfort turns to trouble;
Where just men suffer wrong;
Where sorrow treads on joy;
Where sweet things soonest cloy;
Where faiths are built on dust;
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea;
O, set us free!

O, let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie,
Tossing continually.
O, where Thy voice doth come,
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild;
All strife be reconciled,
All pains beguiled.
Light bring no blindness;
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin;
Fear no undoing,
From the cradle to the grave,—
Save, O, save!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



DOWN TO THE VALE THIS WATER STEERS.

BLOSSOMS BENEATH THE SOD.

THERE are pale sweet blossoms, beneath
the sod,
That will not bloom till May,
And I long for the first warm blush of
spring,
And the merry swallow upon the wing,
And to hear the first wild robin sing
In the maple trees over the way;
But faded blossoms of golden rod
Bend over the blossoms beneath the sod.

Oh, the violets waken between the showers,
Like the blue of the April skies,
And the road side blooms into clover white,
While the buttercups, shy, spring up in a
night,
And the meadow glows with the golden
light
Of the daisies' honest eyes;
I'm weary, so weary of golden rod,
I long for the blossoms beneath the sod.

I long for the buds on the maple trees,
And the green on the lilac bough,
And the hedge-rows sweet with the rose's
breath,
With the early snow-drops hiding beneath,
And the wild sweet-fern and the cypress
wreath,
Where the dry leaves rustle now;
And to see the tall, sweet lilies nod,
Oh, the pure white lilies beneath the sod.

And I long for the friends of my child-
hood days,
That are gone, like the early flowers;
Though the friends around me are true
and rare,
Yet I long for those who are never there;
There's a fragrance flown and a hush on
the air,
And a sigh on the happiest hours;
I long for the lilies that bloom with God,
The pale, sweet blossoms beneath the sod.

ANONYMOUS.

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

THERE is no God,' the foolish saith,
But none, 'There is no sorrow';
And Nature oft, the cry of faith,
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, 'God be pitiful,'
Who ne'er said, 'God be praised.'
Be pitiful, O God!

The tempest stretches from the steep
The shadow of its coming;
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,
As help were in the human;
Yet while the cloud-wheels roll and grind,
We spirits tremble under!—
The hills have echoes: but we find
No answer for the thunder,
Be pitiful, O God!

The battle hurtles on the plains—
Earth feels new scythes upon her:
We reap our brothers for the wains,
And call the harvest—honour,—
Draw face to face, front line to line,
One image all inherit,—
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
Clay, clay,—and spirit, spirit.
Be pitiful, O God!

The plague runs festering through the
town,
And never a bell is tolling:
And corpses jostled 'neath the moon,
Nod to the dead-cart's rolling:
The young child calleth for the cup—
The strong man brings it weeping!
The mother from her babe looks up,
And shrieks away its sleeping.
Be pitiful, O God!

The plague of gold strikes far and near,
And deep and strong it enters:
This purple chimar which we wear,
Makes madder than the centaur's:

Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow
strange;

We cheer the pale gold-diggers—
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,
And marked, like sheep, with figures.
Be pitiful, O God!

The curse of gold upon the land,
The lack of bread enforces—
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's White Horses!
The rich preach 'rights' and future days,
And hear no angel scoffing:
The poor die mute—with starving gaze
Or, corn-ships in the offing.
Be pitiful, O God!

We meet together at the feast—
To private mirth betake us—
We stare down in the wine-cup lest
Some vacant chair should shake us!
We name delight, and pledge it round—
'It shall be ours to-morrow!'
God's seraphs, do your voices sound
As sad in naming sorrow?
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit together with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes,
'And how long will you love us?'
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
The voices low and breathless—
'Till death us part!'—O words, to be
Our *best* for love the deathless!
Be pitiful, O God!

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed—
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, 'Be stronger-hearted!'
O God—to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!—
To see a light upon such brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!

The happy children come to us,
And look up in our faces:

They ask us—Was it thus, and thus,
When we were in their places?
We cannot speak:—we see anew
The hills we used to live in;
And feel our mother's smile press through
The kisses she is giving.
Be pitiful, O God!

We pray together at the kirk,
For mercy, mercy, solely—
Hands weary with the evil work,
We lift them to the Holy!
The corpse is calm below our knee—
Its spirit bright before Thee—
Between them, worse than either, we—
Without the rest or glory!
Be pitiful, O God!

We leave the communing of men,
The murmur of the passions;
And live alone, to live again
With endless generations.
Are we so brave?—The sea and sky
In silence lift their mirrors;
And, glassed therein, our spirits high
Recoil from their own terrors.
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding:
The sun strikes through the farthest mist,
The city's spire to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strongest,
But now it is the churchyard grass
We look upon the longest.
Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull—
Men whisper, 'He is dying:'
We cry no more, 'Be pitiful!'—
We have no strength for crying:
No strength, no need! Then, soul of
mine,
Look up and triumph rather—
Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,
The Son adjures the Father—
Be pitiful, O God!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE WORLD IS NOT HAPPY.

THE world is wise, for the world is old;
Five thousand years their tale have told;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world
might be:

Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The world is kind if we ask not too much;
It is sweet to the taste, and smooth to the
touch;

Yet the world is not happy, as the world
might be;

Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The world is strong, with an awful strength,
And full of life in its breadth and length;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world
might be:

Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The world is so beautiful, one may fear
Its borrowed beauty might make it too dear;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world
might be:

Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The world is good in its own poor way,
There is rest by night and high spirits by
day;

Yet the world is not happy, as the world
might be:

Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

The Cross shines fair, and the church-bell
rings;

And the earth is peopled with holy things:
Yet the world is not happy, as the world
might be:

Why is it? why is it? O answer me!

What lackest thou, world? for God made
thee of old;

Why, has faith gone out and love grown
cold?

Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the want of Christ's simplicity.

It is blood that thou lackest, thou poor old
world!

Who shall make thy love hot for thee,
frozen old world?

Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the love of Christ is little to thee.

Poor world! if thou cravest a better day,
Remember that Christ must have His own
way;

I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be,
But the love of God would do all for thee.

ANONYMOUS.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL!

SHADES of evening, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile!
Morn, alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle;
Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell;
Darker shadows round us hover,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light;
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Through the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing, fondly, fare thee well!

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;
What would not I give to wander
Where my old companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand,
 Its storms sweep up the sky,
 A nation lies starving on heaps of gold,
 All dreamers toss and sigh.
 When the pain is sorest the child is born,
 And the hour is darkest before the dawn
 Of the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God,
 Chivalry, Justice and Truth;
 Come, for the earth has grown coward and
 old—

Come and renew us our youth,
 Freedom, Self-sacrifice, Mercy and Love;
 Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,
 To the day of the Lord at hand!

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell,
 Famine and Plague and War,
 Idleness, Bigotry, Cant and Misrule,
 Gather and fall in the snare!

Hirelings and mammonites, pedants and
 knaves,
 Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your
 graves,

In the day of the Lord at hand!

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age
 of gold

When the Lord of all ages is here?
 True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of
 God,

And those who can suffer can dare!
 Each past age of gold was an iron age, too,
 And the meekest of saints may find stern
 work to do

In the day of the Lord at hand!

CHAS. KINGSLEY.

THE EARL O' QUARTERDECK.

A NEW OLD BALLAD.

THE wind it blew, and the ship it flew;
 And it was "Hey for hame!
 And ho for hame!" But the skipper cried,
 "Haud her oot o'er the saut sea faem."

Then up and spoke the king himsel':

"Haud on for Dumferline!"

Quo the skipper, "Ye're king upo' the
 land—

I'm king upo' the brine."

And he took the helm intil his hand,

And he steered the ship sae free;

Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,

And stood right out to sea.

Quo the king, "There's treason in this, I
 vow;

This is something underhand!"

"'Bout ship!" Quo the skipper, "Yer grace
 forgets

Ye are king but o' the land!"

And still he held to the open sea;

And the east-wind sank behind;

And the west had a bitter word to say,

Wi' a white-sea roarin' wind.

And he turned her head into the north,

Said the king: "Gar fling him o'er."

Quo the fearless skipper: "It's a' ye're
 worth!

Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more."

The king crept down the cabin-stair,

To drink the gude French wine,

And up she came, his daughter fair

And lukit ower the brine.

She turned her face to the drivin' hail,

To the hail but and the weet;

Her snood it brak, and, as lang's hersel',

Her hair drave out i' the the sleet.

She turned her face to the drivin win—'

"What's that ahead!" quo she.

The skipper he threw himsel' frae the win'

And he drove the helm a-lee.

"Put oto yer hand, my lady fair!

Put too yer hand," quo he;

"Gin' she dinna face the win' the mair,

It's the waur for you and me."

For the skipper kenned that strength is
 strength,

Whether woman's or man's at last;

To the tiller the lady she laid her han',
And the ship laid her cheek to the blast.

For that slender body was full o' soul,
And the will is mair than shape;
As the skipper saw when they cleared the
berg,
And he heard her quarter scrape.

Quo the skipper: "Ye are a lady fair,
And a princess grand to see;
But ye are a woman, and a man wad sail
To hell in yer company."

She liftit a pale and queenly face;
Her een flashed, and syne they swim.
"And what for no to heaven?" she says,
And she turned awa' frae him.

But she took na' her han' frae the good
ship's helm
Until the day did daw;
And the skipper he spak, but what he said
It was said atween them twa.

And then the good ship she lay to,
With the land far on the lee;
And up came the king upo' the deck,
Wi' wan face and bluidshot ee.

The skipper he louted to the king:
"Gae wa,' gae wa,'" said the king.
Said the king, like a prince, "I was a' wrang,
Put on this ruby ring."

And the wind blew lowne, and the stars
cam' oot,
And the ship turned to the shore;
And, afore the sun was up again,
They saw Scotland ance more.

That day the ship hung at the pier-head,
And the king he stept on the land.
"Skipper, kneel down," the king he said,
"Hoo daur ye afore me stand?"

The skipper he louted on his knee,
The king his blade he drew:
Said the king, "How daured ye contre me?
I'm aboard my ain ship noo."

"I canna mak ye a king," said he,
For the Lord alone can do that;

And besides ye took it intil yer ain han'
And crooned yersel' sae pat!

"But wi' what ye will I redeem my ring;
For ance I am at your beck;
And first, as ye loutit Skipper o' Door,
Rise up Yerl o' Quarterdeck."

The skipper he rose and looked at the
king
In his een for all his croon:
Said the skipper, "Here is yer grace's ring
And yer daughter is my boon."

The reid blude sprang into the king's face,—
A wrathful man to see:
"The rascal loon abuses our grace;
Gae hang him upon yon tree."

But the skipper he sprang aboard his ship,
And he drew his biting blade;
And he struck the chain that held her fast,
But the iron was ower weel made.

And the king he blew a whistle loud;
And tramp, tramp, down the pier,
Cam' twenty riders on twenty steeds,
Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

"He saved your life!" cried the lady fair;
"His life ye daurna spill!"
"Will ye come atween me and my hate?"
Quo the lady, "And that I will!"

And on cam' the knights wi' spur and spear
For they heard the iron ring.
"Gin ye care na for yer father's grace,
Mind ye that I am the king."

"I kneel to my father for his grace,
Right lowly on my knee;
But I stand and look the king in the face,
For the skipper is king o' me."

She turned and she sprang upo' the deck,
And the cable splashed in the sea,
The good ship spread her wings sae white,
And away with the skipper goes she.

Now was not this a king's daughter,
 And a brave lady beside?
 And a woman with whom a man might sail
 Into the heaven w' pride?

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

GIVE me thy scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon;
 My scrip of joy immortal diet;
 My bottle of salvation;
 My gown of glory, hope's true gauge,
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage!
 Blood must be my body's 'balmer,
 No other balm will there be given;
 Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
 Traveth toward the land of Heaven,
 Over the silver mountains
 Where spring the nectar fountains.
 There will I kiss the bowl of bliss,
 And drink mine everlasting till
 Upon every milken hill.
 My soul will be a-dry before,
 But after, it will thirst no more.
 Then by that happy, blissful day,
 More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
 That have cast off their rags of clay,
 And walk appareled fresh like me.
 I'll take them first to quench their thirst
 And taste of nectar's suckets
 At those clear wells where sweetness
 dwells
 Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
 And when our bottles and all we
 Are filled with immortality,
 Then the blest paths we'll travel,
 Strewed with rubies thick as gravel,—
 Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
 High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
 From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
 Where no corrupted voices brawl;
 No conscience molten into gold,
 No forged accuser bought or sold,
 No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
 For there Christ is the King's Attorney;
 Who pleads for all without degrees,

And he hath angels, but no fees;
 And when the grand twelve-million jury
 Of our sins, with direful fury,
 'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
 Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
 Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
 Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
 Thou giv'st salvation even for alms,—
 Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
 And this is mine eternal plea
 To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
 That, since my flesh must die so soon,
 And want a head to dine next noon,
 Just at the stroke when my veins start and
 spread,
 Set on my soul an everlasting head:
 Then am I, like a palmer, fit
 To tread those blest paths which before I
 writ.
 Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
 Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

WHAT AILS THEE MY SON ROBIN?

WHAT ails thee, my son Robin?
 My heart is sore for thee:
 Thi' cheeks are grooin' thinner,
 An' thi' leet has laft thi' e'e;
 Theau trails abeaut so lonesome
 An' looks so pale at morn;
 God bless tho, lad, aw'm soory
 'To see tho' so forlorn.
 Thi' footsteps sadly awlert,—
 Au' used to know it weel;
 Naw, arto fairy-strucken;
 Or arto gradely ill?
 Or hasto bin wi' th' witches
 I' th' cloof, at deep o' th' neet?
 Come, tell mo, Robin, tell mo,
 For summat is not reet!
 "Neaw, mother, dunnot fret yo;
 Au' am not like mysel';
 But, 'tis not lung o, th' fceorin,
 An' ve had to do wi' 'th deil;

There's naught at thus could daunt me,
 I' th' cloof, by neet nor day;—
 It's yon blue e'en o' Mary's;—
 They've ta'en my life away.

"An' deawt an've done wi' comfort
 To th' day that aw mun dee;
 For th' place hoo sets her faut on,
 It's fairy greawnd to me;
 But oh, it's useless speighkin',
 Au' cannot ston her pride;
 An' when a true hearts breighkin'
 It's very hard to bide!"

Neaw God be wi' tho, Robin;
 Just let her have her way;
 Hoo'll never meet thy marrow,
 For mony a summer day!
 Au're just same with thi feyther,
 When first he spoke to me;
 So, go thi ways, an' whistle;
 An' th' lass 'll come to thee.

EDWIN WAUGH.

DORA.

WITH Farmer Allan at the farm abode
 William and Dora. William was his son,
 And she his niece. He often looked at
 them,

And often thought, "I'll make them man
 and wife."

Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
 And yearned towards William; but the
 youth, because

He had been always with her in the house,
 Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day

When Allan called his son, and said: "My
 son,

I married late, but I would wish to see
 My grandchild on my knees before I die;
 And I have set my heart upon a match.
 Now therefore look to Dora: she is well
 To look to: thrifty, too, beyond her age.
 She is my brother's daughter: he and I

Had once hard words, and parted, and he
 died

In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
 His daughter Dora: take her for your wife,
 For I have wished this marriage night and
 day

For many years." But William answered
 short:

"I cannot marry Dora; by my life, I will
 not marry Dora." Then the old man
 Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and
 said:

"You will not, boy! you dare to answer
 thus!

But in my time a father's word was law,
 And so it shall be now for me. Look to't:
 Consider, William; take a month to think,
 And let me have an answer to my wish,
 Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall
 pack,

And never more darken my doors again."
 But William answered madly, bit his lips,
 And broke away. The more he looked at
 her

The less he liked her; and his ways were
 harsh;

But Dora bore them meekly. Then be-
 fore

The month was out he left his father's house,
 And hired himself to work within the fields;
 And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and
 wed

A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan
 called

His niece and said: "My girl, I love you
 well,

But if you speak with him that was my son,
 Or change a word with her he calls his
 wife,

My home is none of yours. My will is
 law."

And Dora promised, being meek. She
 thought,

"It cannot be; my uncle's mind will
 change."

And days went on, and there was born a
 boy

To William; then distresses came on him:
And day by day he passed his father's
gate,

Heart-broken, and his father helped him
not.

But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they
know

Who sent it, till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and
thought

Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said
"I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through
me

This evil came on William at the first.
But Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he
chose,

And for this orphan, I am come to you;
You know there has not been for these five
years

So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is
glad

Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's
gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her
way

Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies
grew.

Far off the farmer came into the field,
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to
him,

But her heart failed her, and the reapers
reaped,

And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
But when the morrow came she rose and
took

The child once more, and sat upon the
mound,

And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat,
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer passed into the field,
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said: "Where were you
yesterday?"

Whose child is that? What are you doing
here?"

So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground
And answered softly: "This is William's
child!"

"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that's
gone."

And Allan said: "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!

You knew my word was law, and yet you
dared

To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more "

So saying, he took the boy, that cried
aloud,

And struggled hard. The wreath of flow-
ers fell

At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the
field,

More and more distant. She bowed down
her head,

Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She
bowed down

And wept in secret; and the reapers
reaped,

And the sun fell, and all in the land was
dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house and
stood

Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in
praise

To God that helped her in her widowhood.
And Dora said: "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:

He says that he will never see me more."
 Then answered Mary: "This shall never
 be,
 That thou shouldst take my trouble on thy-
 self;
 And, now I think, he shall not have the
 boy,
 For he will teach him hardness, and to
 slight
 His mother; therefore, thou and I will go,
 And I will have my boy, and bring him
 home,
 And I will beg of him to take thee back;
 But if he will not take thee back again,
 Then thou and I will live within one
 house,
 And work for William's child until he
 grows
 Of age to help us."

 So the women kissed
 Each other, and set out, and reached the
 farm.
 The door was off the latch; they peep'd,
 and saw
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's
 knees,
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
 And clapt him on the hands and on the
 cheeks,
 Like one that loved him; and the lad
 stretched out
 And babbled for the golden seal that hung
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the
 fire.
 Then they came in, but when the boy be-
 held
 His mother, he cried out to come to her;
 And Allan sat him down, and Mary said;
 "Oh, Father! if you will let me call you
 so—

I never came a-begging for myself,
 Or William, or this child; but now I come
 For Dora; take her back, she loves you
 well.
 Oh, sir, when William died, he died at
 peace
 With all men; for I asked him, and he
 said

He could not ever rue his marrying me—
 I had been a patient wife: but, sir, he said
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
 'God bless him!' he, said, 'and may he
 never know
 The troubles I have gone through!' Then
 he turned

His face and passed—unhappy that I am!
 But now, sir, let me have my boy; for
 you
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to
 slight
 His father's memory; and take Dora back,
 And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
 By Mary. There was silence in the room;
 And all at once the old man burst in
 sobs:—

"I have been to blame—to blame. I have
 killed my son.

I have killed him—but I loved him—my
 dear son.

May God forgive me!—I have been to
 blame.

Kiss me, my children."

 Then they clung about
 The old man's neck, and kissed him many
 times.

And all the man was broken with remorse;
 And all his love came back a hundredfold;
 And for three hours he sobbed o'er Will-
 iam's child,
 Thinking of William.

 So those four abode
 Within one house together; and as years
 Went forward, Mary took another mate;
 But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl.
 I love a prophet of the soul;
 And on my heart monastic aisles
 Fall like sweet strains of pensive smiles;
 Yet not for all his faith can see
 Would I that cowed churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought,
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning cove below,—
The canticles of love and woe;
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's
nest

Of leaves and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the files,
Each proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For out of Thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.
These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass;
The passive Master lent His hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Even the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,

Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The Word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak or fanes of gold
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise,—
The Book itself before me lies,
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowed portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see
I would not the good bishop be.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

SONNETS.

How orient is Thy beauty! How divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to Thine!
Thy veiled eyes outshine heaven's greater
light,
Unconquered by the shady cloud of night;
Thy curious tresses dangle, all unbound,
With unaffected order to the ground:
How orient is thy beauty! How divine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to Thine!

NOR myrrh, nor cassia, nor the choice per
fumes

Of unctious nard, or aromatic fumes
Of hot Arabia do enrich the air
With more delicious sweetness than the
fair

Reports that crown the merits of Thy name
With heavenly laurels of eternal fame,
Which makes the virgins fix their eyes
upon Thee,
And all that view Thee are enamored on
Thee.

Who ever smelt the breath of morning
 flowers
 New sweetened by the dash of twilight
 showers,
 Of pounded amber, or the flowing thyme,
 Or purple violets in their proudest prime,
 Or swelling clusters from the cypress tree?
 So sweet's my love; aye, far more sweet is
 He—
 So fair, so sweet, that heaven's bright eye
 is dim,
 And flowers have no scent compared with
 Him.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Not what we would, but what we must,
 Makes up the sum of living;
 Heaven is both more or less than just
 In taking and in giving.
 Swords cleave to hands that sought the
 plow,
 And laurels miss the soldiers' brow.

Me, whom the city holds, whose feet
 Have worn the stony highways,
 Familiar with its loneliest street—
 Its ways are never my ways.
 My cradle was beside the sea,
 And there I hope my grave will be.

Old homestead in that old gray town
 The vane is seaward blowing,
 Thy slip of garden stretches down
 To where the tide is flowing:
 Below they lie, their sails all furled,
 The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house,
 Inland, with pines beside it;
 Some peach trees with unfruitful boughs,
 A well with weeds to hide it;
 No flowers—or only such as rise
 Self-sown, poor things, which all despise.

Dear country home! Can I forget
 The least of thy sweet trifles?
 The window vines, which clamber yet,
 Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
 The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
 And in the wood the Indian pipe?

Happy the man who tills the field,
 Content with rustic labor;
 Earth does to him her fullness yield,
 Hap what may to his neighbor.
 Well days, sound nights—oh, can there be
 A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
 For both the best, the strongest,
 That with the earliest race began,
 And has outlived the longest.
 Their cities perished long ago;
 Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our Babels, too, will fall;
 If so, no lamentations,
 For Mother Earth will shelter all
 And feed the unborn nations;
 Yes, and the swords that menace now
 Will then be beaten by the plow.

R. H. STODDARD.

PROCRASTINATION.

FROM "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

BE wise to day; 'tis madness to defer;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be
 strange?

That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
 The palm, "That all men are about to
 live,"

Forever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel: and their
 pride

On this reversion takes up ready praise;
 At least, their own; their future selves ap-
 plaud:

How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!

Time lodged in their own hands is, folly's
veils;
That lodged in Fate's, to wisdom they con-
sign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they post-
pone:
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When
young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more
wise.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the
same.

And why? Because he thinks himself
immortal.
All men think all men mortal but them-
selves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of
fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the
sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded
air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft, no trace
is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of
death:
Even with the tender tears which Nature
sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

EDWARD YOUNG.

"LABORARE EST ORARE."

"LABORARE est orare"

Sang a monk of ancient time;

Sang it at the early matin,
Sang it at the vesper chime.
"Work is worship," God, my brothers,
Takes our toils for homage sweet,
And accepts as signs of worship,
Well-worn hands and wearied feet.

"Laborare est orare,"
Watchword of the old divine,
Let us take it for our motto,
Serving in this later time.
Work is worship, toil is holy,
Let this thought our zeal inspire;
Every deed done well and bravely,
Burns with sacrificial fire.

ELMO.

HARRY ASHLAND, ONE OF MY LOVERS.

I HAVE a lover, a little lover, he rolls on
the grass and plays in the clover;
He builds block-houses and digs clay wells,
and makes sand-pies in his hat.
On Sundays he swings in the little porch,
or has a clean collar and goes to
church,
And asks me to marry him when he grows
up, and live in a house "like that."
He wears a great apron like a sack,—it's
hard they don't put him in trousers
and jackets;
But his soul is far above buttons, and his
hopes for the future o'ershoot them,
For Harry, like larger lovers, will court
without any visible means of sup-
port,
And ask you to give him your heart and
hand, when he doesn't know where
to put them.

All day he's tumbling, and leaping, and
jumping,—running and calling, ham-
mering and thumping,
Playing "bo-peep" with the blue-eyed
babe, or chasing the cows in the lane;

But at twilight around my chair he lingers,
clasp my hand in his dimpled
fingers,

And I wonder if love so pure and fresh I
shall ever inspire again!

The men that kneel and declaim their pas-
sion,—the men that “annex” you in
stately fashion,—

There is not so much of truth and warmth
in all the hearts of a score,—

And I look in the honest eyes of this baby,
and wonder what would have hap-
pened, maybe,

If Heaven had not made me be twenty
now, while Harry is only four.

I have a little rival named Ada, she clings
to a promise that Harry made her,
“To build her a house all full of doors,”
and live with her there some day;

But Ada is growing lank and thin,—they
say she will have a peaked chin,

And I think had nearly outgrown her “first
love” before I came in the way.

She wears short skirts, and a pink-trimmed
Shaker, the nicest aprons her mother
can make her,

And a Sunday hat with feathers; but it
doesn't matter how she is dressed,

For Harry—sweetest of earthly lispers—
has said in my ear in loudest whis-
pers,

With his dear short arms around my neck,
that he likes the *grown-up* bonnets
best.”

He says he shall learn to be a lawyer, but
his private preference is a sawyer,
And counselors, not less than carpenters,
live by “saw-dust” and by *bored*.

It's easier to saw a plank in two than to
bore a judicial blockhead through,

And if panels of jurors fail to yield, he can
always panel doors.

It's a question of enterprise *versus* wood,
and if his hammer and will be good,

If his energetic little brown hand be as
steady and busy then,

Though chisel or pen be the weapon he's
needing, whether his business is
planing or pleading,

Harry will cut his way through the ranks,
and stand at the head of you men!

I say to him sometimes, “My dearest
Harry, we haven't money enough to
marry;”

He has sixty cents in his little tin “bank,”
and a keepsake in his drawer;

But he always promises, “I'll get plenty—
I'll find where they make it, when
I'm twenty;

I'll go down town where the other men do,
and bring it out of the store.”

And then he describes such wonderful
dresses, and gives me such gallant
hugs and caresses,

With items of courtship from Mother
Goose, silk cushions and rings of
gold,

And I think what a fond true breast to
dream on, what a dear, brave heart
for a woman to lean on,

What a king and kingdom are saving up
for some baby a twelvemonth old!

Twenty years hence, when I am forty, and
Harry a young man gay and naughty,

Flirting and dancing, and shooting guns,
driving fast horses and cracking
whips,

The handsomest fellow!—Heaven bless
him!—setting the girls all wild to
possess him,—

With his dark mustache and hazel eyes,
and cigars in those pretty lips!

O, do you think he will *quite* forget me,—
do you believe he will ever regret
me?

Will he wish the twenty years back again,
or deem this an idle myth,

While I shall sometimes push up my
glasses, and sigh as my baby lover
passes,

And wonder if Heaven sets this world
right, as I look at Mr. Smith!

ANONYMOUS.

LOVE THY MOTHER, LITTLE ONE.

Love thy mother, little one!
 Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
 Hereafter she may have a son
 Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain,
 Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her loving eyes,
 And mirror back her love for thee,—
 Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
 To meet them when they cannot see.
 Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
 With love that they have often told,—
 Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
 And kiss them till thine own are cold.
 Press her lips the while they glow!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
 That heaven may long the stroke defer,—
 For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
 When thou wilt ask to die with her.
 Pray for her at eve and morn!

THOMAS HOOD.

DEATH AND THE YOUTH.

"Not yet, the flowers are in my path,
 The sun is in the sky;
 Not yet, my heart is full of hope,
 I cannot bear to die.

"Not yet, I never knew till now
 How precious life could be;
 My heart is full of love, O Death!
 I cannot come with thee!"

But Love and Hope, enchanted twain,
 Passed in their falsehood by;
 Death came again, and then he said,
 "I'm ready now to die!"

LETITIA E. LANDON.

WELCOME TO THE NATIONS.

SUNG AT PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

BRIGHT on the banners of lily and rose,
 Lo, the last sun of our century sets!
 Wreathe the black cannon that scowled on
 our foes,
 All but her friendships the Nation for-
 gets—
 All but her friends and their welcome
 forgets!
 These are around her. But where are her
 foes?
 Lo, while the sun of her century sets,
 Peace with her garlands of lily and rose!

Welcome! a shout like the war trumpet's
 swell
 Wakes the wild echoes that slumber
 around;
 Welcome! it quivers from Liberty's bell;
 Welcome! the walls of her temple re-
 sound.
 Hark! the gray walls of her temple re-
 sound;
 Fade the far voices o'er hillside and dell;
 Welcome, still whisper the echoes around;
 Welcome, still trembles on Liberty's bell.

Thrones of the Continents! Isles of the
 Sea!
 Yours are the garlands of peace we en-
 twine;
 Welcome, once more, to the land of the
 free,
 Shadowed alike by the palm and the pine;
 Softly they murmur, the palm and the
 pine,
 "Hushed is our strife, in the land of the
 free;"
 Over your children their branches en-
 twine,
 Thrones of the Continents! Isles of the
 Sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



"LOVE THY MOTHER, LITTLE ONE."

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the South at break of day,
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
 Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's
 door,
 The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
 Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
 Thundered along the horizon's bar;
 And louder yet into Winchester rolled
 The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
 Making the blood of the listener cold
 As he thought of the stake in that fiery
 fray,
 With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
 A good, broad highway, leading down;
 And there, through the flash of the morn-
 ing light,
 A steed as black as the steeds of night,
 Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
 As if he knew the terrible need,
 He stretched away with the utmost speed;
 Hills rose and fell,—but his heart was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thun-
 dering South,
 The dust, like smoke from the cannon's
 mouth;
 Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and
 faster,
 Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
 The heart of the steed, and the heart of the
 master,
 Were beating, like prisoners assaulting their
 walls,
 Impatient to be where the battle-field calls:
 Every nerve of the charger was strained to
 full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
 And the landscape sped away behind,
 Like an ocean flying before the wind;
 And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace
 ire,
 Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire;
 But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
 He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring
 fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the
 groups
 Of stragglers, and then the retreating
 troops;
 What was done,—what to do,—a glance told
 him both,
 And, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
 He dashed down the line mid a storm of
 huzzas,
 And the wave of retreat checked its course
 there, because
 The sight of the master compelled it to
 pause.
 With foam and with dust the black charger
 was gray;
 By the flash of his eye, and his nostril's
 play,
 He seemed to the whole great army to say,
 "I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester down, to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
 Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
 And when their statues are placed on high,
 Under the dome of the Union sky,—
 The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
 There with the glorious General's name
 Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
 "Here is the steed that saved the day
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester,—twenty miles away!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

SON OF MARY, HEAR.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls—
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Gracious son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

HENRY HART MILMAN.

THREE LITTLE NEST-BIRDS.

WE meant to be very kind;
But if ever we find
Another soft, gray-green, moss-coated,
feather-lined nest in a hedge,
We have taken a pledge—
Susan, Jimmy, and I—with remorseful
tears, at this very minute,
That if there are eggs or little birds in it,
Robin or wren, thrush, chaffinch, or linnet,

We'll leave them there
To their mother's care.

There were three of us—Kate, and Susan,
and Jem,

And three of them—

I don't know *their* names, for they couldn't
speak,

Except with a little imperative squeak

Exactly like Poll,

Susan's squeaking doll.

But squeaking dolls will lie on the shelves
For years, and never squeak of themselves.

The reason we like little birds so much bet-
ter than toys

Is because they are *really* alive, and know
how to make a noise.

There were three of us and three of them;
Kate—that is I—and Susan and Jim.

Our mother was busy making a pie,

And theirs, we think, was up in the sky,

But for all Susan, Jimmy, or I can tell,
She may have been getting their dinner as
well.

They were left to themselves (and so
were we)

In a nest in the hedge by the willow-tree,
And when we caught sight of three red lit-
tle fluff-tufted, hazel-eyed, open-
mouthed, pink-throated heads, we all
shouted for glee.

The way we really did wrong was this:

We took them for mother to kiss,

And she told us to put them back,

While on the weeping-willow their mother
was crying "Alack!"

We really heard

Both what mother told us to do and the
voice of the mother-bird.

But we three—that is, Susan and I and
Jim—

Thought we knew better than either of
them;

And in spite of our mother's command and
the poor bird's cry,
We determined to bring up the three little
nestlings ourselves on the sly.
 We each took one,
 It did seem such excellent fun!
Susan fed hers on milk and bread;
Jim got wriggling worms for his instead.
 I gave mine meat,
For, you know, I thought, "Poor darling
pet! why shouldn't it have roast beef
to eat?"
But, oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! How we
cried
When, in spite of milk and bread and
worms and roast beef, the little birds
died!

It's a terrible thing to have heart ache.
I thought mine would break
As I heard the mother-bird's moan,
And looked at the gray-green, moss-coated
feather-lined nest she had taken such
pains to make,
And her three little children dead and cold
as a stone.

Mother said, and it's sadly true,
"There are some wrong things one can
never undo."
And nothing that we could do or say
Would bring life back to the birds that day.

The bitterest tears that we could weep
Wouldn't wake them out of their stiff cold
sleep.

 But then,
We—Susan and Jim and I—mean never to
be so selfish and willful and cruel
again.

And we three have buried that other three
In a soft, green, moss-covered, flower-lined
grave at the foot of the willow-tree.
And all the leaves which its branches shed
We think are tears because they are dead.

ANONYMOUS.

A CLASSIC LOVE SONG FROM HORACE.

TRANSLATION. LIBER III., CARMEN IX.

Horatius.

O LYDIA, while no other arms dare twine
Around thy snowy neck, and while none
knew
The favor of thy smile, while both were
mine;—
Far happier than a Persian prince I grew.

Lydia.

So long as thou had'st not a greater flame;
Then I, not Chloe, was by thee caressed;
Then I thy Lydia of illustrious name,
Lived happier than Rome's Ilia, and more
blessed.

Horatius.

The Thracian Chloe is my guardian now,
She softly sweeps the lyre, and chants
the lay;—
For her dear sake my head in death I'd
bow,
Could she but live when I should pass
away.

Lydia.

Calais of Thurnian Crinthus claims my
hearth
And in my breast he kindles mutual
fire;—
Should fate extend his life, if mine depart,
Then I would fearless die, yea, twice ex-
pire.

Horatius.

What, Lydia, if our earthly love return,
And bind our severed hearts with golden
charms?
What, if the auburn Chloe I should spurn,
And wait to fold thee in these loving arms?

Lydia.

Why, then, were Calais like a glittering star,
And thou as restless as the tossing sea;
If fickle as a cork, and lighter far,
Yet happy would I live and die with thee.

REUBEN F. HANDFORD.

GODIVA.

*I waited for the train at Coventry:
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires, and there I
shaped*

The city's ancient legend into this:—

Not only we, the latest seed of time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past; not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,

And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we
starve!"

She sought her lord, and found him, where
he strode

About the hall, among his dogs, alone;
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax they
starve."

Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these*?" "But I would die," said
she.

He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul,
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear;
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!" "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand
He answered, "Ride you naked through the
town,

And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and
blow,

Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet,
all

The hard condition; but that she would
loose

The people: therefore, as they loved her
well,

From then till noon no foot should pace the
street,

No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut and window
barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and
there

Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her
knee;

Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on: and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey
trapt

In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with
chastity:

The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for
fear.

The little wide-mouthed heads upon the
spout

Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheeks flame: her palfrey's foot-
fall shot

Light horrors through her pulses: the blind
walls

Were full of chinks and holes: and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she
saw

The white-flowered elder thicket from the
field

Gleam through the Gothic archways in the
wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with
chastity:

And one low churl, compact of thankless
earth,

The fatal byword of all years to come,

Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
 Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their
 will,
 Were shriveled into darkness in his head,
 And dropt before him. So the powers, who
 wait
 On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
 And she, that knew not, passed: and all at
 once,
 With twelve great shocks of sound, the
 shameless noon
 Was clashed and hammered from a hun-
 dred towers,
 One after one: but even then she gained
 Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and
 crowned,
 To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
 And built herself an everlasting name.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE FUTURE MEETING.

WHEN shall we meet again,
 Meet ne'er to sever?
 When shall peace wreathe her chain
 Round us for ever?
 Our hearts will ne'er repose,
 Safe from each blast that blows,
 In this dark vale of woes,
 Never, no, never!

When shall love freely flow,
 Pure as life's river?
 When shall sweet friendship glow,
 Changeless for ever?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill,
 Never, no, never!

Up to that world of light,
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 There may we all unite,
 Happy for ever;
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,

And time our joys dispel,
 Never, no, never!

Soon shall we meet again,
 Meet ne'er to sever;
 Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
 Round us for ever.
 Our hearts will then repose,
 Safe from each blast that blows,
 And songs of praise shall close,
 Never, no never!

ANONYMOUS.

KATYDID.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
 Wherever thou art hid,
 Thou testy little dogmatist,
 Thou pretty Katydid!
 Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,—
 Old gentlefolks are they,—
 Thou say'st an undisputed thing
 In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid
 I know it by the trill
 That quivers through thy piercing notes,
 So petulant and shrill.
 I think there is a knot of you
 Beneath the hollow tree,—
 A knot of spinster Katydids,—
 Do Katydids drink tea?

O, tell me where did Katy live,
 And what did Katy do?
 And was she very fair and young,
 And yet so wicked too?
 Did Katy love a naughty man,
 Or kiss more cheeks than one?
 I warrant Katy did no more
 Than many a Kate has done,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE ARAB TO THE PALM

NEXT to thee, O fair gazelle,
O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,
Whose fleetness shall bear me away to thee;

Next to ye both I love the Palm,
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

Next to ye both I love the Tree
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three
With love and silence, and mystery!

Our tribe is many, our ports vie
With any under the Arab sky;
Yet none can sing of the Palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem,
Cairo's citadel-diadem
Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance
As the Almehs lift their arms in dance—

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,
That works in the cells of his blood like wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,
Dreaming where the beloved may be.

And where the warm south-winds arise
He breathes his longing in fervid sighs—

Quickening odors, kisses of balm
That drop in the lap of his chosen palm,
The suns may flame and the sands may stir,
But the breath of his passion reaches her.

O Tree of Life, by that love of thine,
Teach me how I shall soften mine!

Give me the secret of the Sun
Whereby the wooed is always won!

If I were a king, O stately Tree,
A likeness glorious as may be,
In the court of my Palace I'd build for thee!

With a shaft of silver, burnished bright,
And leaves of beryl and malachite,

With spikes of golden bloom ablaze,
And points of topaz and chrysoprase;

And there the poets, in my praise,
Should night and morning frame there lays.

New measures sung to tunes divine:
But none, O Palm, should equal mine!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE FARM AND THE CONVENT.

The stir of morn is through the vale
The crow of the cock, the whetted scythe,
The ringing of milk drops in the pail,
The sheep dog's bark, the whistle blythe
Of cheerful men fresh bathed in sleep;
And sanctifying the day's sweet prime,
Breaks from the hill the Convent's chime.

Over the Convent garden's steep,
The nun looks from her window small,
And in the sunny farm below,
She sees the busy housewife go,
With a word, and, a look, and a hand for all
'Mid babes and servants to and fro;
But drawing her silenced children round
And bowing her head as the matins sound,
She looks and heaves a wistful sigh—
O, swift the arrow of praise must fly,
That is sped from the bow of work and love,
From a happy home to an open sky,
And is not prayer 'mid labour sweet?
As slumber in sickness, showers in heat?

While to the long grey roofs above
The housewife turns a lingering eye:
O, sweet she thinks must be their life
And nigh to heaven who dwell therein
Where Heaven and Earth are not at strife.
So smooth the race, and easy to win
Where days are Sabbaths all, and prayer
Is never crossed by a worldly care!—

ANONYMOUS.

THE SONG OF 1876

Waken, voice of the land's devotion!
 Spirit of freedom, awaken all!
 Ring, ye shores, to the song of ocean,
 Rivers answer and mountains call!
 The golden day has come;
 Let every tongue be dumb
 That sounded its malice or murmured its
 fears;
 She hath won her story,
 She wears her glory,
 We crown her the land of a hundred
 years.

Out of darkness, and toil, and danger,
 Into the light of victory's day,
 Help to the weak and home to the stranger,
 Freedom to all, she hath held her
 way.
 Now Europe's orphans rest
 Upon her mother breast;
 The voices of nations are heard in the
 cheers
 That shall cast upon her,
 New love and honor,
 And crown her the queen of a hundred
 years!

North and South, we are met as brothers;
 East and West, we are wedded as
 one!
 Right of each shall secure our mother's;
 Child of each is her faithful son!
 We give thee heart and Hand,
 Our glorious native land,
 For battle has tried thee, and time endears;
 We will write thy story,
 And keep thy glory
 As pure as of old for a thousand years!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

EPITHALAMIUM.

I SAW two clouds at morning,
 Tinged by the rising sun,
 And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one;

I thought that morning cloud was blest,
 It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,
 And join their course with silent force,
 In peace each other greeting;
 Calm was their course through banks of
 green,
 While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
 Till life's last pulse shall beat;
 Like summer's beam, and summer's
 stream,
 Float on, in joy, to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN G. C. BRAINERD.

UP HILL.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
 Will the day's journey take the whole, long
 day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?
 A roof for when the slow, dark hours
 begin?
 May not the darkness hide it from my
 face?
You cannot miss that Inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
 Then must I knock, or call when just in
 sight?
*They will not keep you standing at that
 door!*

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who
 seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

JUNE.

FROM "THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL."

EARTH gets its price for what Earth gives us;

The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,

We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking:

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers

And, grasping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some poor creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

A-tilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—

In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbd away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,

We are happy now because God so wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing

The skies are clear and grass is growing;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear,

That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,

That the robin is plastering his house hard by;

And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—

And hark how clear bold chanticleer,

Warmed with the new wine of the year,

Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true

As for grass to be green or skies to blue,—

'Tis the natural way of living:

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake,

And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;

The soul partakes the season's youth,

And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe

Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth

Like burnt-out craters healed with snow,

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"CHILDREN ARE GOD'S APOSTLES."

CHILDREN are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and
peace;
Nor hath thy babe its mission left undone.
To me, at least, his going hence hath given
Serenest thoughts and nearer to the skies,
And opened a new fountain in my heart
For thee, my friend, and all; and oh, if
Death
More near approaches, meditates, and
clasps
Even now some dearer, more reluctant
hand,
God, strengthen Thou my faith, that I may
see
That 'tis Thine angel, who, with loving
haste,
Unto the service of the inner shrine
Doth waken Thy beloved with a kiss.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE GOLDEN GARDEN.

Lo! we have told you of the golden garden
Kept for the faithful, where the soil is
still
Wheat-flour and musk and camphire, and
fruits hardened
To what delicious savor each man will,

Upon the Tooba tree; which bends its cluster
To him that doth desire, bearing all
meat;
And of the sparkling fountains which out-
lustre
Diamonds and emeralds, running clear
and sweet.

Tasmin and Salsabil, whose lucent waters
Are rich, delicious, undistracting wine;

And of the Houris, pleasure's perfect
daughters,
Virgins of Paradise, whose black eyes
shine

Soul-deep with love and langour, having
tresses

Night-dark, with scents of the gold-
blooming date

And scarlet roses: lavishing caresses
That satisfy, but never satiate;

Whose looks refrain from any save their
lover,

Whose peerless limbs and bosoms' ivory
swell

Are like the ostrich egg which feathers
cover

From stain and dust, as white and round-
ed well.

Dwelling in marvelous pavilions, builded
Of hollow pearls, where through a great
light shines—

Cooled by soft breezes and by glad suns
gilded—

On the green pillows where the Blest re-
clines.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

REPUTATION.

Good name in man and woman, dear my
Lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis
something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring:
 They leaned soft cheeks together there,
 Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
 And heard the wooing thrushes sing,
 O budding time!
 O Love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portals stept:
 The bells made happy carollings,
 The air was soft as fanning wings,
 White petals on the pathway slept,
 O pure-eyed bride!
 O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
 Two hands above the head were locked,
 These pressed each other while they
 rocked,
 Those watched a life that Love had sent,
 O solemn hour!
 O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:
 The red light fell about their knees
 On heads that rose by slow degrees
 Like buds upon the lily spire,
 O patient life!
 O tender strife!

The two still sat together there:
 The red light shone about their knees,
 But all the heads by slow degrees
 Had gone and left that lonely pair.
 O voyage fast!
 O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor,
 And made the space between them wide:
 They draw their chairs up side by side,
 Their pale cheeks joined and said "Once
 more!"

O memories!
 O past that is!

GEORGE ELIOT.

OH! WHAT IS MAN?

Oh! what is man, great Maker of man
 kind!
 That Thou to him so great respect dost
 bear—
 That Thou adorn'st him with so bright a
 mind,
 Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's
 peer?

Oh! what a lively life, what heavenly
 power,
 What spreading virtue, what a sparkling
 fire!
 How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
 Dost Thou within this dying flesh in-
 spire!

Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of
 Thine,
 But Thy whole image Thou in man hast
 writ;
 There cannot be a creature more divine,
 Except, like Thee, it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how
 high
 God hath raised man, since God a man
 became;
 The angels do admire this mystery,
 And are astonished when they view the
 same.

Nor hath He given these blessings for a
 day,
 Nor made them on the body's life depend:
 The soul, though made in time, survives for
 aye,
 And though it hath beginning, sees no
 end.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

THE ANGEL OF THE SCALES.

ONLY one Judge is just, for only One
 Knoweth the hearts of men; and hearts
 alone
 Are guilty or are guiltless. That which
 lied
 Was not the tongue—he is a red dog tied.

And that which slew was not the hand ye
 saw
 Grasping the knife—she is a slave whose
 law
 The master gives, seated within the tent;
 The hand was handle to the instrument;

The dark heart murdered. O believers!
 leave
 Judgment to Heaven—except ye do re-
 ceive
 Office and order to accomplish this;
 Then honorable, and terrible, it is.

The Prophet said: "At the great day of
 doom
 Such fear on the most upright judge shall
 come
 That he shall moan, 'Ah! would to God
 that I
 Had stood for trial, and not sate to try!'"

He said: "The Angel of the Scales will
 bring
 Just and unjust who judged before Heav'n's
 King,
 Grasping them by the neck; and, if it be
 One hath adjudged his fellows wickedly,

"He shall be hurled to hell so vast a height
 'Tis forty years' fierce journey ere he light;
 But if one righteously hath borne the rod,
 The angels kiss those lips which spake for
 God."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

AN EASTER CAROL.

SPRING bursts to-day,
 For Christ is risen and all the earth's at
 play.

Flash forth, thou Sun,
 The rain is over and gone, its work is done.

Winter is past,
 Sweet Spring is come at last, is come at
 last.

Bud, Fig and Vine,
 And Olive, fat with fruit and oil and wine.

Break forth this morn,
 In Roses, thou but yesterday a Thorn.

Uplift thy head,
 O pure white Lily through the Winter
 dead.

Beside your dams
 Leap and rejoice, you merry-making lambs.

All herds and flocks
 Rejoice, all yeasts of thickets and of rocks.

Sing, Creatures, sing,
 Angels and Men and Birds and everything.

All notes of Doves
 Fill all our world: this is the tune of loves.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

LEANING my bosom on a pointed thorn,
 I bleed, and bleeding sing my sweetest
 strain:

For sweetest songs of saddest hearts are
 born,

And who may here dissever love and
 pain.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its dead sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me:
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

RORY O'MORE;

OR, GOOD OMENS.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen
 Bawn;
 He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as
 the dawn;
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to
 please,
 And he thought the best way to do that
 that was to tease.
 "Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen
 would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye;
 "With your tricks, I don't know, in throth,
 what I'm about;
 Faith you've teased till I've put on my
 cloak inside out."
 "Och! jewel," says Rory, "the same is the
 way
 You've thrated my heart for this many a
 day;
 And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to
 be sure?
 For 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory
 O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think
 of the like,

For I half gave a promise to soothing
 Mike;

The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be
 bound"—

"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you
 than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go:
 Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating
 you so!"

"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted
 to hear,

For dhramas always go by conthrarries, my
 dear,

Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same till
 you die,

And bright morning will give dirty night
 the black lie!

And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to
 be sure?

Since 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory
 O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased
 me enough;

Sure, I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny
 Grimes and Jim Duff;

And I've made myself, drinking your
 health, quite a baste,

So I think, after all, I may talk to the
 priest."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round
 her neck,

So soft and so white, without freckle or
 speck;

And he looked in her eyes, that were beam-
 ing with light,

And he kissed her sweet lips— Don't you
 think he was right?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me
 no more,—

That's eight times to-day you have kissed
 me before."

"Then here goes another," says he, "to
 make sure,

For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory
 O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately homes of England!
 How beautiful they stand,
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land!
 The deer across their greensward bound
 Through shade and sunny gleam,
 And the swan glides past them with the
 sound
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
 Around their hearths by night
 What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light!
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childish tale is told,
 Or lips move tunelessly along
 Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
 How softly on their bowers
 Is laid the holy quietness
 That breathes from Sabbath hours!
 Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
 Floats through their woods at morn;
 All other sounds, in that still time,
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
 By thousands on her plains,
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
 And round the hamlet fanes.
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves;
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
 Long, long in hut and hall
 May hearts of native proof be reared
 To guard each hallowed wall!
 And green forever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God!

MRS. HEMANS.

SOLILOQUY: ON IMMORTALITY.

FROM "CATO."

SCENE.—CATO, sitting in a thoughtful posture, with
 Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul in his
 hand, and a drawn sword on the table by him.

It must be so.—Plato, thou reasonest
 well!
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond
 desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward
 horror,
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the
 soul
 Back on herself and startles at destruction?
 'T is the divinity that stirs within us;
 'T is Heaven itself, that points out a here-
 after,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! — thou pleasing, dreadful
 thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes,
 must we pass!
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies
 before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest
 upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above
 us
 (And that there is all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works), He must delight in
 virtue;
 And that which He delights in must be
 happy.
 But when? or where? This world was
 made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end
 them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and
 life,
 My bane and antidote are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger and defies its point.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age and Nature sink in
years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of
worlds!

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE DEEP.

THERE's beauty in the deep:—
The wave is bluer than the sky;
And, though the light shine bright on
high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow
That sparkle in the depths below;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid,
And sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.

There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep:—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.

There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep:—
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave;
Above, let care and fear contend,
With sin and sorrow to the end:
Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.

There's quiet in the deep.

S. G. C. BRAINERD.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest;
How sweet when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose;
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are.

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the homesick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours misspent;
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lowly tent:
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray:
 Our Saviour oft withdrew
 To desert mountains far away—
 So will his followers do;
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
 And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
 When all around is peace,
 Calmly to yield the weary breath,—
 From sin and suffering cease;—
 Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
 To parting friends:—such death be mine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the miller's daughter,
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,
 That I would be the jewel
 That trembles at her ear;
 For, hid in ringlets day and night,
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white,

And I would be the girdle
 About her dainty, dainty waist,
 And her heart would beat against me
 In sorrow and in rest;
 And I should know if it beat right,
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
 And all day long to fall and rise
 Upon her balmy bosom
 With her laughter or her sighs;
 And I would lie so light, so light,
 I scarce should be unclasped at night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BURIED FLOWER.

In the silence of my chamber,
 When the night is still and deep,
 And the drowsy heave of ocean
 Murmurs in its charmed sleep.

Oft I hear the angel voices
 That have thrilled me long ago,
 Voices of my lost companions,
 Lying deep beneath the snow.

Where are now the flowers we tended?
 Withered, broken, branch and stem;
 Where are now the hopes we cherished?
 Scattered to the winds with them.

* * * * *

O, I fling my spirit backward,
 And I pass o'er years of pain;
 All I love are rising round me,
 All the lost return again.

Brighter, fairer far than living,
 With no trace of woe or pain;
 Robed in everlasting beauty,
 Shall I see thee once again?

By the light that never fadeth
 Underneath eternal skies,
 When the dawn of resurrection
 Breaks o'er deathless Paradise.

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUNE.

CATARINA TO CAMÖENS.

Dying in his absence abroad, and referring to the poem in which he recorded the sweetness of her eyes.

ON the door ye will not enter
 I have gazed too long—adieu!
 Hope withdraws her peradventure—
 Death is near me, and not *you*!

Come, O Lover!

Close and cover

These poor eyes you called, I ween,
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

When I heard you sing that burden
 In my vernal days and bowers,
 Other praises disregarding,
 I but hearkened that of yours,—
 Only saying
 In heart-playing,

Blessed eyes mine eyes have been,
If the sweetest *his* have seen."

But all changes. At this vesper,
Cold the sun shines down the door;
If you stood there, would you whisper
"Love, I love you," as before,—
Death pervading
Now, and shading
Eyes you sung of that yestreen,
As the sweetest ever seen?

Yes! I think, were you beside them,
Near the bed I lie upon,—
Though their beauty you denied them,
As you stood there looking down,
You would truly
Call them duly
For the love's sake found therein,—
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

And if *you* looked down upon them,
And if *they* looked up to *you*,
All the light which has foregone them
Would be gathered back anew!
They would truly
Be as duly
Love-transformed to beauty's sheen,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

But, ah me! you only see me
In your thoughts of loving man,
Smiling soft perhaps and dreamy
Through the wavings of my fan,—
And unweeting
Go repeating,
In your reverie serene—
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

While my spirit leans and reaches
From my body still and pale,
Fain to hear what tender speech is
In your love to help my bale—
O my poet
Come and show it!
Come of latest love to glean
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

O my poet, O my prophet,
When you praised their sweetness so,

Did you think in singing of it
That it might be near to go?
Had you fancies
From their glances,
That the grave would quickly screen
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen?"

No reply! The fountain's warble
In the court-yard sounds alone,
As the water to the marble
So my heart falls with a moan,
From love-sighing
To th's dying!

Death forerunneth Love, to win
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."


Will you come? when I'm departed
Where all sweetnesses are hid—
When thy voice, my tender-hearted,
Will not lift up either lid,
Cry, O Lover,
Love is over!

Cry beneath the cypress green—
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

When the Angelus is ringing
Near the convent will you walk,
And recall the choral singing
Which brought angels down our talk?
Spirit-shriven
I viewed Heaven,
Till you smiled—is earth unclean,
"Sweetest flowers ever seen."

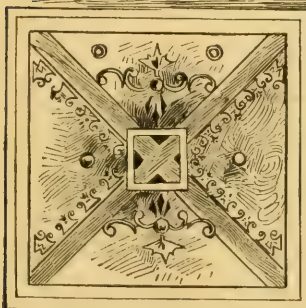
When beneath the palace-lattice,
You ride slow as you have done,
And you see a face there—that is
Not the old familiar one,—
Will you oftly
Murmur softly,
Here ye watched me morn and e'en,
Sweetest eyes were ever seen!

When the palace ladies sitting
Round your gittern, shall have said
"Poet, sing those verses written
For the lady who is dead,"
Will you tremble
Yet dissemble,—



He who followeth
 Love's behest, far
 excelleth all the rest

Longfellow.



At The Window.

I leaned out of the window, I smelt the white clover,
 Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate ;
 Now if there be footsteps, he comes my one lover —
 Hush, nightingale, hush ! O sweet nightingale wait
 Till I listen and hear, if a step draweth near ;
 For my love, he is late !

JEAN INGELOW,

Or sing hoarse with tears between
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

Sweetest eyes! How sweet in flowings
 The repeated cadence is!
 Though you sang a hundred poems,
 Still the best one would be this.
 I can hear it
 'Twixt my spirit
 And the earth noise intervene—
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

But the priest waits for the praying
 And the choir are on their knees,
 And the soul must pass away in
 Strains more solemn than these!

Miserere

For the weary—
 Oh! no longer for Catrine
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

Keep my riband, take and keep it,
 I have loosed it from my hair;*

Feeling while you overweep it
 Not alone in your despair,
 Since with saintly
 Watch, unfaintly,
 Out of Heaven shall o'er you lean
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

But—but *now*—yet unremoved
 Up to Heaven they glisten fast:
 You may cast away, beloved
 In your future all my past.
 Such old phrases
 May be praises

For some fairer bosom-queen—
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

Eyes of mine, what are ye doing?
 Faithless, faithless—praised amiss,
 If a tear be of your showing
 Dropped for any hope of *his*!
 Death hath boldness
 Besides coldness,
 If unworthy tears demean
 "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

* She left him the riband from her hair.

I will look out to his future—
 I will bless it till it shine;
 Should he ever be a suitor
 Unto sweeter eyes than mine,
 Sunshine gild them,
 Angels shield them,
 Whatsoever eyes terrene
 Be the sweetest his have seen.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FIFTY YEARS AGO:

A GRANDSIRE'S DREAM.

I SIT within my ingle-nook,
 So old and gray, I know;
 I close my eyes and backward look:
 'Tis fifty years ago—
 Ere youth has fled, or hope is dead,
 And life's sands running low.

The Christmas bells are chiming sweet
 ('Tis fifty years ago)—
 There comes the fall of fairy feet
 Across the trackless snow;
 And hearts beat high, to pleasures nigh,
 Just fifty years ago.

From out the ivied manor-house
 I see a golden glow;
 And merry voices welcome us
 ('Tis fifty years ago)—
 A laughing band stand hand in hand,
 A crowd pass to and fro.

In hall and homestead, great and small,
 Sing blithely as they go;
 The smile of one is smile of all
 ('Tis fifty years ago),
 And hearts are light and eyes are bright,
 That Christmas long ago.

A face looks out from wealth of hair,
 That waves o'er brow of snow;
 And brown eyes droop with shyest air
 ('Tis fifty years ago),
 And cheeks are flushed and voices hushed
 To whispers sweet and low.

A kerchief crossed a swelling breast,
 The heart that throbbed below
 Grew restless with its own unrest;
 For, ah, how could you know
 That I loved you, so well, so true,
 Just fifty years ago?

We trod a measure through the hall
 With stately steps and slow—
 Once more I hear your footsteps fall;
 Your bright cheeks brighter glow,
 And you are mine, by right divine,
 Of love—long years ago!

Your dainty cap, your golden hair,
 Your muslin kerchief's snow;
 Your tiny feet that cross the stair
 Less swift than mine, I know;
 All these I see and hear, my dear,
 As fifty years ago.

How fair you looked! How fond I loved!
 'Twas well it should be so;
 I gaze upon your picture now
 Till tears begin to flow;
 And all the past is held as fast
 As fifty years ago.

It is not fifty years—and time
 Has stayed for us, I know;
 We hear the merry Christmas chime,
 We see the falling snow;
 And hand in hand so close we stand,
 My love of long ago.

The voices sweet of friends who greet
 Are close to me, I trow;
 The fire-gleams dance in radiant heat,
 The holly-berries glow:
 I have but dreamt of days I've spent
 Since fifty years ago.

* * * * *

Alas, who stands demurely here,
 With eyes of tender glow,
 So like the eyes of you, my dear,
 In days of long ago?
 She smiles? I ween, at grandsire's dream
 Of fifty years ago!

THE OBLATION.

Ask nothing more of me sweet,
 All I can give you I give
 Heart of my heart, were it more,
 More would be laid at your feet:
 Love that should help you to live,
 Song that should spur you to soar.

All things were nothing to give
 Once to have sense of you more,
 Touch you, and taste of you sweet,
 Think you, and breathe you, and live,
 Swept of your wings as they soar,
 Trodden by chance of your feet.

I that have love and no more
 Give you but love of you, sweet;
 He that hath more let him give;
 He that hath wings let him soar;
 Mine is the heart at your feet
 Here that must love you to live.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

AUGUST.

Hot July was drawing to an end.
 And August came the fainting year to
 mend
 With fruit and grain; so 'neath the trellises
 Nigh blossomless, did they lie well at ease,
 And watched the poppies burn across the
 grass,
 And o'er the bind weed's bells the brown
 bee pass,
 Still murmuring of his gains: windless and
 bright
 The morn had been to help their dear
 delight.
 * * * * * Then a light wind arose
 That shook the light stems of that flowery
 close,
 And made men sigh for pleasure.

WILLIAM MORRIS.



GRANDSIRE'S DREAM.

BENEDICTE.

God's love and peace be with thee, where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casement comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It treshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine,—
All kept thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day:

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spellword, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed,—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need?

God's love,—unchanging, pure, and true,—
The Paraclete white shining through
His peace,—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou mayest hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

"JESUS TOOK HIM BY THE HAND."

"And He took the damsel by the hand, and said
unto her, *Talitha cumi*."—Mark v., 41.

THE sufferer had been heard to say,
"I am the unhappiest in the land;"
But comforted went on his way,
When Jesus took him by the hand.

The poor man had been oft passed by
By many people rich and grand;
But found at last prosperity,
When Jesus took him by the hand.

The sinner in unpitied blame
Was perishing, an outcast banned;
But rose, and left behind his shame,
When Jesus took him by the hand.

And many of whom all men said,
"They've fallen never more to stand,"
Have risen, though they seemed as dead
When Jesus took them by the hand.

O ye, who in the journey's length
Must often tread the weary sand,
Your fainting lips will gather strength,
If Jesus takes you by the hand.

"Come unto Me," the Saviour cries,
Nor speaks in accents falsely bland:
"Hard is the way," He says, "but rise,"
And then He takes us by the hand.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

HEATHEN CHINEE:—OR, PLAIN
LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL
JAMES.

WHICH I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequently remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?

We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been
hiding
In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were
taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

F. BRET HARTE.

HER VOICE.

THE wild bee reels from bough to bough
With his furry coat and his gauzy wing.
Now in a lily-cup, and now
Setting a jacinth bell a-swing,
In his wandering;
Sit closer love: it was here I trow
I made that vow,

Swore that two lives should be like one
As long as the sea-gull loved the sea,
As long as the sunflower sought the sun—
It shall be, I said, for eternity
'Twixt you and me!
Dear friend, those times are over and done,
Love's web is spun.

Look upward where the poplar trees
 Sway and sway in the summer air,
 Here in the valley never a breeze
 Scatters the thistledown, but there
 Great winds blow fair
 From the mighty murmuring mystical seas,
 And the wave-lashed leas.

Look upward where the white gull
 screams,
 What does it see that we do not see?
 Is that a star? or the lamp that gleams
 On some outward voyaging argosy,—
 Ah! can it be
 We have lived our lives in a land of dreams!
 How sad it seems.

Sweet, there is nothing left to say
 But this, that love is never lost.
 Keen winter stabs the breast of May
 Whose crimson roses burst his frost,
 Ships tempest-tossed
 We find a harbor in some bay,
 And so we may.

And there is nothing left to do
 But to kiss once again, and part,
 Nay, there is nothing we should rue,
 I have my beauty,—you your Art,
 Nay, do not start,
 One world was not enough for two
 Like me and you.

OSCAR WILDE.

A LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,
 I was weary and ill at ease,
 And my fingers wandered idly
 Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
 Or what I was dreaming then,
 But I struck one chord of music,
 Like the sound of a great amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
 Like the close of an angel's psalm,
 And it lay on my fevered spirit,
 With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
 Like love overcoming strife;
 It seemed the harmonious echo
 From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
 Into one perfect peace,
 And trembled away into silence,
 As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
 That one lost chord divine,
 That came from the soul of the organ,
 And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel
 Will speak in that chord again;
 It may be that only in heaven
 I shall hear that grand amen.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

THE man is thought a knave or fool,
 Or bigot, plotting crime,
 Who, for the advancement of his kind,
 Is wiser than his time.
 For him the hemlock shall distil;
 For him the axe be bared;
 For him the gibbet shall be built;
 For him the stake prepared:
 Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
 Pursue with deadly aim;
 And malice, envy, spite and lies,
 Shall desecrate his name.
 But truth shall conquer at the last,
 For round and round we run,
 And ever the right comes uppermost,
 And ever is justice done.

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
 Cheerily to and fro;
 Trust to the impulse of thy soul
 And let the poison flow.
 They may scatter to earth the lamp of
 clay
 That holds a light divine,
 But they cannot quench the fire of thought
 By any such deadly wine;
 They cannot blot thy spoken words
 From the memory of man,
 By all the poison ever was brewed
 Since time its course began.
 To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
 So round and round we run,
 And ever the truth comes uppermost,
 And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy cave, gray anchorite:
 Be wiser than thy peers;
 Augment the range of human power,
 And trust to coming years.
 They may call thee wizard, and monk
 accursed,

And load thee with dispraise:
 Thou wert born five hundred years too
 soon

For the comfort of thy days.
 But not too soon for human kind:
 Time hath reward in store;
 And the demons of our sires become
 The saints that we adore.
 The blind can see, the slave is lord;
 So round and round we run,
 And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
 And ever is justice done.

Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
 And nerve thy soul to bear;
 They may gloat o'er the senseless words
 they wring

From the pangs of thy despair:
 They may veil their eyes, but they can-
 not hide

The sun's meridian glow;
 The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
 And a tyrant work thee woe;
 But never a truth has been destroyed:

They may curse it and call it crime;
 Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
 Its teachers for a time.
 But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
 As round and round we run,
 And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
 And justice shall be done.

And live there *now* such men as these—
 With thoughts like the great of old?
 Many have died in their misery,
 And left their thoughts untold;
 And many live and are ranked as mad,
 And placed in the cold world's ban,
 For sending their bright far-seeing souls
 Three centuries in the van.
 They toil in penury and grief,
 Unknown, if not maligned;
 Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
 Of the meanest of mankind,
 But yet the world goes round and round,
 And the genial seasons run,
 And ever the truth comes uppermost,
 And ever is justice done.

CHARLES MACKAY.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.
 That is her book-shelf, this is her bed;
 She plucked that piece of geranium-
 flower,
 Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
 Little has yet been changed, I think;
 The shutters are shut,—no light may pass
 Save two long rays through the hinge's
 chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my
 name,—
 It was not her time to love; beside,
 Her life had many a hope and aim,

Duties enough and little cares:
 And now was quiet, now astir,—
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
 What! your soul was pure and true;
 The good stars met in your horoscope,
 Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;
 And just because I was thrice as old,
 And our paths in the world diverged so
 wide,
 Each was naught to each, must I be told?
 We are fellow-mortals,—naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
 Is great to grant as mighty to make,
 And creates the love to reward the love;
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
 Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a
 few;
 Much is to learn and much to forget
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall
 say,
 In the lower earth,—in the years long still,—
 That body and soul so pure and gay?
 Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
 And your mouth of your own geranium's
 red,—
 And what you would do with me, in fine,
 In the new life come in the old one's
 stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since
 then,
 Given up myself so many times,
 Gained me the gains of various men,
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
 Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full
 scope,
 Either I missed or itself missed me,—
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
 What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
 My heart seemed full as it could hold,—
 There was place and to spare for the frank
 young smile,
 And the red young mouth, and the hair's
 young gold.
 So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
 See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
 There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
 You will wake, and remember, and un-
 derstand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

IF I DESIRE WITH PLEASANT SONGS.

If I desire with pleasant songs
 To throw a merry hour away,
 Comes Love unto me, and my wrongs
 In careful tale he doth display,
 And asks me how I stand for singing,
 While I my helpless hands am wringing.

And then another time, if I
 A noon in shady bower would pass,
 Comes he with stealthy gestures sly,
 And flinging down upon the grass,
 Quoth he to me: My master dear,
 Think of this noontide such a year!

And if elsewhere I lay my head
 On pillow, with intent to sleep,
 Lies Love beside me on the bed,
 And gives me ancient words to keep;
 Says he: These looks, these tokens num-
 ber—
 May be, they'll help you to a slumber.

So every time when I would yield
 An hour to quiet, comes he still;
 And hunts up every sign concealed,
 And every outward sign of ill;
 And gives me his sad face's pleasures
 For merriment's, or sleep's, or leisure's.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

LOVE.

THERE lived a singer in France of old
 By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea.
 In a land of sand and ruin and gold
 There shone one woman, and none but
 she.

And finding life for her love's sake fail,
 Being fain to see, he bade set sail,
 Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,
 And praised God, seeing; and so died he.

Died, praising God for His gift and grace:
 For she bowed down to him weeping,
 and said,
 "Live;" and her tears were shed on his face
 Or ever the life in his face was shed.
 The sharp tears fell through her hair, and
 stung
 Once, and her close lips touched him and
 clung
 Once, and grew one with his lips for a
 space;
 And so drew back, the man was dead.

O brother, the gods were good to you.
 Sleep, and be glad while the world en-
 dures.
 Be well content as the years wear through;
 Give thanks for life, and the loves and
 lures;
 Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,
 For the sweet last sound of her feet, her
 breath,
 For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,
 Tears and kisses, that lady of yours.

Rest, and be glad of the gods; but I,
 How shall I praise them, or how take
 rest?
 There is not room under all the sky
 For me that know not of worst or best,
 Dream or desire of the days before,
 Sweet things or bitterness, any more.
 Love will not come to me now though I die,
 As love came close to you, breast to
 breast.

I shall never be friends again with roses;
 I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note
 grown strong
 Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,
 As a wave of the sea turned back by song.
 There are sounds where the soul's delight
 takes fire,
 Face to face with its own desire;
 A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes;
 I shall hate sweet music my whole life
 long.

The pulse of war and passion of wonder,
 The heavens that murmur, the sounds
 that shine,
 The stars that sing and the loves that thun-
 der,
 The music burning at heart like wine,
 An armed archangel whose hands raise up
 All senses mixed in the spirit's cup,
 Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder,—
 These things are over, and no more mine.

These were a part of the playing I heard
 Once, ere my love and my heart were at
 strife;
 Love that sings and hath wings as a bird,
 Balm of the wound and heft of the knife.
 Fairer than earth is the sea, and sleep
 Than overwatching of eyes that weep,
 Now time has done with his one sweet
 word,
 The wine and leaven of lovely life.

I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,
 Fill the days of my daily breath
 With fugitive things not good to treasure,
 Do as the world doth, say as it saith;
 But if we had loved each other—O sweet,
 Had you felt, lying under the palms of your
 feet,
 The heart of my heart, beating harder with
 pleasure
 To feel you tread it to dust and death.

Ah, had I not taken my life up and given
 All that life gives and the years let go,

The wine and money, the balm and leaven,
 The dreams reared high and the hopes
 brought low,
 Come life, come death, not a word be said;
 Should I lose you living, and vex you dead?
 I shall never tell you on earth; and in
 heaven,
 If I cry to you then, will you hear or
 know?

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

EASTER.

RISE, heart! thy Lord is risen. Sing His
 praise

Without delays
 Who takes thee by the hand, that thou like-
 wise

With Him mayst rise—
 That, as His death calcined thee to dust,
 His life may make thee gold, and much
 more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
 With all thy art!

The cross taught all wood to resound His
 name

Who bore the same;
 His stretched sinews taught all strings what
 key

Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both harp and lute, and twist a song
 Pleasant and long!

Or since all music is but three parts vied
 And multiplied,

Oh let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
 And make up our defects with His sweet
 art.

I got me flowers to strew Thy way—
 I got me boughs off many a tree;
 But Thou wast up by break of day,
 And broughtst Thy sweets along with Thee.

The sun arising in the east,
 Though he give light, and th' east perfume,
 If they should offer to contest
 With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
 Though many suns to shine endeavor?
 We count three hundred, but we miss—
 There is but one, and that one ever.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE

TEARS, idle tears! I know not what they
 mean.
 Tears, from the depth of some divine des-
 pair,
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a
 sail
 That brings our friends up from the under-
 world;
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer
 dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering
 square:
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no
 more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy
 feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
 O death in life! the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WHO ARE THE FREE.

Who are the Free?

They who have scorned the tyrant and his rod,
 And bowed in worship unto none but God;
 They who have made the conqueror's glory dim,
 Unchained in soul, though manacled in limb,
 Unwarped by prejudice, unawed by wrong,
 Friends of the weak, and fearless of the strong;
 They who could change not with the changing hour,
 The self-same men in peril and in power;
 True to the law of right, as warmly prone
 To grant another's as maintain their own;
 Foes of oppression, wheresoe'er it be;—
 These are the proudly free!

Who are the Great?

They who have boldly ventured to explore
 Unsounded seas, and lands unknown before;
 Soared on the wings of science, wide and far,
 Measured the sun, and weighed each distant star:
 Pierced the dark depths of ocean and of earth,
 And brought uncounted wonders into birth;
 Repelled the pestilence, restrained the storm,
 And given new beauty to the human form;
 Waken'd the voice of reason and unfurled
 The page of truthful knowledge to the world:
 They who have toiled and studied for man kind,
 Aroused the slumbering virtues of the mind;
 Taught us a thousand blessings to create;—
 These are the nobly great!

Who are the Wise?

They who have governed with a self control,

Each wild and baneful passion of the soul;
 Curbed the strong impulse of all fierce desires,
 But kept alive affection's purer fires:
 They who have passed the labyrinth of life,
 Without one hour of weakness or of strife;
 Prepared each change of fortune to endure,—
 Humble though rich, and dignified though poor,
 Skilled in the latent movements of the heart,
 Learned in the love which nature can impart,—
 Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud,
 Which sees the "silver lining" of the cloud,
 Looking for good in all beneath the skies;—
 These are the truly wise!

Who are the Blest?

They who have kept their sympathies awake,
 And scattered joy for more than custom's sake;
 Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,
 Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed;
 Whose looks have power to make dissension cease,
 Whose smiles are pleasant] and whose words are peace;
 They who have lived as harmless as the dove,
 Teachers of truth and ministers of love;—
 Love for all moral power, all mental grace—
 Love for the humblest of the human race—
 Love for that tranquil joy that virtue brings—
 Love for the Giver of all goodly things;
 True followers of that soul-exalting plan
 Which Christ laid down to bless and govern man;
 They who can calmly linger to the last,
 Survey the future and recall the past,
 And with that hope which triumphs over pain,—

Full well assured they have not lived in
vain—
Then wait in peace their hour of final
rest;—

These are the *only* blest!

JOHN C. PRINCE.

WELCOME BONNY BIRD.

THA'RT welcome, little bonnie brid,
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha did;
Toimes are bad,
We're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe,
But that, of course, tha didn't know,
Did ta, lad?

Aw've often yeard mi feyther tell,
'At when aw coom i' th' world misel
Trade wur slack;
An' neaw it's hard wark pooin' throo—
But aw munno fear thee; iv aw do
Tha'll go back.

Cheer up! these toimes 'ull awter soon;
Aw'm beawn to beigh another spoon—
One for thee;
An' as tha's sich a pratty face,
Aw'll let thee hawe eawr Charley's place
On my knee.

God bless thee, love, aw'm fain tha'rt come,
Just try an' mak thisel awhoam:
What ar't co'd?
Tha'rt loike thi mother to a tee,
But tha's thi feyther's nose, aw see,
Well, aw'm blow'd!

Come, come, tha needn't look so shy,
Aw am no' blackin' thee, not I;
Settle daawn,
An' tak this haup'ney for thisel',
There's lots o' sugar-sticks to sell
wn i' th' teawn.

Aw know when furst aw coom to th' leet
Aw're fond o' owt 'at tasted sweet;
Tha'll be th' same.
But come, tha's never tow'd thi dad
What he's to co thi yet, mi lad—
What's thi name?

Hush! hush! tha munno cry this way,
But get this sope o' cinder tay
While it's warm;
Mi mother used to give it me,
When aw wur sich as lad as thee,
In her arm.

Hush a babby, hush a bee—
Oh, what a temper! dear a-me
Heaw tha skroikes:
Hear's a bit o' sugar, sithee;
Howd thi noise, an' then aw'll gie thee
Owt tha loikes.

We'n nobbut getten coarsish fare,
But eawt o' this tha 'st ha' thi share,
Never fear.
Aw hope tha'll never want a meel,
But allus fill thi bally weel
While tha'rt here.

Thi feyther's noan bin wed so long,
An' yet tha sees he's middlin' throng
Wi' yo' o:
Besides thi little brother, Ted,
We'n one up-staers, asleep i' bed
Wi' eawr Joe.

But though we'n childer two or three,
We'll mak' a bit o' reawm for thee—
Bless thee, lad!
Tha'rt th' prattiest brid we han i' th' nest;
Come, hutch up closer to mi breast—
Aw'm thi dad.

SAMUEL LAYCOCK.

OF MYSELF.

THIS only grant me, that my means may
lie

Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honor I would have,

Not from great deeds, but good alone;

The unknown are better than ill known:

Rumor can ope the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but when 't
depends

Not on the number, but the choice, of
friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the
light,

And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the
night.

My house a cottage more

Than palace; and should fitting be

For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er

With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleas-
ures yield,

Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading
space;

For he that runs it well twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,

These unbought sports, this happy state,

I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;

But boldly say each night,

To-morrow let my sun his beams display,

Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-
day.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ART THOU WEARY?

ART thou weary? art thou languid?

Art thou sore distress?

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my guide?

"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side!"

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?

"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?

"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

STEPHEN OF SABAS.

CONTENT.

FROM "FAREWELL TO FOLLIE," 1617.

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of con-
tent;

The quiet mind is richer than a crown;

Sweet are the nights in careless slumber
spent,—

The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry
frown:

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep,
such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,

The cottage that affords no pride or care,

The mean, that 'grees with country music
best,

The sweet consort of mirth's and music's
fare.

Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE.

SWEET, BE NOT PROUD.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which starlike sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives, yours yet free.
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love sick air;
When as that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

MEMORY.

This little poem from the pen of the late President was written before his first term in Congress—some twenty years ago. At that time possibly the Presidency of a Christian college was the "summit where the sunbeams fell," and the last lines are all but a prophecy.

'Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly
down
Upon the Earth, decked in her robe of
snow.
No light gleams at the window, save my
own
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to
me.
And now, with noiseless step, sweet Mem-
ory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight
realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicate pencil e'er portrayed,
The enchanted, shadowy land where Mem-
ory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress
tree;
And yet its sunlight mountain-tops are
bathed
In Heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy
cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days.

Upon its gentle, sloping hillside bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear departed ones; and yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the
dust
Of Death's long, silent years, and 'round
us stand,
As first they did before the prison-tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless
halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are
hung
With clouds of various hues. Some dark
and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre
shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins
tinged
With gold and crimsoned hues; their
shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an Angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And Evening's peace falls gently on the
heart,
I bound away, across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of Memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance
meet,
And Memory dim with dark oblivion joins,
Where woke the first remembered sounds
that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering thence along the rolling
years
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.
The path of youth winds down through
many a vale,
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of
light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. Again the
path

Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams
fall;

And thus in light, and sunshine, and gloom,
Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

OBSCURE MARTYRS.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

DR. ARNOLD.

THEY have no place in storied page,

No rest in marble shrine;

They are past and gone with a buried age,
They died and made no sign

But work, that shall find its wages yet,
And deeds that their God will not forget,

Done for the love Divine.

These were their mourners and these shall
be

The crowns of their Immortality.

Oh! seek them not where sleep the dead,

Ye shall not find their trace;

No graven stone is at their head,

No green grass hides their face,

But sad, and unseen in their silent grave

It may be the sand or the deep sea-wave,

Or a lonely desert place:

For they needed no prayers and no mourn-
ing bell,

They were tomb'd in the true hearts that
knew them well.

They healed sick hearts, still theirs were
broken

And dried sad eyes till theirs lost sight.

We shall know them again by a certain
token,

How they fought and fell in the fight,
Salt tears of sorrow unbeheld, and passion-
ate cries unchronicled,

And silent strifes for the right.

Angels shall count them, and earth shall
sigh

That she left her best children to battle
and die.

ANONYMOUS.

SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

FROM "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK."

HAMLET. To be, or not to be,—that is the
question:—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous for-
tune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them?—To die,—to
sleep;—

No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks:

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to
sleep;—

To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay there's
the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams
may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;

For who would bear the whips and scorns
of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's
contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels
bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after
death,—

That undiscovered country from whose
bourn

No traveler returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we
have,

Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us
all;

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
thought;



SWEET, BE NOT PROUD.

And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

LUCIFER'S SERMON!

I am a preacher come to tell ye truth.
I tell ye there is no time to be lost;
So fold your souls up neatly, while ye
may;
Direct to God in Heaven; or some one else
May seize them, seal them, send them--
you know where.
The world must end. I weep to think of it.
But you, you laugh! I knew ye would. I
know
Men never will be wise till they are fools
Forever. Laugh away! The time will
come,
When tears of fire are trickling from your
eyes,
Ye will blame yourselves for having
laughed at me.
I warn ye men: prepare! repent! be saved!
I warn ye, not because I love but know ye.
God will dissolve the world, as she of old
Her pearl, within His cup and swallow ye
In wrath: although to taste ye would be
poison,
And death and suicide to aught but God.
Again I warn ye. Save himself who can!
I pray you, I beg,
Act with some smack of justice to your
Maker,
If not unto yourselves. Do. It is enough
To make the very Devil chide mankind--
Such baseness, such unthankfulness! why
he
Thanks God he is no worse! You don't do
that.
I say be just to God. Leave off these airs:
Know your place; speak to God--and say
for once,

Go first, Lord! Take your finger off your
eye,
It blocks the universe and God from sight.
Think ye your souls are worth nothing to
God?
Are they so small? What can be great
with God?
What will ye weigh against the Lord?
Yourselves?
Bring out your balance: get in man by
man:
Add earth, hell, heaven, the universe;
that's all!
God puts his finger in the other scale,
And up we bounce a bubble. Naught is
great
Nor small with God--for none but He can
make
The atom indivisible, and none
But He can make a world: He counts the
orbs,
He counts the atoms of the universe,
And makes both equal--both are infinite,
Giving God honor, never underrate
Yourselves: after Him ye are everything.
But mind, God's more than everything.
He is God.
Men say--as proud as Lucifer--
Pray who would not be proud with such a
train?
Hath He not all the honor of the earth?
Why Mammon sits before a thousand
hearths
Where God is bolted out from every house.
Well might He say He cometh as a thief;
For He will break your bars and burst
your doors
Which slammed against Him once, and
turn ye out,
Roofless and shivering 'neath the doom
storm;
Heaven shall crack above ye like a bell on
fire
And bury all beneath its shining shards.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

WE might have been! these are but common words,
 And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing;
 They are the echo of those finer chords,
 Whose music life deplores when unavailing.

We might have been!

We might have been so happy! says the child,
 Pent in the weary school-room during summer,
 When the green rushes mid the marshes wild,
 And rosy fruits, attend the radiant comer.
 We might have been!

It is the thought that darkens on our youth,
 When first experience, sad experience, teaches
 What fallacies we have believed for truth,
 And what few truths endeavor ever reaches.
 We might have been!

Alas! how different from what we are
 Had we but known the bitter path before us;
 But feelings, hopes, and fancies left afar,
 What in the wide bleak world can e'er restore us?
 We might have been!

It is the motto of all human things,
 The end of all that waits on mortal seeking;
 The weary weight upon Hope's flagging wings,
 It is the cry of the worn heart while breaking—
 We might have been!

And when, warm with the heaven that gave it birth,
 Dawns on our world-worn way Love's hour Elysian,

The last fair angel lingering on our earth,
 The shadow of that thought obscures the vision;
 We might have been!

A cold fatality attends on love,
 Too soon or else too late the heart-beat quickens;
 The star which is our fate springs up above,
 And we but say, while round the vapor thickens,
 We might have been!

Life knoweth no like misery; the rest
 Are single sorrows, but in this are blended
 All sweet emotions that disturb the breast;
 The light that was our loveliest is ended.
 We might have been!

Henceforth, how much of the full heart must be
 A sealed book at whose contents we tremble?
 A still voice mutters mid our misery,
 The worst to hear, because it must dissemble—
 We might have been!

Life is made up of miserable hours,
 And all of which we craved a brief possessing,
 For which we wasted wishes, hopes, and powers,
 Comes with some fatal drawback on the blessing.
 We might have been!

The future never renders to the past
 The young beliefs entrusted to its keeping;
 Inscribe one sentence—life's first truth and last—
 On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping—
 We might have been!

LETITIA E. LANDON.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Once Paumanok,
 When the snow had melted, and the Fifth-
 month grass was growing,
 Up this sea-shore, in some briars
 Two guests from Alabama,—two together,
 And their nest, and four light-green eggs,
 spotted with brown,
 And every day the he-bird, to and fro, near
 at hand,
 And every day the she-bird crouched on
 her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
 And every day I, a curious boy, never too
 close, never disturbing them,
 Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

“Shine! Shine! Shine!
 Pour down your warmth, great Sun!
 While we bask—we two together.

“Two together!
 Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
 Day come white, or night come black,
 Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
 Singing all time, minding no time
 If we two but keep together.”

Till, of a sudden,
 May be killed, unknown to her mate,
 One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on
 her nest,
 Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next
 Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward, all summer, in the
 sound of the sea,
 And at night, under the full of the moon,
 in calmer weather,
 Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
 Or flitting from briar to briar by day,
 I saw, I heard at intervals, the remaining
 one, the he-bird,
 The solitary guest from Alabama.

“Blow! Blow! Blow!
 Blow up sea-winds, along Paumanok’s
 shore!
 I wait and wait, till you blow my mate to
 me.”

Yes, when the stars glistened
 All night long, on the prong of a moss-
 scalloped stake,
 Down, almost amid the slapping waters,
 Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing
 tears.

He called on his mate;
 He poured forth the meaning which I of all
 men knew.

* * * * *

“Soothe! Soothe! Soothe!
 Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
 And again another behind, embracing and
 lapping every one close,
 But my love soothes not me, not me

“Low hangs the moon—it rose late,
 O, it is lagging—I think it is heavy with
 love.

“O madly the sea pushes, pushes upon
 the land,
 With love,—with love.

“O might I not see my love floating out
 there among the breakers?
 What is that little black thing I see there in
 the white?

“Loud! Loud! Loud!
 Loud I call to you my love!
 High and clear I shout my voice above the
 waves;
 Surely you must know who is here, who is
 here,
 You must know who I am love!

"Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your bosom
yellow?
C, it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon do not keep her from me any
longer.

"Land! Land! O, land!
Whichever way I turn, O, I think you could
give me my mate back again if you
only would;
For I am almost sure I see her dimly
whichever way I look.

"O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise,
will rise with some of you.

"O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clear through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth;
Somewhere listening to catch you, must be
the one I want.

"Shake out, carols!
Solitary here—the night's carols,
Carols of lonesome love! Death's carols
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning
moon;
O, under that moon where she droops
almost down into the sea!
O reckless despairing carols!

"But soft! Sink low;
Soft let me just murmur;
And do you wait a moment, you husky-
noised sea;
For somewhere I believe I hear my mate
responding to me,
So faint—I must be still, be still to listen
But not altogether still, for then she
Might not come immediately to me.

Wither, my love!
Here I am! Here!

With this just sustained note I announce
myself to you;
This gentle call is for you, my love, for
you.

"Do not be decoyed elsewhere!
That is the whistle of the wind—it is not
my voice;
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the
spray;
Those are the shadows of leaves

"O darkness! O in vain!
O, I am very sick and sorrowful."

WALTER WHITMAN.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

Clarence. OH, I have passed a miserable
night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy
days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Methought that I had broken from the
tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we looked to-
ward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we passed
along,
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in
falling,
Struck me, that sought to stay him, over-
board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Oh Heaven! Methought what pain it was
to drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
 What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful
 wrecks;

A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of
 pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls: and in
 those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were
 crept,

(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting
 gems,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scat-
 tered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure, in the time
 of death,

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I
 strive

To yield the ghost; but still the envious
 flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it
 forth

To seek the empty, vast and wandering
 air;

But smothered it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore
 agony?

Clar. No, no! My dream was lengthened
 after life;

Oh, then began the tempest to my soul!
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write
 of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger
 soul

Was my great father-in-law, renowned
 Warwick,

Who cried aloud—"What scourge for per-
 jury

Can this dark monarchy afford false *Clar-
 ence?*"

And so he vanished. Then came wander-
 ing by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out
 aloud—

"CLARENCE is come—false, fleeting, per-
 jured Clarence,—

*That stabbed me in the field by Tewks-
 bury;—*

SEIZE on him, furies! take him to your
 torments!"

With that, methought a legion of foul
 fiends

Environed me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very
 noise

I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,—
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

SHAKESPEARE.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
 Loved ones who've crossed to the farther
 side,

The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are lost in the dashing
 tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own
 blue;

He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal
 view.

We saw not the angels who met him there,
 The gates of the city we could not see:

Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
 Carried another, the household pet;
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
 Darling Maud! I see her yet.

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,

And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;

We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;

We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,

They cross the stream and are gone for aye,

We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;

We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,

They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;

I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,

I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,

To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,

And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY WOODBURY PRIEST.

FARM-YARD SONG.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing:

The early dews are falling.
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,

Cheerily calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling.

The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
And the whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,

His cattle calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes,
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,

While the pleasant dews are falling;
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,

When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling—
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So, so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;

The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock,
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,
Singing, calling—

"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

PEACE! WHAT CAN TEARS AVAIL?

PEACE! what can tears avail?

She lies all dumb and pale,

And from her eye

The spirit of lovely life is fading,—

And she must die!

Why looks the lover wroth,—the friend
upbraiding?

Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long

Midst pain, and grief, and wrong?

Then why not die?

Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,

And hopeless lie?

Why nurse the trembling dream until to-
morrow?

Reply, reply!

Death! Take her to thine arms,
In all her stainless charms!

And with her fly
To heavenly haunts, where, clad in bright-
ness,

The angels lie!

Wilt bear her there, O death! in all her
whiteness?

Reply, reply!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORN-
WALL).

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold;
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn;
Some breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft, white hands would hardly
earn

A living that would suit his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants;
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?

Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things;
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit;
Content that from employment springs:
A heart that in its labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?

A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all other level stands,
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands;
That is the best crop from thy lands:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state!
There is worse weariness than thine,
In being merely rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God;
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms,
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,

Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion—
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-thing.

SHAKESPEARE.

TO MY INFANT SON.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop, first let me kiss away that tear.)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite,
With spirits feather light,

Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin;
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the
air,—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the
stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)

Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In loves dear chain so bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents;—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting
honey
From every blossom in the world that
blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble! That's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-
rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from na-
ture's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that ring off with another
shove,)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are these torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawn-
ing life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky fore-
seeing,

Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,—
(I knew so many cakes would make him
sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic
brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk!
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your
gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your
nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

THOMAS HOOD.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the
west—

Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved
him the best,
And the children stood watching them
out of the town;
For men must work, and women must
weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to
keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went
down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked
at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up, rag-
ged and brown;
But men must work, and women must
weep,

Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went
down,
And the women are weeping and wringing
their hands,
For those who will never come back to
the town;
For men must work, and women must
weep,—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to
sleep,—
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord! that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always
spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord! I
plead:
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though
heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord! that Thou shouldst
shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see,—
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day, but peace divine

Like quiet night.

Lead me, O Lord! till perfect day shall
shine,
Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains be-
long.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and Æonian maids
Delight no more—O Thou my voice in-
spire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with
fire:
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a
Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r, with fragrance fills the
skies;
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall
move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar
pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall
aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a
shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud
shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand ex-
tend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven
descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected
morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!

See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys rise,
 With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay;
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
 Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
 'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs He raises in His arms,
 Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom warms;

Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
 The promised Father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun:
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmur in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn.
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongues shall innocently play.
 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem,
 rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,

Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate
 kings,
 And heaped with products of Sabæan
 springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains
 glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide dis-
 play,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light Himself
 shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke
 decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt
 away;
 But fixed His word, His saving power re-
 mains;—
 Thy realm for ever lasts; thy own MES-
 SIAH reigns!

ALEXANDER POPE.

CUDDLE DOON.

"THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
 Wi' muckle faucht an' din.
 "Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues:
 Your father's comin' in."
 They never heed a word I speak,
 I try to gie a froon;
 But aye I hap them up, and cry,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
 He aye sleeps next the wa'—
 Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece,"—
 The rascal starts them a'.

I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—
 They stop awee the soun'—
 Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
 "Noo, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
 Cries 'oot frae 'neath the claes,
 "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance:
 He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
 The mischief's in that Tam for tricks:
 He'd bother half the toon.
 But aye I hap them up, and cry,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit;
 An' as he steeks the door,
 They turn their faces to the wa',
 While Tam pretends to snore.
 "Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
 As he pits aff his shoon.
 "The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
 An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
 We look at oor wee lambs,
 Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
 An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
 I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
 An' as I straik each croon,
 I whisper, till my heart fills up,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
 Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
 But soon the big warl's cark and care
 Will quaten doon their glee.
 Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
 May He who sits aboon
 Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
 "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

J. ANDERSON.

THE DEATH OF CROMWELL.

FROM A POEM ON THE DEATH OF HIS
LATE HIGHNESS, THE LORD PRO-
TECTOR.

HE without noise still traveled to his end,
As silent suns to meet the night descend;
The stars that for him fought had only
power

Left to determine now his fatal hour,
Which, since they might not hinder, yet
they cast

To choose it worthy of his glories past.
No part of time but bare his mark away
Of honor—all the year was Cromwell's
day!

But this of all the most auspicious found,
Twice had in open field him victor crowned,
When up the armed mountains of Dunbar
He marched, and through deep Severn,
ending war:

What day should him eternize but the same
That had before immortalized his name?
That so whoe'er would at his death have
joyed

In their own griefs might find themselves
employed.

But those that sadly his departure grieved,
Yet joyed, remembering what he once
achieved.

And the last minute his victorious ghost
Gave chase to Ligny on the Belgic coast:
Here ended all his mortal toils; he laid
And slept in peace under the laurel shade.

* * * * *

I saw him dead: a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep over those wakeful eyes;
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing
sweetness shed;

That port, which so majestic was and strong,
Loose, and deprived of vigor, stretched
along—

All withered, all discolored, pale and wan,
O human glory vain! O death! O wings!
O worthless world! O transitory things!

Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape de-
cayed,

That still, though dead, greater than death,
he laid,

And in his altered face you something feign
That threatens death he yet will live again!

ANDREW MARVEL.

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think the pure ethereal being,
Whose mortal form reposes with the dead,
Still houses round unseen, though not un-
seeing,
Benignly smiling o'er the mourner's bed!

She comes in dreams, a thing of light and
brightness,

I hear her voice, in still, small accents tell
Of realms of bliss, and never-fading bright-
ness,

Where those who loved on earth together
dwell.

Oh! yet awhile, blest shade, thy flight de-
laying,

The kindred soul with mystic converse
cheer;

To her rapt gaze, in visions bland, display-
ing

The unearthly glories of thy happier
sphere!

Yet, yet remain! till freed like thee, de-
lighted

She spurns the thralldom of encumbering
clay;

Then as on earth, in tend'rest love united,
Together seek the realms of endless day!

THOMAS BARHAM.

THE BLIND FLOWER GIRL'S SONG.

Buy my flowers—O buy—I pray!

The blind girl comes from afar;
If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,
These flowers her children are!
Do they her beauty keep?

They are fresh from her lap I know;
For I caught them fast asleep
In her arms an hour ago,
With the air which is her breath—
Her soft and delicate breath—
Over them murmuring low!

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,
And their cheeks with her tender tears are
wet—

For she weeps—that gentle mother weeps
(As morn and night her watch she keeps,
With a yearning heart and a passionate
care)

To see the young things grow so fair;
She weeps—for love she weeps,
And the dews are the tears she weeps
From the well of a mother's love!

Ye have a world of light,
Where love in the loved rejoices;
But the blind girl's home is the house of
night,
And its beings are empty voices.

As one in the realms below,
I stand by the streams of woe!
I hear the vain shadows glide,
I feel their soft breath at my side;
And I thirst the loved forms to see,
And I stretch my fond arms around,
And I catch but a shapeless sound,
For the living are ghosts to me.

Come buy—come buy!—
Hark how the sweet things sigh
(For they have a voice like ours);
The breath of the blind girl closes
The leaves of the saddening roses;
We are tender, we sons of light,

We shrink from this child of night;
From the grasp of the blind girl free us:
We yearn for the eyes that see us—
We are for night too gay,
In your eyes we behold the day—
O buy—O buy the flowers!

LORD LYTTON.

WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet! that such long years,
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary thinking of your road!

O little hands that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled amongst my fellow-men
Am weary thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat,
With such impatient feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires:
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! so pure and white,
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mists of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH TO CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced
me,

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me,
Cromwell;

And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no
mention

Of me must be heard of—say, I taught
thee,

Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of
glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of
honor—

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise
in;

A sure and safe one, though thy master
missed it.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away am-
bition;

By that sin fell the angels; how can man,
then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that
hate thee:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and
fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy coun-
try's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell!

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Serve the king; and—pr'thee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell,
Cromwell!

Had I but served my God with half the
zeal

I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho lov'd and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,—
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth, alone, is mute
To sounds that echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathou looks on the sea:
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
That looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,

My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—

The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face,
For, what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more bless'd?
Must *we* but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come;"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup of Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet—
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think you he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think on themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He serv'd—but serv'd Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
They have a king who buys and sells;—
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade,
I see their glorious black eyes shine:
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
Mine own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
Where nothing but the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swanlike, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine.

LORD BYRON.

CIVIL WAR.

"RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling
vedette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amu-
let!"

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,

There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"

Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch

From your victim some trinket to hand-
sel first blood;

A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

"Oh, captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track,

When I gazed on the face of that fallen vedette,

For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,

That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket,—this locket of gold;

An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,

Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—'tis she,

My brother's young bride,—and the fallen dragoon

Was her husband—Hush! soldier, 'twas Heaven's decree,

We must bury him there by the light of the moon!

"But, hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;

War is a virtue,—weakness a sin;

There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;—

Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!"

ANONYMOUS.

NELL.

YOU'RE a kind woman, Nan! ay, kind and true!

God will be good to faithful folk like you!
You knew my Ned!

A better, kinder lad never drew breath.

We loved each other true, though we were not wed

In church, like some who took him to his death;

A lad as gentle as a lamb, but lost

His senses when he took a drop too much.

Drink did it all—drink made him mad when crossed—

He was a poor man, and they're hard on such.

O Nan! that night! that night!

When I was sitting in this very chair,

Watching and waiting in the candlelight,

And heard his foot come creaking up the stair,

And turned, and saw him standing yonder, white

And wild, with staring eyes and rumpled hair!

And when I caught his arm and called, in fright,

He pushed me, swore, and to the door he passed

To lock and bar it fast.

Then down he drops just like a lump of lead,

Holding his brow, shaking, and growing whiter,

And—Nan!—just then the light seemed growing brighter,

And I could see the hands that held his head,

All red! all bloody red!

What could I do but scream? He groaned to hear,

Jumped to his feet, and gripped me by the wrist;

"Be still, or I shall kill thee, Nell!" he hissed.

And I was still, for fear.

"They're after me—I've knifed a man!" he said;

"Be still!—the drink—drink did it!—he is dead!"

Then we grew still, dead still. I couldn't weep;

All I could do was just to cling to Ned and hark,

And Ned was cold, cold, cold, as if asleep,
But breathing hard and deep.

The candle flickered out—the room grew dark—

And—Nan!—although my heart was true
and tried—

When all grew cold and dim,
I shuddered—not for fear of them outside,
But just afraid to be alone with *him*.

"Ned! Ned!" I whispered—and he moaned
and shook,

But did not heed or look!

"Ned! Ned! speak, lad! tell me it is not true!"

At that he raised his head and looked so wild;

Then, with a stare that froze my blood, he threw

His arms around me, crying like a child,
And held me close—and not a word was spoken,

While I clung tighter to his heart, and pressed him,

And did not fear him, though my heart was broken,

But kissed his poor stained hands, and cried,
and blessed him.

Then, Nan, the dreadful daylight, coming cold

With sound o' falling rain—

When I could see his face, and it looked old,

Like the pinched face of one that dies in pain;

Well, though we heard folk stirring in the sun

We never thought to hide away or run,
Until we heard those voices in the street,

That hurrying of feet,

And Ned leaped up, and knew that they had come.

"Run, Ned!" I cried, but he was deaf and dumb!

"Hide, Ned!" I screamed, and held him;
"hide thee, man!"

He stared with bloodshot eyes, and hearkened, Nan!

And all the rest is like a dream—the sound
Of knocking at the door—

A rush of men—a struggle on the ground—
A mist—a tramp—a roar;

For when I got my senses back again,
The room was empty—and my head wended round!

God help him? God *will* help him! Ay,
no fear!

It was the drink, not Ned—he meant no wrong;

So kind! so good!—and I am useless here.
Now he is lost that loved me true and long.

* * * That night before he died,
I didn't cry—my heart was hard and dried;
But when the clocks went "one," I took my shawl

To cover up my face, and stole away,
And walked along the silent streets, where all

Looked cold and still and gray,
And on I went, and stood in Leicester Square,

But just as "three" was sounded close at hand

I started and turned east before I knew,
Then down Saint Martin's Lane, along the Strand,

And through the toll-gate on to Waterloo.

Some men and lads went by,

And turning round, I gazed, and watched 'em go,

Then felt that they were going to see him die,

And drew my shawl more tight, and followed slow.

More people passed me, a country cart with
hay
Stopped close beside me, and two or three
Talked about *it!* I moaned and crept
away!

Next came a hollow sound I knew full well,
For something gripped me round the heart!
—and then

There came the solemn tolling of a bell!
O God! O God! how could I sit close by,
And neither scream nor cry?

As if I had been stone, all hard and cold;
I listened, listened, listened, still and dumb,
While the folk murmured, and the death-
bell tolled,

And the day brightened, and his time had
come * *

* * * Till—Nan!—all else was silent,
but the knell

Of the slow bell!

And I could only wait, and wait, and wait,
And what I waited for I couldn't tell—

At last there came a groaning deep and
great—

Saint Paul's struck "eight"—

I screamed, and seemed to turn to fire, and
fell!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

COME TO THESE SCENES OF PEACE.

COME to these scenes of peace,
Where to rivers murmuring,
The sweet birds all the summer sing,
Where cares and toil and sadness cease!
Stranger does thy heart deplore
Friends whom thou wilt see no more?
Does thy wounded spirit prove
Pangs of hopeless, severed love?
Thee the stream that gushes clear,
Thee the birds that carol near,
Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie
And dream of their wild lullaby;
Come to bless these scenes of peace,
Where cares and toil and sadness cease.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE DULE'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE.

THE dule's i' this bonnet o' mine,
My ribbins 'll never be reet;
Here, Mally, aw'm like to be fine,
For Jamie'll be comin' to-neet;
He met me i' th' lone t'other day
(Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well),
An' he begged that aw' wed him i' May,
Bi th' mass, if he'll let me, aw will!

When he took my two honds into his,
Good Lord, heaw they trembled *between*
An' aw durstn't look up in his face,
Becose on him seein' my e'en.
My cheek went as red as a rose;
There's never a mortal con tell
Heaw happy aw felt—for, thae knows,
One couldn't ha' axed him theirs'!

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung:
To let it eawt wouldn't be reet,
For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrung:
So aw tow'd him aw'd tell him to-neet.
But, Mally, thae knows very weel,
Though it isn't a thing one should own,
Iv aw'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel',
Aw'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw've tow'd thae my mind;
What would to do iv it wur thee?
"Aw'd take him just while he're inclined,
An' a farrantly bargain he'll be;
For Jamie's as greedly a lad
As ever stept eawt into th' sun.
Go, jump at th' chance, an' get wed;
An' mak th' best o' th' job when its done!"

Eh, dear! but it's time to be gwon:
Aw shouldn't like Jamie to wait;
Aw connut for shame be too soon,
An' aw wouldn't for th' world be too late.
Aw'm a' ov a tremble to th' heel:
Dost think 'at my bonnet 'll do?
"Be off, lass—thae looks very weel;
He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thae foo!"

EDWIN WAUGH.

LIFE'S CROWN.

LIFE's fadeless crown is twisted from the
leaves

Of little flowers of love that strew the lands
Around us, ready to all ready hands
To pluck and plait. And he who idly
grieves

That life is crownless is a fool and blind.
He who would bless his fellows must not
ask

Sublime occasions for that gentle task,
Or trumpets boasting to the deafened wind.
To fill with patience, our allotted sphere,
To rule the self within us, strong in faith,
To answer smile with smile, and tear with
tear,

To perfect character and conquer death—
This is to win what Angels call renown,
And bend round life's pale brows an amar-
anthine crown.

WADE ROBINSON.

THE BOY'S COMPLAINT.

"OH, never mind! they're only boys;"

'Tis thus the people say;
And they hustle us and jostle us,
And drive us out the way.

They never give us half our rights,
I know that this is so;
Ain't I a boy, and can't I see
The way that these things go?

Whoever wants an errand done
We always have to scud;
Whoever walks the sidewalk we
Are crowded in the mud.

But never mind, boys, we will be
The grown men by and by;
Then I suppose 'twill be our turn
To snub the smaller boy.

ANONYMOUS.

DUNCAN GRAY CAM' HERE TO
WOO.

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo—

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
One blythe Yule night when we were fou
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Looked asklent and unco' skeigh—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Duncan fleechd and Duncan prayed—

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lopin o'er a linn—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Time and chance are but a tide—

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Slighted love is sair to bide—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

How it comes let doctors tell—

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Meg grew sick as he grew heal—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Something in her bosom wrings,—
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een they speak sic things!
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Duncan was a lad o' grace—

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Maggie's was a piteous case—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Duncan could na be her death:
Swelling pity smooored his wrath.
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

ROBERT BURNS.



COME TO THESE SCENES OF PEACE.

WHAT I'D DO.

"WHAT will ye do, love, when I'm going
With white sails flowing
The seas beyond;
What will ye do, love, though waves divide
us,
From being found?"

"Though wayes divide us
And friends may chide us,
In faith abiding I'll still be true;
I'll pray for you on the stormy ocean
With deep devotion,
That's what I'll do!"

"What would ye do, love, if distant tidings
Your fond confidings
Should undermine;
And I abiding 'neath foreign skies
Should think other eyes
Were bright as thine?"

"Oh, name it not, love; though guilt and
shame
Were on your name
I'd still be true;
But that heart of thine, should another
share it,
I could not bear it,
That's what I'd do!"

"What would ye do, love, if home return-
ing
In hopes high burning,
And wealth for you;
If my bark that bounded o'er foreign foam
Should be lost near home,
What would you do?"

"So thou wert spared I'd bless the morrow,
In want and sorrow,
That left me you;
And I'd welcome thee from the stormy bil-
low,
This heart thy pillow—
That's what I'd do!"

SAMUEL LOVER.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

WHAT constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored
mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets
crowned;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies
ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume
to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes en-
dued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles
rude,—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare
maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the
chain;
These constitute a State;
And sovereign law, that State's collected
will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding
shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no
more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the
brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FUNERAL.

Did you ever start out of your sleep
When the light of the sunshine had fled,
To hear how the butterflies weep
For a butterfly recently dead?

Did you see them approach in a crowd,
And a soft lamentation begin,
With a neat little coffin and shroud
To put the dead butterfly in?

Did their delicate fluttering wings,
You had thought only made to rejoice,
Keep saying unsayable things
That went straight to your heart like a
voice:

Did the poor little corpse, all alone,
So pitiful look where it lies,
It would melt a heart fashion'd of stone,
Or draw tears from a crocodile's eyes?

Did they weave from the cypress a pall?
While lilies the winding-sheet gave?
Did they play the Dead March out of Saul
As they took the poor thing to its grave?

Did they form a procession in air,
By an aged white butterfly led?
While the moths that the coffin must bear
Are the moths people call the Death's
Head?

Did you then turn your eyes to the ground,
Where, under the butterfly throng,
The ants are all leaving their mound,
And most fussily scuffling along?

Did you notice blackbeetles in pairs
(With the ready-made mourning they
bring),
Advancing with woebegone airs,
So completely at home in the thing?

Did you see on the lawn how they met?
(Where each grave by a daisy you trace);
Did you learn with a tender regret
'Tis the butterflies' burying-place?

Did you watch the ants digging the grave
While the beetles stand round in black
rings,
And the butterflies, mournful tho' brave,
Are drooping disconsolate wings?

Did they lower the coffin, alas!
Till the poor little thing disappears?
Did they cover it over with grass?
Did they water the grass with their tears?

Did the sight send a pang through your
heart?
Did it almost too sorrowful seem?
And then—did you wake with a start,
And discover 'twas only a dream?

ANONYMOUS.

MORNING HYMN IN PARADISE.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs,
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou be'long not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge Him thy greater, sound His praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st,
 Moon that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fliest,
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wandering fires that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run

Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honor to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune His praise.
 Join voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
 That singing up to heaven gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

JOHN MILTON.

ONCE IN THE COOL OF EARLY MORN.

ONCE in the cool of early morn,
 The lark was singing aloud
 Like a king in state he was high upborne.
 His throne was a crimson cloud;

While thro' the air his song was ringing
 Came the sweet sound of Marion's singing,
 The echoes listened and caught the strain;
 I heard them singing the song again.
 Then in the turf the violet sweet,
 Looked up at the music rare,
 The sunbeams crept to my darling's feet,
 And worshipped the singer there.
 The lark came down from his cloud to hear
 her;
 The linnet flew up to a briar near her,
 The dewdrops clung to her garment's hem:
 She sings not now to any of them.

Angels who sing in the heavens above,
 Bent over their harps and smiled;
 For me their love was a cruel love,
 They robb'd me of my child.
 In vain may the lark and linnet listen,
 In vain may the sun or the dewdrop glisten;
 No Marion sings to them, never, oh! never,
 The angels will keep her, forever! and ever!

ANONYMOUS.

THE TRUE MEASURE OF LIFE.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts
 not breath;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart throbs
 when they beat
 For God, for man, for duty. He most lives,
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts
 the best.
 Life is but a means unto an end—that end,
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things,
 God.

P. J. BAILEY.

OH! WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE THEIR HEADS.

OH! where do fairies hide their heads,
 When snow lies on the hills—
 When frost has spoiled their mossy beds,
 And crystallized their rills?

Beneath the moon they cannot trip
 In circles o'er the plain;
 And draughts of dew they cannot sip,
 Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps, in small, blue diving bells,
 They plunge beneath the waves,
 Inhabiting the wreathed shells
 That lie in coral caves.
 Perhaps, in red Vesuvius,
 Carousals they maintain;
 And cheer their little spirits thus,
 Till green leaves come again.

When they return there will be mirth,
 And music in the air,
 And fairy wings upon the earth,
 And mischief every where.
 The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
 Will bar the doors in vain;
 No key-hole will be fairy-proof,
 When green leaves come again.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

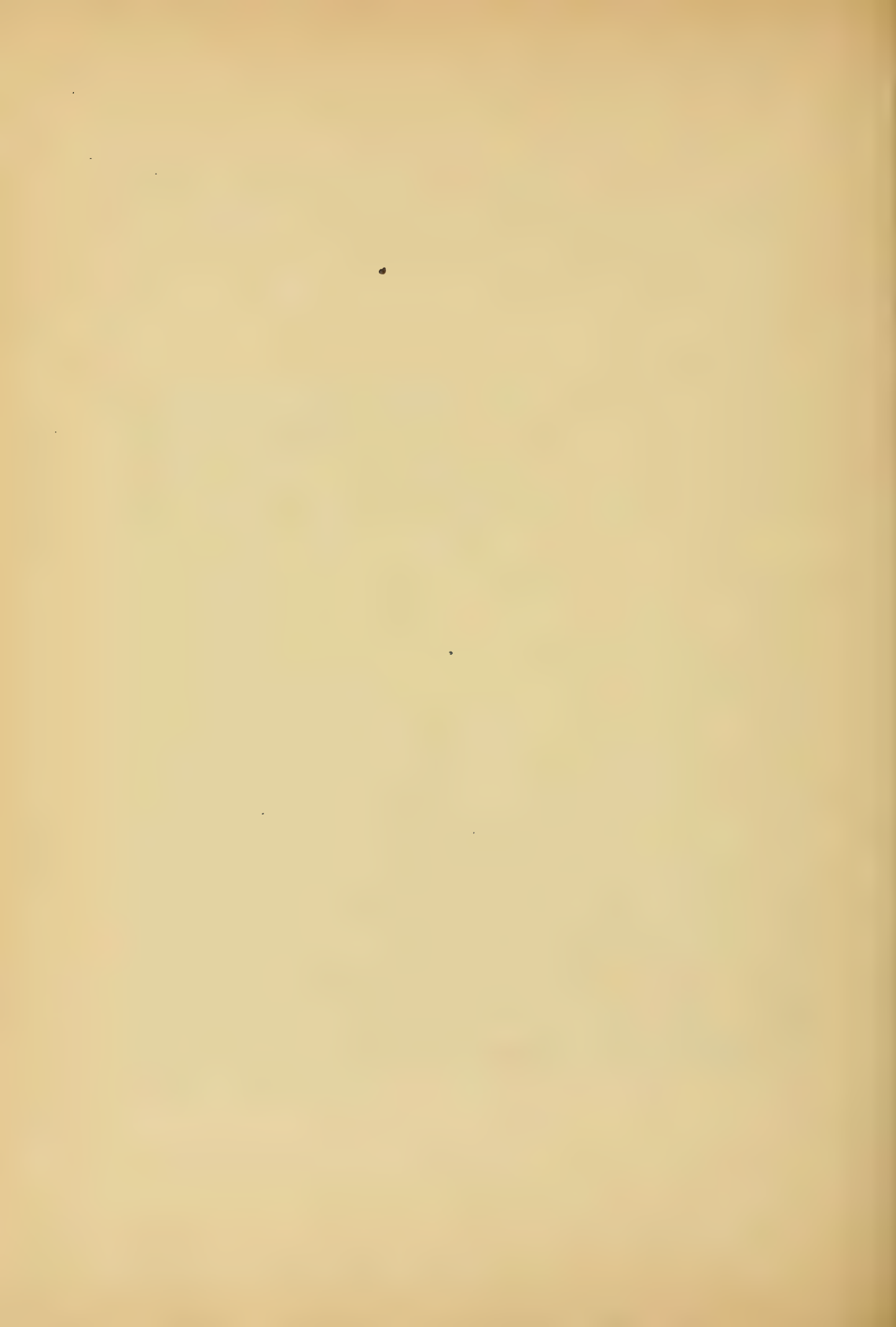
THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of
 Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and
 chill:
 For his country he sighed, when at twi-
 light repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad
 devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the
 ocean,
 Where once in the fire of his youthful
 emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of "Erin go
 bragh."

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken
 stranger;
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can
 flee,



ONCE IN THE COOL OF EARLY MORN.



But I have no refuge from famine and danger,

A home and a country remain not to me,
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend
the sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven
flowers,

And strike to the numbers of "Erin go
bragh!"

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken!

In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;

But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,

And sigh for the friends who can meet
no more!

Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can
chase me?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend, me or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild
wood?

Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?

Where is the mother that looked on my
childhood?

And where is the bosom-friend, dearer
than all?

Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by
pleasure,

Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?

Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without
measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom can
draw:

Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!

Land of my forefathers! Erin-go-bragh!

Buried and cold, when my heart stills her
motion,

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the
ocean!

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud
with devotion,

Erin mavourin,—Erin-go-bragh!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,

The darkest wave hath bright foam near
it;

And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom,

The saddest hour is not *all* sadness;

And sweetly o'er the darkest doom

There shines some lingering beam* of
gladness.

Despair is never quite despair,

Nor life, nor death, the future closes;

And round the shadowy brow of care

Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

MRS. HEMANS.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,

By the Nine Gods he swore

That the great house of Tarquin

Should suffer wrong no more.

By the Nine Gods he swore it,

And named a trysting-day,

And bade his messengers ride forth,

East and west and south and north,

To summon his array.

East and west and south and north

The messengers ride fast,

And tower and town and cottage

Have heard the trumpet's blast.

Shame on the false Etruscan

Who lingers in his home,

When Porsena of Clusium

Is on the march for Rome!

* * * * *

There be thirty chosen prophets,

The wisest of the land,

Who alway by Lars Porsena

Both morn and evening stand.

Evening and morn the Thirty

Have turned the verses o'er,

Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore;

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena,—
Go forth, beloved of Heaven!
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome,
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome!"

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array;
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting-day.

* * * * *

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

* * * * *

I wist, in all the Senate
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council, standing
Before the River-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may'guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul! —
Lars Porsena is here!"
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

* * * * *

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe:
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods,
"And for the tender mother,
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,—
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three:
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius,—
 Of Titian blood was he:
 "I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee."

* * * * *

The three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose;
 And forth three chiefs came spurring
 Before that deep array;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they
 drew,
 And lifted high their shields, and flew
 To win the narrow way.

Aunus, from green Tifernum,
 Lord of the Hill of Vines;
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
 Sicken in Ilva's mines;
 And Picus, long to Clusium
 Vassal in peace and war,
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
 From that gray crag, where, girt with
 towers,
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers
 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath;
 Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth;
 At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust,
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
 Rushed on the Roman three;
 And Lausulus of Urgo,
 The rover of the sea;
 And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar,—
 The great wild boar that had his den
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
 Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
 Lartius laid Ocnus low;
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow:
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
 No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
 The track of thy destroying bark;
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly
 To woods and caverns, when they spy
 Thy thrice-accursed sail!"

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes;
 A wild and wrathful clamor
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spear's length from the entrance,
 Halted that mighty mass,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow pass.

But, hark! the cry is Astur:
 And lo! the ranks divide;
 And the great lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
 A smile serene and high;
 He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye.
 Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
 Stand savagely at bay;
 But will ye dare to follow
 If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
 With both hands to the height,
 He rushed against Horatius,
 And smote with all his might.
 With shield and blade Horatius
 Right deftly turned the blow.
 The blow, though turned, came yet too
 nigh;
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh,

The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space,
Then, like a wildcat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth and skull and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head,

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice or four times tugged amain
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucomo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled with wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race,
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless three;
And from the ghastly entrance,
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank,—like boys who, unaware,
Ranging a wood to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair

Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel
Too and fro the standards reel,
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the three,
And they gave him greeting loud:
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all,—
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius,
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And, on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more;

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream.
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken,
 When first he feels the rein,
 The furious river struggled hard,
 And tossed his tawny mane,
 And burst the curb, and bounded,
 Rejoicing to be free;
 And, whirling down, in fierce career,
 Battlement and plank and pier,
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind,—
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 "Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face;
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
 "Now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see;
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus naught spake he;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
 To whom the Romans pray,
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
 Take thou in charge this day!"
 So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And, with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank,

But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;
 And when above the surges
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain;
 And fast his blood was flowing,
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armor,
 And spent with changing blows;
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing-place;
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good Father Tiber
 Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,—
 "Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!"
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
 And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River-gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
 That was of public right,
 As much as two strong oxen
 Could plow from morn till night;

And they made a molten image,
 And set it up on high,—
 And there it stands unto this day
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
 Plain for all folk to see,—
 Horatius in his harness,
 Halting upon one knee;
 And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
 Unto the men of Rome,
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volscian home;
 And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
 As his who kept the bridge so well
 In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north winds blow,
 And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow;
 When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
 And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within.

When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit;
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit;
 When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,
 And trims his helmet's plume;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom;
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,

How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE FIRE BY THE SEA.

THERE were seven fishers with nets in
 their hands,
 And they walked and talked by the sea-
 side sands;

Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall
 The words they spake, though they spake
 so low,
 Across the long, dim centuries flow,
 And we know them, one and all,—
 Ay! know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old,
 And one was gentle, and one was bold,
 And they walked with downcast eyes;
 The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,
 And they all were sad, for the Lord was
 gone,
 And they knew not if he would rise,—
 Knew not if the dead would rise.

The livelong night, till the moon went out,
 In the drowning waters they beat about:
 Beat slow through the fogs their way,
 And the sails dropped down with ringing
 wet,
 And no man drew but an empty net;
 And now 'twas the break of the day,—
 The great glad break of the day.

"Cast your nets on the other side"—
 ('Twas Jesus speaking across the tide)
 And they cast and were dragging hard;
 But that disciple whom Jesus loved
 Cried straightway out, for his heart was
 moved:
 "It is our risen Lord,—
 Our Master, and our Lord!"

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets out of the boat,—

Ay! first of them all was he;
Repenting sore the dismal past,
He feared no longer his heart to cast
Like an anchor into the sea, —
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so dim,
In a little ship came after him,

Dragging their nets through the tide;
And when they had gotten close to the
land

They saw a fire of coals in the sand,
And, with arms of love so wide,
Jesus, the crucified!

'Tis long, and long, and long ago,
Since the rosy lights began to flow
O'er the hills of Galilee;
And with eager eyes and lifted hands
The seven fishers saw on the sands
The fire of coals by the sea,—
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.

'Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coals
That streamed o'er the mists of the sea;
Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the net and out of the boat,
To answer, "Lovest thou me?"
Thrice over, "Lovest thou me?"

ALICE CARY.

DORIS, THE SHEPHERD MAIDEN.

I SAT with Doris the shepherd maiden,
Her crook was laden with wreathed
flowers;
I sat and wooed her thro' sunlight wheeling
And shadows stealing for hours and
hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses
Wild summer-roses of faint perfume,

The while I sued her, kept hushed and
hearkened
Till shadows had darkened from gloss to
gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful fin-
ger,

She said "We linger, we must not stay,
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander,
Behold them yonder how far they stray."

I answered bolder, "May let me hear you,
And still be near you, and still adore,
No wolf nor stranger shall touch one year-
ling,
Ah! stay my darling, one moment more."

She whispered sighing;—"There will be
sorrow

Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day;
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,
I shall be scolded and sent away."

Said I replying, "If they do miss you
They ought to kiss you when you get
home,
And well rewarded by friend and neighbor
Shall be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered
meekly,
"That lambs are weak, and sheep are
wild,
But if they love me, it's none too fervent,
I am a servant and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick with-
in me

And love did win me to swift reply,
"Ah! do but prove me and none shall bind
you
Nor fray nor find you until I die."

She blushed and started and stood awaiting
As if debating in dreams divine,
But I did brave them, I told her plainly
She doubted vainly she must be mine.

So we twin-hearted from all the valley
 Did rouse and rally, her nibbling ewes
 And homeward drove them, we two to-
 gether
 Thro' blooming heather and gleaming
 dews.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling
 With love excelling and undefiled;
 And love doth guard her both fast and
 fervent
 No more a servant, nor yet a child.

ANONYMOUS.

A LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

The early death of the Earl of Glencairn robbed the poet of an intelligent friend and patron. Burns enclosed the "Lament" in a letter to Lady Elizabeth Cunningham, the sister of the Earl, from which we quote the following:—"My heart glows and shall ever glow, with the most gratified sense and remembrance of his lordship's goodness. The sables I did myself the honour to wear to his lordship's memory were not the 'mockery of woe,' nor shall my gratitude perish with me! If among my children, I shall have a son that has a heart, he shall hand it down to his child as a family honour and a family debt, that my noblest existence I owe to the noble house of Glencairn."

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam,
 Looked on the fading yellow woods
 That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream
 Beneath a craigy steep a bard,
 Laden with years and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewailed his lord
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He leaned him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mouldering down with
 years;
 His locks were bleached white with time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears
 And as he touched his trembling harp,
 And as he tuned his doleful sang;
 The winds lamenting through their caves
 To Echo bore the notes alang:—

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing
 The reliques of the vernal choir!
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 The honors of the aged year!
 A few short months and glad and gay,
 Again ye'll charm the ear and ee;
 But nocht in all revolving time,
 Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending, aged tree,
 That long has stood the wind and rain;
 But now has come a cruel blast,
 And my last hold of earth is gane;
 Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
 But I maun lie before the storm
 And others plant them in my room.

I've seen sae many changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown;
 I wander in the ways of men
 Alike unknowing and unknown;
 Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
 I bear alane my lade o' care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
 My noble master lies in clay;
 The flower among our barons bold,
 His country's pride—his country's stay!
 In weary being now I pine,
 For a' the life of life is dead
 And hope has left my aged ken
 On forward wing forever fled.

Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
 The voice of woe and wild despair;
 Awake! resound thy latest lay—
 Then sleep in silence evermair!
 And thou my last, best, only friend
 That fillest an untimely tomb
 Accept this tribute from the bard
 Thou brought from fortune's mirkest
 gloom.

"In poverty's low barren vale
 Thick mists, obscure, involved me round:
 Though oft I turned the wistful eye;
 Nae ray of fame was to be found;

Thou found'st me like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air—
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

"Oh! why has worth so short a date
While villains ripen gray with time
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!—
Oh! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen:
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been:
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn
And a' that thou hast done for me."

ROBERT BURNS.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods.

Sage beneath the spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Was full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhor'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome for empire far renowned
Tramples on a thousand States;

Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony's the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs,
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought and died,
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

WILLIAM COWPER.

EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked
clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine
height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

All are needed by each one;
 Nothing is fair or good alone.
 I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
 Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
 I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
 He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
 For I did not bring home the river and
 sky;—

He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
 The delicate shells lay on the shore;
 The bubbles of the latest wave
 Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
 And the bellowing of the savage sea
 Greeted their safe escape to me.
 I wiped away the weeds and foam,
 I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
 Had left their beauty on the shore.
 With the sun and the sand and the wild
 uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
 As mid the virgin train she strayed,
 Nor knew her beauty's best attire
 Was woven still by the snow-white choir,
 At last she came to his hermitage,
 Like the bird from the woodlands to the
 cage;—

The gay enchantment was undone,
 A gentle wife, but fairy none.
 Then I said, "I covet truth;
 Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
 I leave it behind with the games of youth."
 As I spoke, beneath my feet
 The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
 Running over the club-moss burrs;
 I inhaled the violet's breath;
 Around me stood the oaks and firs;
 Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
 Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and of Deity;
 Again I saw, again I heard,
 The rolling river, the mourning bird;—
 Beauty through my senses stole;
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

[Composed by Burns, in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.]

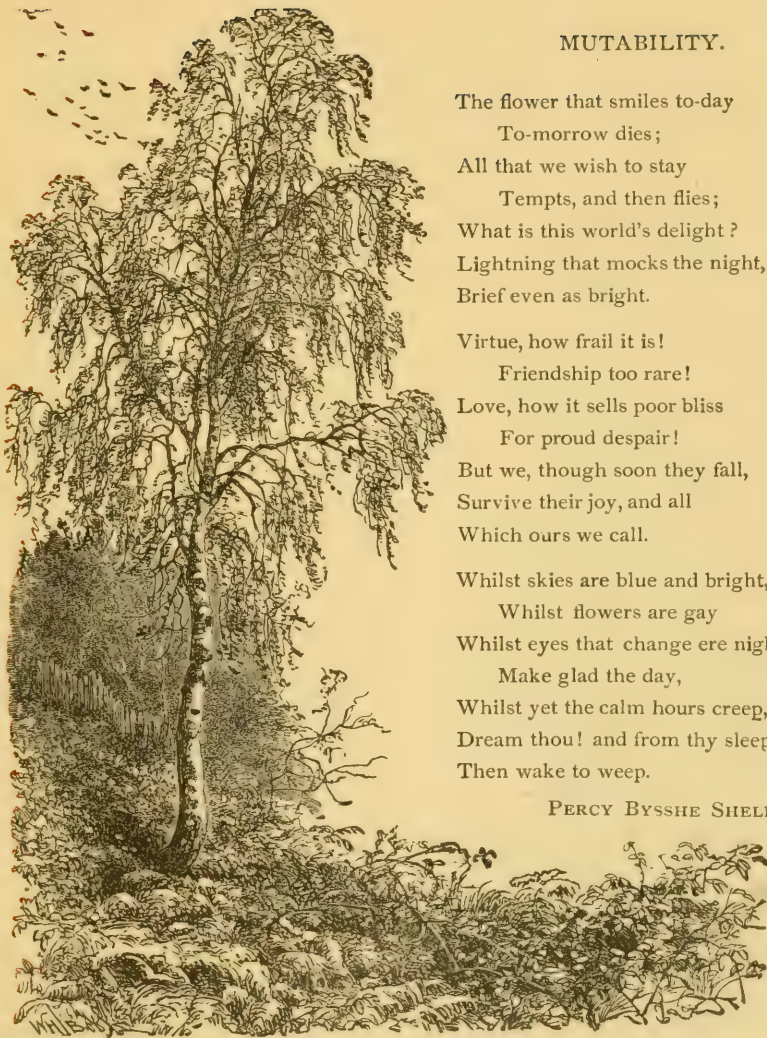
THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
 breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,—
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thickening
 green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured
 scene;
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,—
 Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
 breast?

ROBERT BURNS.



MUTABILITY.

The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempt, and then flies;
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day,
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou! and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

DE PROFUNDIS.

THE TWO GREETINGS.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Where all that was to be, in all that was,
Whirl'd for a million æons through the vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddying
light—

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Thro' all this changing world of changeless
law,

And every phase of ever-heightening life,
And nine long months of ante-natal gloom,
With this last moon, this crescent—her dark
orb

Touch'd with earth's light—thou comest,
darling boy;

Our own; a babe in lineament and limb
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man;
Whose face and form are hers and mine in
one,

Indissolubly married like our love;
Live, and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race thy kin so well, that men
May bless thee as we bless thee, O young
life

Breaking with laughter from the dark; and
may

The fated channel where thy motion lives
Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy
course

Along the years of haste and random youth
Unshattered; then full-current thro' full
man;

And last in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power,
To that last deep where we and thou art still.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that great deep, before our world be-
gins,

Whereon the Spirit of God moves as He
will—

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
With this ninth moon, that sends the hidden
sun

Down yon dark sea, thou comest, darling
boy.

For in the world, which is not ours, They
said

“Let us make man” and that which should
be man,

From that one light no man can look upon,
Drew to this shore lit by the suns and
moons

And all the shadows. O dear Spirit half-
lost

In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign
That thou art thou—who wailest being
born

And banish'd into mystery, and the pain
Of this divisible-indivisible world,
Among the numerable-innumerable
Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space
In finite-infinite Time—our mortal veil
And shatter'd phantom of that infinite One,
Who made thee unconceivably thyself
Out of His whole world-self and all in all—
Live thou! and of the grain and husk, the
grape

And ivy-berry, choose; and still depart
From death to death thro' life and life, and
find

Nearer and ever nearer Him, who wrought
Not matter, nor the finite-infinite,
But this main-miracle, that thou art thou,
With power on thine own act and on the
world.

THE HUMAN CRY.

HALLOWED be Thy name—Hallelujah!—
Infinite Ideality!

Immeasurable Reality!

Infinite Personality!

Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!—

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and
in Thee;

We feel we are something—*that* also has
come from Thee:

We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt
help us to be.

Hallowed be Thy name—Hallelujah!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

JIM.

SAY there! P'r'aps
 Some on you chaps
 Might know Jim Wild?
 Well,—no offence:
 Thar aint no sense
 In gettin' riled!

Jim was my chum
 Up on the Bar:
 That's why I come
 Down from up thar,
 Lookin' for Jim.
 Thank ye, sir! *you*
 Ain't of that crew—
 Blest if you are!

Money?—not much:
 That ain't my kind;
 I ain't no such.
 Rum?—I don't mind,
 Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
 Did you know him?—
 Jess 'bout your size;
 Same kind of eyes?—
 Well, that is strange:
 Why it's two year
 Since he come here,
 Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us;
 Eh?
 The *deuce* you say!
 Dead?—
 That little cuss?

What makes you star,—
 You over thar?
 Can't a man drop
 's glass in yer shop
 But you must rar?
 It wouldn't take
Derned much to break
 You and your bar.

Dead!

Poor—little—Jim!
 —Why there was me,
 Jones, and Bob Lee,
 Harry and Ben,—
 No-account men:
 Then to take *him*!

Well, thar,— Good by,—
 No more, sir,—I—
 Eh?

What's that you say?—
 Why, dern it!—sho!—
 No? Yes! By Jo!
 Sold!

Sold! Why you limb,
 You ornery,
 Derned old
 Long-legged Jim!

F. BRET HARTE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FROM COMMEMORATION ODE.

SUCH was he, our Martyr-Chief,
 Whom late the nation he had led,
 With ashes on her head
 Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
 Forgive me, if from present things I turn
 To speak what in my heart will beat and
 burn,
 And hang my wreath on his world-hon-
 ored urn.
 Nature they say doth dote
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating as by rote:
 For him her Old World moulds aside she
 threw,
 And choosing sweet clay from the breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God and
 true.
 How beautiful to see

Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed
Who loved his charge, but never loved to
lead;

One whose meek flock the people joyed to
be,

Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unflinching skill
And supple tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again
and thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven, and loved of loft-
iest stars.

Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe, fronting mornward
still,

Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface,

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us
face to face.

I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innate weakness there must be
To him who condescends to victory,
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait
Safe in himself as in a fate,

So always firmly he:

He knew to bide his time,

And can his fame abide,

Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.

Great captains with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,

But at last silence comes;

These all are gone, and standing like a
tower,

Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
blame,

New birth of our near soil,
The first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

—
"DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF
ME."

When the Paschal evening fell
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
When around the festal board
Sate the Apostles with their Lord,
Then His parting word he said,
Blessed the cup and broke the bread—
"This whene'er ye do or see,
Evermore remember Me."

Years have passed; in every clime,
Changing with the changing time,
Varying through a thousand forms,
Torn by factions, rock'd by storms,
Still the sacred table spread,
Flowing cup and broken bread,
With that parting word agree,
"Drink and eat—remember Me."

When by treason, doubt, unrest,
Sink the soul, dismay'd, opprest;
When the shadows of the tomb
Close us round with deep'ning gloom;
Then bethink us at that board
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
Who, when tried and grieved as we,
Dying, said, "Remember Me."

When, thro' all the scenes of life,
Hearths of peace and fields of strife,
Friends or foes together meet,
Now to part and now to greet,
Let those holy tokens tell
Of that sweet and sad farewell,
And, in mingled grief, or glee,
Whisper still, "Remember Me."

When diverging creeds shall learn
Toward their central source to turn;
When contending churches tire
Of the earthquake, wind, and fire;

Here let strife and clamour cease
At that still, small voice of peace—
"May they 'all united be
In the Father and in Me."

When, as rolls the sacred year,
Each fresh note of love we hear;
When the Babe, the Youth, the Man,
Full of grace Divine we scan;
When the mournful Way we tread,
Where for us His blood He shed;
When on Easter morn we tell
How He conquer'd Death and Hell;
When we watch His Spirit true
Heaven and earth transform anew;
Then with quicken'd sense we see
Why He said "Remember Me."

When in this Thanksgiving feast
We would give to God our best,
From the treasures of His might
Seeking life and love and light;
Then, O friend of human kind,
Make us true and firm of mind,
Pure of heart, in spirit free—
Thus may we remember Thee.

DEAN STANLEY.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service neatly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;

The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stopped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still
strove
Within the gulf to pierce
The path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

* * * * *

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

* * * * *

She gazed and listened, and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild,—
 "All this is when he comes." She ceased.
 The light thrilled toward her, filled
 With angels in strong level flight.
 Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
 Was vague in distant spheres;
 And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
 And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE SINGER OF AN EMPTY DAY.

OF heaven or hell I have no power to sing,
 I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
 Or make quick coming death a little thing,
 Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
 Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
 Or hope again for aught that I can say,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather when aweary of your mirth,
 From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
 And feeling kindly unto all the earth,
 Grudge every minute as it passes by,
 Made the more mindful that the sweet days
 die—

—Remember me a little, then, I pray,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care,
 That weighs us down who live and earn
 our bread,
 These idle verses have no power to bear.
 So let me sing of names remembered,
 Because they living not, can ne'er be dead,
 Or long time take their memory quite
 away
 From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due
 time,
 Why should I strive to set the crooked
 straight?
 Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
 Beats with light wings against the ivory
 gate,
 Telling a tale not too importunate
 To those who in the sleepy region stay,
 Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk, say a wizard to a northern king
 At Christmas-tide such wondrous things
 did show,
 That through one window men beheld the
 spring,
 And through another saw the summer glow.
 And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
 While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
 Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this earthy paradise it is,
 If ye will read aright and pardon me,
 Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss,
 Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
 Where tossed about all hearts of men must
 be;
 Whose ravening monsters mighty men
 shall slay,
 Not the poor singer of an empty day.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

I pray you pardon me, Elsie,
 And smile that frown away
 That drives the light of your lovely face
 As a thunder-cloud the day.
 I really could not help it,—
 Before I thought, 'twas done,—
 And those great grey eyes flashed bright
 and cold,
 Like an icicle in the sun.

I was thinking of the summers
 When we were boys and girls,

And wandered in the blossoming woods,
And the gay winds romped with your
curls.

And you seemed to me the same little girl
I kissed in the alder-path,
I kissed the little girl's lips, and alas!
There roused a woman's wrath.

There is not so much to pardon,—
For why were your lips so red?
The blonde hair tell in a shower of gold
From the proud provoking head.
And the beauty that flashed from the splend-
id eyes,
And played around the tender mouth,
Rushed over my soul like a warm sweet
wind,
That blows from the fragrant south.

And where, after all, is the harm done?
I believe we were made to be gay,
And all of youth not given to love
Is vainly squandered away.
And strewn through life's low labors,
Like gold in the desert sands,
Are love's swift kisses, and sighs, and vows,
And the clasp of clinging hands.

And when you are old and lonely,
In memory's magic shrine,
You will see on your thin and wasted hands,
Like gems, these kisses of mine.
And when you muse at evening,
At the sound of some vanished name,
The ghost of my kisses shall touch your
lips,
And kindle your heart to flame.

JOHN HAY.

GIVE ME THE OLD.

OLD wine to drink!—
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun;

Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!—
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A faggot too, perchap,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking:
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!—
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,
Time honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumb'd o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes:
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!
And Gervase Markham's venerie—
Nor leave behind
The Holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!—
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found;
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud

In mountain walk!
 Bring Walter good:
 With soulful Fred; and learned Will,
 And thee, my *alter ego*, (dearer still
 For every mood).

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

O, THE days are gone when beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove!
 When my dream of life, from morn till
 night,
 Was love, still love!
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come,
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream!
 O, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream!

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past;
 Though he win the wise, who frowned be-
 fore,
 To smile at last;
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet
 In all his noon of fame
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And, at every close, she blushed to hear
 The one loved name!

O, that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,
 Which first love traced;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste!
 'Twas odor fled
 As soon as shed;
 'T was morning's winged dream;
 'T was a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream!
 O, 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
 And busily all the night
 Had been heaping field and highway
 With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
 Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
 And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
 Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
 Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
 The stiff rails were softened to swans-down,
 And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
 The noiseless work of the sky,
 And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
 Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
 Where a little headstone stood;
 How the flakes were folding it gently,
 As did robins the babes² in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
 Saying, "Father, who makes the snow?"
 And I told of the good All-father
 Who cares for us here below,

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
 And thought of the leaden sky
 That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
 When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
 That fell from that cloud like snow,
 Flake by flake, healing and hiding
 The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
 "The snow that husheth all,
 Darling, the merciful Father
 Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
 And she, kissing back, could not know
 That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
 Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MAUD OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,—
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents,—what's your
praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,—
What are you when the rose is blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind:
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,—
Tell me if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,—
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

GOLDENROD.

WHEN the slow, field-spider weaves
'Mong the dry, late-garner'd sheaves,
And the cricket's ceaseless song
Echoes shrill, the whole night long
From the hill,
Shorn and still,
Plaintive pipes the whip-poor-will.

By the brooklet's reedy edge,
 By the dusty, wayside hedge,
 From the fragrant, fertile sod
 Steps my Princess Goldenrod;
 All in state
 Doth she wait,
 When the summer groweth late.

Motley is her retinue,—
 Dragon flies in steely blue,
 Mail-clad beetles, warriors bold,
 Bronze-brown bees with belts of gold,
 Courtiers true
 Come to sue,
 Ere the sunshine dries the dew.

Butterflies with wings outspread,
 Purple richly broidered
 With heraldic, quaint device,
 Timid hares and shy field mice;
 Here they meet
 At her feet,
 In the sultry August heat.

From no well-kept garden bed
 Doth she lift her yellow head,
 Gorgeous-hued is she and wild,
 Summer's wayward gypsy child.
 Her rich sprays
 Softly blaze
 By the homely, weed-grown ways.

In her tawny, tangled hair,
 Spanish colors does she wear,—
 Royal, fervid tints that hold
 All the summer's burning gold;
 And each line,
 Clear and fine,
 Glows with exquisite design.

Know I not in what far place,
 Grew the founders of her race;
 Who can tell, perchance they sprang
 Where the shepherds piped and sang
 By the sea,
 On those free
 Flowery plains of Arcady.

Through my idly dreaming brain,
 Princess of the blooming train,

Oh! how many fancies chase,
 Musing on thy ardent grace,
 Come and go,
 To and fro,
 Like the ocean's rhythmic flow.

If indeed a spirit dwells
 In each flower's scented cells,
 As in classic days of old
 Famous pagan poets told.
 Strong and fine,
 Sure as thine,
 Fiery sweet as Cypress wine.

EVA CATHARINE CLAPP.

A VILLAGE SCOLD.

I' the thrang o' stories tellin',
 Shakin' hands and jokin' queer,
 Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,—
 "Mungo! is our Watty here?"

Maggy's weel-kent tongue an' hurry
 Darted through him like a knife:
 Up the door flew, like a fury
 In came Watty's scolding wife.

"Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
 O ye snuffy, drunken sow!
 Bringing wife and weans to ruin,
 Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew!

"Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
 Drink's your night and day's desire;
 Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
 Fling your whiskey i' the fire!"

Watty heard her tongue unhallowed,
 Paid his groat wi' little din,
 Left the house while Maggie followed,
 Flytin' a' the road behin'.

Folk frae every door came lampin',
 Maggie cursed them ane and a'.
 Clappit wi' her hands and stampin',
 Lost her bauchel i' the snaw.

Hame, at length she turned the gavel,
 Wi' a face as white's a clout,

Ragin' like a very devil,
Kickin' stools and chairs about.

"Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye—
Hang you, Sir, I'll be your death!
Little hands my hands, confound you,
But I'll cleave you to the teeth!"

Watty, wha' 'midst this oration
Eyed her whiles, but durst na speak,
Sat like patient resignation,
Trembling by the ingle-cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippit—
Maggie's tongue gaed like a bell—
Quietly to bed he slippit,
Sighing aften to himsel':

"Nane are free frae *some* vexation,
Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
But through a' the hale creation
Is nae mortal vexed like me."

ALEXANDER WILSON.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy, and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go;
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying
feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at
night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had
lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
He went for the cows when the work
was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting
eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips
are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

THE COLISEUM.

ARCHES on arches! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 Would build up her triumphs in one
 dome,
 Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams
 shine
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here,
 to illumine
 This long-explored, but still exhaustless,
 mine
 Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies
 assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye
 of heaven,
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous mon-
 ument,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is
 given
 Unto the things of earth, which Time
 hath bent,
 A spirit's feelings, and where he hath
 leant
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a
 power
 And magic in the ruined battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are
 its dower.

* * * * *

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmured pity, or loud-roared ap-
 plause,
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow-
 man.
 And wherefore slaughtered? Wherefore,
 but because
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore
 not?
 What matters where we fall to fill the
 maws

Of worms,—on battle-plains or listed
 spot?
 Both are but theatres where the chief actors
 rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie;
 He leans upon his hand,—his manly
 brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually
 low,—
 And through his side the last drops, eb-
 bing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by
 one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and
 now
 The arena swims around him,—he is
 gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail-
 ed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not,—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far
 away.
 He recked not of the life he lost nor
 prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube
 lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at
 play,
 There was their Dacian mother,—he,
 their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday!—
 All this rushed with his blood,—Shall he
 expire
 And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and
 glut your ire!

But here, where Murder breathed her
 bloody stream,
 And here, where buzzing nations choked
 the ways,
 And roared or murmured like a moun-
 tain stream
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;

Here, where the Roman millions' blame
or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a
crowd,
My voice sounds much,—and fall the
stars' faint rays
On the arena void, seats crushed, walls
bowed,
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes
strangely loud.

A ruin,—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been
reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have
appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but
cleared?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared;
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, men,
have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to
climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses
there;
When the stars twinkle through the
loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along
the air
The garland-forest, which the gray walls
wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's
head;
When the light shines serene, but doth
not glare,—
Then in this magic circle raise the dead;
Heroes have trod this spot,—'tis on their
dust ye tread.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome
shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall
fall:

And when Rome falls—the World."
From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty
wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to
call
Ancient; and these three mortal things
are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's
skill,
The World, the same widened—of thieves,
or what ye will.

LORD BYRON.

THE FADED VIOLET.

WHAT thought is folded in thy leaves!
What tender thought, what speechless pain!
I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Thou darling of the April rain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Though scent and azure tint are fled—
O dry, mute lips! ye are the type
Of something in me cold and dead:

Of something wilted like thy leaves;
Of fragrance flown, of beauty gone;
Yet, for the love of those white hands
That found thee, April's earliest-born,—

That found thee when thy dewy mouth
Was purple as with stains of wine,—
For love of her who love forgot,
I hold thy faded lips to mine.

That thou shouldst live when I am dead,
When hate is dead, for me, and wrong,
For this, I use my subtlest art,
For this, I fold thee in my song.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

GIDEON'S FLEECE.

ALL night long on hot Gilboa's mountain,
 With unmoistened breath, the breezes
 blew;
 All night long the green corn in the valley
 Thirsted, thirsted for one drop of dew.

Came the warrior from his home in Ophrah,
 Sought the white fleece in the mountain
 pass,
 As he heard the crimson morning rustle
 In the dry leaves of the bearded grass.

Not a pearl was on the red pomegranate,
 Not a diamond in the lily's crown,
 Yet the fleece was heavy with its moisture,
 Wet with dew-drops where no dew rained
 down.

All night long the dew was on the olives,
 Every dark leaf set in diamond drops;
 Silver-frosted lay the lowland meadows,
 Silver-frosted all the mountain tops.

Once again from Ophrah came the chief-
 tain,
 Sought his white fleece 'mid the dewy
 damps,
 As the early sun looked through the wood-
 lands,
 Lighting up a thousand crystal lamps.

Every bright leaf gave back from its bosom
 Of that breaking sun a semblance rare;
 All the wet earth glistened like a mirror,
 Yet the fleece lay dry and dewless there.

Type, strange type, of Israel's early glory,
 Heaven-besprinkled when the earth was
 dry;
 Mystic type, too, of her sad declining,
 Who doth desolate and dewless lie,

When all earth is glistening in the Pres-
 ence
 Of the Sun that sets not night or day,

When the fulness of His Spirit droppeth
 On the islands very far away.

Dream no more of Israel's sin and sorrow,
 Of her glory and her grievous fall;
 Hath that sacrament of shame and splendor
 To thine own heart not a nearer call?

There are homes whereon the grace of
 Heaven
 Falleth ever softly from above—
 Homes by simple faith and christian duty
 Steeped in peace, and holiness, and love:

Churches where the voice of praise and
 blessing
 Droppeth daily like the silver dew,
 Where the earnest lip of love distilleth
 Words, like water running through and
 through.

There are children trained in truth and
 goodness,
 Graceless, careless in those holy homes,
 There are hearts within those christian
 temples,
 Cold as angels carved upon the domes.

Places are there sin-defiled and barren,
 Haunts of prayerless lips and ruined
 souls;
 Where some lonely heart in secret filleth
 Cups of mercy, full as Gideon's bowls.

Where some Christ-like spirit, pure and
 gentle,
 Sheddeth moisture on the desert spot,
 Feels a tender Spirit, in the darkness,
 Dewing all the dryness of his lot.

Christ! be with us, that these hearts within
 us
 Prove not graceless in this hour of grace;
 Dew of heaven! feed us with the sweetness
 Of Thy Spirit in the dewless place.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.



THE ROSE.

Go lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth—
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee—
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

THE temple shakes, the sounding gates
 unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted
 gold:
 Raised on a thousand pillars, wreathed
 around
 With laurel foliage, and with eagles
 crowned:
 Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
 The freizes gold, and gold the capitals:
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels
 glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
 The sage historians in white garments
 wait;
 Graved o'er their seats the form of Time
 was found,
 His scythe reversed, and both his pinions
 bound.
 Within stood heroes, who through loud
 alarms
 In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
 High on a throne with trophies charged, I
 viewed
 The youth that all things but himself sub-
 dued;
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
 And his horned head belied the Libyan
 God.
 There Cæsar, graced with both Minervas,
 shone;
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his
 own;
 Unmoved, superior still in every state,
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.
 But chief were those, who not for empire
 fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety
 bought:
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
 Bold Scipio, savior of the Roman state;
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
 And wise Aurelius in whose well-taught
 mind

With boundless power unbounded virtue
 joined,

His own strict judge, and patron of man-
 kind.

Much-snuff'ring heroes next their hon-
 ours claim,

Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair virtue's silent train: supreme of these
 Here ever shines the god-like Socrates:
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
 At all times just, but when he signed the
 shell:

Here his abode the martyred Phocion
 claims,

With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
 Unconquered Cato shows the wound he tore
 And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallowed choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they
 stand,

Hold the chief honours, and the fane com-
 mand.

High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
 Eternal adamant composed his throne;
 Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard waved gently o'er his
 breast;

Though blind, a boldness in his look ap-
 pears;

In years he seemed, but not impaired by
 years.

The wars of Troy were round the pillar
 seen:

Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian
 Queen;

Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
 Here dragged in triumph round the Trojan
 wall,

Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and proved the master's
 fire!

A strong expression most he seemed t' af-
 fect,

And here and there disclosed a brave neg-
 lect.

ALEXANDER POPE.

AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye:

There came a noble knyghte,
 With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
 And his gallant heart was lyghte,
 Free and gaye;

As I laye a thynkyng, he rode upon his waye,

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree:

There seem'd a crimson plain,
 Where a gallant knyghte lay slayne,
 And a steed with broken rein
 Ran free,

As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see!

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe:

A lovely mayde came bye,
 And a gentil youth was nyghe,
 And he breathed many a syghe,
 And a vowe;

As I laye a-thynkyng, her heart was glad-some now.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorn:

No more a youth was there,
 But a maiden rent her haire,
 And cried in sad despaire,
 "That I was borne!"

As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorn.

As I laye a thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the brier:

There came a lovely childe,
 And his face was meek and milde,
 Yet joyously he smiled
 On his sire;

As I laye a-thynkyng, a cherub mote admire.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a brier:

That joyous smile was gone,
 And the face was white and wan,
 As the downe upon the swan
 Doth appear,

As I laye a-thynkyng—oh! bitter flow'd the tear!

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,

O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast

With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
 While soaring to the skies,
 'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
 As to her nest;

As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest:—

"Follow, follow me away,
 It boots not to delay,"—
 'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
 "Here is rest!"

THOMAS BARHAM.

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

In their ragged regimentals
 Stood the old continentals,
 Yielding not,
 When the grenadiers were lunging,
 And like hail fell the plunging
 Cannon-shot;
 When the files
 Of the isles,

From the smoky night encampment, bore
 the banner of the rampant
 Unicorn,
 And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled
 the roll of the drummer,
 Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
 And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires;
 And the balls whistled deadly,
 And in streams flashing redly
 Blazed the fires;
 As the roar
 On the shore,
 Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the
 green-sodded acres
 Of the plain;
 And louder, louder, louder, cracked the
 black gunpowder,
 Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
 Worked the red St. George's
 Cannoneers;
 And the "villainous saltpetre"
 Rung a fierce, discordant meter
 Round their ears;
 As the swift
 Storm-drift,
 With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-
 guards' clangor
 On our flanks;
 Then higher, higher, higher, burned the
 old-fashioned fire
 Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
 Galloped through the white infernal
 Powder-cloud;
 And his broad sword was swinging,
 And his brazen throat was ringing
 Trumpet-loud.
 Then the blue
 Bullets flew,
 And the trooper-jackets reddened at the touch
 of the leaden

Rifle-breath;
 And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the
 iron six-pounder,
 Hurling death!

GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.

FUIMUS!

Go to the once loved bowers;
 Wreath blushing roses for the lady's hair:
 Winter has been upon the leaves and
 flowers,—
 They were!

Look for the domes of kings;
 Lo, the owl's fortress, or the tiger's lair!
 Oblivion sits beside them; mockery sings
 They were!

Waken the minstrel's lute;
 Bid the smooth pleader charm the listening
 air:
 The chords are broken, and the lips are
 mute—
 They were!

Visit the great and brave;
 Worship the witcheries of the bright and
 fair.
 Is not thy foot upon a new-made grave?—
 They were!

Speak to thine own heart; prove
 The secrets of thy nature. What is there?
 Wild hopes, warm fancies, fervent faith,
 fond love,—
 They were!

We too, we too must fall;
 A few brief years to labor and to bear;—
 Then comes the sexton, and the old trite
 tale,
 "We were!"

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

CHICAGO.

OCT. 10, 1871.

BLACKENED and bleeding, helpless, pant-
ing, prone,
On the charred fragments of her shattered
throne
Lies she who stood but yesterday alone.

Queen of the West! by some enchanter
taught
To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,
Then lose the spell that all that wonder
wrought.

Like her own prairies by some chance seed
sown,
Like her own prairies in one brief day grown,
Like her own prairies in one fierce night
mown.

She lifts her voice, and in her pleading
call
We hear the cry of Macedon to Paul,
The cry for help that makes her kin to all.

But haply with wan fingers may she feel
The silver cup hid in the proffered meal,
The gifts her kinship and our love reveal.

BRET HARTE.

"LITTLE DAN!"

I'm a boy 'bout as high as a table:
My hair is the color of flax;
My name isn't Shakespeare or Milton,
Or Byron, or Shelley, or Saxe.
By an by it will be "Mr. Daniel"—
They all call me now "Little Dan;"
I'll tell you in rhyme what I fancy
Will happen when I am a man.

I'll have a big garden for peaches,
And cherries and everything nice;

With the cutest of fixings for rabbits,
And pigeons, and dogs, and white mice.
I'll have a big house, and a stable;
And of horses the handsomest span
That ever you feasted your eyes on,
'Tis likely, when I am a man.

A cane I will twirl in my fingers,
A watch-guard shall garnish my vest,
No fear of expense shall deter me,
My raiment shall be of the best.
A ring on my finger shall glisten,
And the cunningest, sleek black-and-tan
Shall trot at my heels as I travel,
I'm thinking, when I am a man!

I'm a boy, so there's no use in talking;
People snub me as much as they please;
For the toes of my shoes are of copper,
And my stockings come over my knees,
I've told you the whole of my story,
As I promised to when I began;
I'm young, but I'm daily a growing—
Look out for me when I'm a man.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

OF A' THE AIRTS.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers flow,
Wi' mony a hill between;
Baith day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers
Sae lovely fresh and fair,
I hear her voice in ilka bird
Wi' music charm the ear;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain shaw or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE WAKE OF TIM O'HARA.

To the wake of O'Hara
 Came companie;—
 All St. Patrick's Alley
 Was there to see,
 With the friends and kinsmen
 Of the family.

On the old deal table Tim lay in white,
 And at his pillow the burning light;
 While pale as himself, with the tear on her
 cheek,

The mother received us,—too full to speak.
 But she heaped the fire, and with never a
 word

She set the black bottle upon the board,
 While the company gathered, one and all,
 Men and women, big and small,—
 Not one in the alley but felt a call
 To the wake of Tim O'Hara.

At the face of O'Hara,
 All white with sleep,
 Not one of the women
 But took a peep,
 And the wives new wedded
 Began to weep.

The mothers clustered around about,
 And praised the linen and laying out,
 For white as snow was his winding-sheet,
 And all looked peaceful, and clean, and
 sweet.

The old wives, praising the blessed dead,
 Clustered thick round the old press-bed,
 Where O'Hara's widow, tattered and torn,
 Held to her bosom the babe new-born,
 And stared all round her, with eyes forlorn,
 At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

For the heart of O'Hara
 Was true as gold,
 And the life of O'Hara
 Was bright and bold,
 And his smile was precious
 To young and old.
 Gay as a guinea, wet or dry,
 With a smiling mouth and a twinkling eye,
 Had ever an answer for chaff or fun;

Would fight like a lion with any one.
 Not a neighbor of any trade
 But knew some joke that the boy had made!
 Not a neighbor, dull or bright,
 But minded something, frolic or fight,
 And whispered it round the fire that night,
 At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

"To God be glory, in death and life!
 He's taken O'Hara from trouble and strife,"
 Said one-eyed Biddy, the apple-wife.
 "God bless old Ireland!" said Mistress Hart,
 Mother to Mike of the donkey-cart:
 "God bless old Ireland till all be done!
 She never made wake for a better son!"
 And all joined chorus, and each one said
 Something kind of the boy that was dead.
 The bottle went round from lip to lip,
 And the weeping widow, for fellowship,
 Took the glass of old Biddy, and had a sip,
 At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

Then we drank to O'Hara with drams to
 the brim,
 While the face of O'Hara looked on so
 grim,
 In the corpse-light shining yellow and dim.
 The drink went round again and again;
 The talk grew louder at every drain;
 Louder the tongues of the women grew;
 The tongues of the boys were loosing too!
 But the widow her weary eyelids closed,
 And, soothed by the drop of the drink,
 she dozed;
 The mother brightened, and laughed to
 hear
 Of O'Hara's fight with the grenadier,
 And the hearts of us all took better cheer
 At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

Though the face of O'Hara looked on so
 wan,
 In the chimney-corner the row began;
 Lame Tony was in it, the oysterman.
 For a dirty low thief from the north came
 near
 And whistled "Boyne Water" in his ear,

And Tony, with never a word of grace,
 Hit out his fist in the blackguard's face.
 Then all the women screamed out for
 fright;
 The men that were drunkest began to fight;
 Over the chairs and tables they threw;
 The corpse-light tumbled, the trouble grew;
 The new-born joined in the hullabaloo,
 At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

"Be still! Be silent!
 Ye do a sin!
 Shame be his portion
 Who dares begin!"
 'Twas Father O'Connor
 Just entered in;
 And all looked shamed, and the row was
 done;
 Sorry and sheepish looked every one:
 But the priest just smiled quite easy and
 free;
 "Would you wake the poor boy from his
 sleep?" said he.
 And he said a prayer with a shining face,
 Till a kind of a brightness filled the place;
 The women lit up the dim corpse-light;
 The men were quieter at the sight;
 And the peace of the Lord fell on all that
 night
 At the wake of Tim O'Hara.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

DOW'S FLAT.—1856.

Dow's FLAT. That's its name,
 And I reckon that you
 Are a stranger? The same?
 Well, I thought it was true,
 For thar isn't a man on the river as can't
 spot the place at first view.

It was called after Dow,—
 Which the same was an ass,—
 And as to the how
 That the thing came to pass,—
 Just tie up your horse to that buckeye, and
 sit ye down here in the grass:

You see this yer Dow
 Hed the worst kind of luck;
 He slipped up somehow
 On each thing thet he struck,
 Why, ef he'd ha' straddled that fence-rail,
 the derved thing'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar
 Till he couldn't pay rates;
 He was smashed by a car
 When he tunnelled with Bates;
 And right on the top of his trouble kem his
 wife and five kids from the States.

It was rough,—mighty rough;
 But the boys they stood by,
 And they brought him the stuff
 For a house on the sly;
 And the old woman,—well, she did wash-
 ing, and took on when no one was
 nigh.

But this yer luck o' Dow's
 Was so powerful mean
 That the spring near his house
 Dried right up on the green;
 And he sunk forty feet down for water, but
 nary a drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
 And the boys wouldn't stay:
 And the chills got about,
 And his wife fell away;
 But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his
 usual ridiculous way.

One day,—it was June,
 And a year ago, jest—
 This Dow came at noon
 To his work, like the rest,
 With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and
 a derringier hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,
 And he stands on the brink,
 And stops for a spell
 Just to listen and think;
 For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir),
 you see, kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay;
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his
all,—as I've heerd the folks say.

And,—that's a pert hoss
Thet you've got, ain't it now?
What might be her cost?
Eh? O!—Well, then, Dow,—
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave
wasn't his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
Sorter caved in the side,
And he looked and turned sick,
Then he trembled and cried.
For you see the dern cuss had struck—
"Water?"—beg your parding, young
man, there you lied.

It was *gold*, in the quartz,
And it ran all alike;
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike;
And that house with the coopilow's his'n—
which the same isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
And the thing of it is
That he kinder got that
Through sheer contrariness;
For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin',
and his luck made him certain to
miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way
To the left of yon tree;
But—a—look h'yur, say!
Won't you come up to tea?
No? Well, then, the next time you're
passin', and ask after Dow,—and
thet's *mè*.

F. BRET HARTE.

THE GROVES WERE GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

THE groves were God's first temples, ere
man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere He
framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling
wood,
Amid the cool and silence he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. Let me, then, at least,
Here in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

AN APRIL VIOLET.

UNDER the larch, with its tassels wet,
While the early sunbeams lingered yet,
In the rosy dawn my love I met.

Under the larch, when the sun was set,
He came with an April violet:
Forty years—and I have it yet.

Out of life, with its fond regret,
What have love and memory yet?
Only an April violet.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land:
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! O where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myr-
tle-boughs?"

"Not there—not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?"

Or midst the green islands of glittering
seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze;
And strange bright birds on their starry
wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there—not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of
gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there—not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy:
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair:
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom:
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the
tomb,
—It is there—it is there, my child!"

MRS. HEMANS.

— FALL OF WOLSEY.

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my great-
ness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts
forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow
blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon
him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ven-
tured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on blad-
ders,

This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown
pride
At length broke under me; and now has
left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide
me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate
ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O how
wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes'
favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire
to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women
have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

SHAKESPEARE.

— THE SANDS O' DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank wi'
foam,
And all alone went she.
The creeping tide came up long the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the
land:
And never home came she.
"O, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,—
 The cruel, crawling foam,
 The cruel, hungry foam,—
 To her grave beside the sea;
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cat-
 tle home
 Across the sands o' Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

I WILL go back to the great sweet mother,
 Mother and lover of men, the sea.
 I will go down to her, I and none other,
 Close with her, kiss her, and mix her
 with me;
 Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast,
 O fair white mother, in days long past
 Born without sister, born without brother,
 Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
 Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the
 rain,
 Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
 Thy large embraces are keen like pain!
 Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
 Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
 Those pure cold populous graves of thine,
 Wrought without hand in a world with-
 out stain.

I shall sleep and move with the moving
 ships,
 Change as the winds change, veer in the
 tide;
 My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,
 I shall rise with thy rising, with thee sub-
 side;
 Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,
 Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,
 As a rose is fulfilled to the rose-leaf tips
 With splendid summer and perfume and
 pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,
 Were it once cast off and unwound from
 me,
 Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
 Alive and aware of thy waves and thee;
 Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
 Clothed with the green, and crowned with
 the foam,
 A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
 A vein in the heart of the streams of the
 sea.

CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

WHAT might be done if men were wise—
 What glorious deeds, my suffering brother
 Would they unite
 In love and right,
 And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
 With kindling drops of loving-kindness;
 And knowledge pour,
 From shore to shore,
 Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
 All vice and crime, might die together;
 And wine and corn,
 To each man born,
 Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
 The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
 Might stand erect
 In self-respect,
 And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
 And more than this, my suffering brother,
 More than the tongue
 E'er said or sung,
 If men were wise and loved each other.

CHARLES MACKAY.

HEART OF CHRIST.

HEART of Christ, O cup most golden
 Brimming with salvation's wine,
 Million souls have been beholden
 Unto thee for life divine;
 Thou art full of blood the purest,
 Love the tenderest and surest:
 Blood is life, and life is love;
 Oh, what wine is there like love?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
 Out of thee the martyrs drank,
 Who for truth in cities olden
 Spake, nor from the torture shrank;
 Saved they were from traitor's meanness
 Filled with joys of holy keenness:
 Strong are those that drink of love;
 Oh, what wine is there like love?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,
 To remotest place and time
 Thou for labours wilt embolden
 Unpresuming but sublime:
 Hearts are firm, though nerves be shaken,
 When from thee new life is taken:
 Truth recruits itself by love;
 Oh, what wine is there like love?

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

AULD ROBIN FORBES.

AND auld Robin Forbes hes gien tem a
 dance,
 I pat on my speckets to see them aw prance;
 I thout o' the days when I was but fifteen,
 And skipped wi' the best upon Forbes's
 green.
 Of aw things that is I think thout is meast
 queer,
 It brings that that's bypast and sets it down
 here;
 I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,
 When he tuik his cwoat lappet and deeght-
 ed his feace.

The lasses aw wondered what Willy cud
 see
 In yen that was dark and hard-featured
 leyke me;
 And they wondered ay mair when they
 talked o' my wit,
 And slily tel't Willy that cudn't be it.
 But Willy he laughed, and he made me his
 weyfe,
 And whea was mair happy thro' aw his
 lang leyfe?
 It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is
 geane,
 That he offen said nea place was leyke his
 aun heame.

I mind when I carried my wark to yon
 style,
 Where Willy was deyken, the time to be-
 guile,
 He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
 And I hammered my noddle to mek out a
 jest.
 But merry or grave Willy often wad tell
 There was nin o' the leave that was like my
 awn sel';
 And he spak what he thout, for I'd hardly
 a plack
 When we were married, and nobbet ae gown
 to my back.

When the clock had struck eight, I expect-
 ed him heame,
 And wheyles went to meet him as far as
 Dunleane;
 Of aw hours it tel't, eight was dearest to me,
 But now when it streykes there's a tear i'
 my ee.
 O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
 That age, time, or death can divide thee and
 me!
 For that spot on earth that's aye dearest to
 me
 Is the turf that has covered my Willy from
 me.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL
SWAMP.

A BALLAD OF VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterward heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—

THEY made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the lake of the Dismal
Swamp

Where all night long by a firefly lamp
She paddles her white canoe.

And her firefly lamp I soon shall see
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near!

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent
feeds
And man never trod before!

And when on earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep,
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried from his dream awake
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played—
"Welcome" he said "My dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many a
night
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore;
For he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were
dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp
And paddle their white canoe.

THOMAS MOORE.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun,
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
 Will steal an hour from days gone by,—
 The shining days when life was new,
 And all was bright as morning dew,—
 The lusty days of long ago,
 When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
 Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
 And mine as brief appendix wear
 As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
 To-day, old friend, remember still
 That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
 And grand you look in people's eyes,
 With H O N. and L. L. D.
 In big brave letters, fair to see,—
 Your fist, old fellow! off they go!
 How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
 You've taught your name to half the globe;
 You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
 You've made the dead past live again:
 The world may call you what it will,
 But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
 "See those old buffers, bent and gray;
 They talk like fellows in their teens!
 Mad, poor old boys! That's what it
 means,"—

And shake their heads they little know
 The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
 While Joe sits smiling at his side;
 How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
 Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—

Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
 As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
 A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
 A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
 That lifts a pinch of mortal dust:
 A few swift years and who can show
 Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
 Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
 While gaping thousands come and go,—
 How vain it seems, this empty show!
 Till all at once his pulses thrill,
 'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
 The names that pleased our mortal ears,—
 In some sweet lull of harp and song,
 For earth-born spirits none too long,—
 Just whispering of the world below,
 Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
 No sounding name is half so dear;
 When fades at length our lingering day,
 Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
 Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

OLIVER WENDELL HOMES.

SHE GIVES A SIDE GLANCE AND LOOKS DOWN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see;
 Take care!
 She can both false and friendly be,
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not,
 She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown;
 Take care!
 She gives a side glance and looks down,
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not,
 She is fooling thee!



SHE TAKES A SIDE GLANCE AND LOOKS DOWN.

And she has hair of a golden hue;
Take care!

And what she says it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow;
Take care!

She knows how much is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair;
Take care!

It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not your head that broke?

Suppos you're dressed for walking
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?

And wouldn't it be nicer
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The bravest, wisest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

PHOEBE CARY.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has
passed
With me but roughly since I saw thee
last;
Those lips are thine,—thy own sweet smile
I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears
away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the
same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear!
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bid'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey,—not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou
wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I
shed?

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing
son,—

Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a
kiss;

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window,
drew

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art
gone

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no
more.

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my
concern,

Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived,—
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and
went,

Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;

But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er
forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard
no more,

Children not thine have trod my nursery
floor;

And where the gardener Robin, day by
day,

Drew me to school along the public way,—
Delighted with my bauble coach, and
wrapped

In scarlet mantle warm and velvet cap,—
'Tis now become a history little known

That once we called the pastoral house our
own.

Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness
there

Still outlives many a storm that has effaced

A thousand other themes, less deeply
traced:

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warm-
ly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my
home,—

The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and
glowed,—

All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no
fall,—

Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and
breaks

That humor interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may,—
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,—
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed
here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore
the hours

When, playing with thy vesture's tissue
flowers—

The violet, the pink, the jessamine—
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the
while—

Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head
and smile)—

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish
them here?

I would not trust my heart,—the dear de-
light

Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no,—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved; and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou—as a gallant bark, from Albion's
coast

(The storms all weathered and the ocean
crossed),

Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons
smile;

There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay.
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached
the shore

"Where tempests never beat nor billows
roar:"

And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed,—

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-
tossed,

Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;

And day by day some current's thwarting
force

Sets me more distant from a prosperous
course.

Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and
he!—

That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the
earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies.

And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has
run

His wonted course; yet what I wished is
done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er
again,—

To have renewed the joys that once were
mine,

Without the sin of violating thine;

And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me
left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

AN INTERLUDE.

IN the greenest growth of the May-time,
I rode where the woods were wet,
Between the dawn and the day-time
The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,
Though the ways and the woods smelt
sweet;

The breath at your lips that parted,
The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after,
And the green grew golden above
And the flag-flowers lightened with laughter
And the meadow-sweet shook with love.

Your feet in the fullgrown grasses
Moved soft as a weak wind blows;
You passed me as April passes
With face made out of a rose.

By the stream where the stems were slender,
Your bright foot paused at the sedge;

It might be to watch the tender
Light leaves in the springtime hedge.

On boughs that the sweet month blanches,
With flowery frost of May:

It might be a bird in the branches,
It might be a thorn in the way.

I waited to watch you linger
With foot drawn back from the dew,
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger
Struck sharp through the leaves at you.

And a bird overhead sang *Follow*,
And a bird to the right sang *Here*;
And the arch of the leaves was hollow
And the meaning of May was clear.

I saw where the sun's hand pointed,
I knew what the bird's note said;
By the dawn and the dewfall anointed,
You were queen by the gold on your
head.

As the glimpse of a burnt-out ember
 Recalls a regret of the sun,
 I remember, forget, and remember
 What Love saw done and undone.

I remember the way we parted,
 The day and the way we met;
 You hoped we were both broken-hearted
 And knew we should both forget.

And May with her world in flower,
 Seemed still to murmur and smile
 As you murmured and smiled for an hour;
 I saw you turn at the stile.

A hand like a white wood blossom,
 You lifted and waved, and passed,
 With head hung down to the bosom,
 And pale, as it seemed, at last.

And the best and the worst of this is
 That neither is most to blame
 If you've forgotten my kisses
 And I've forgotten your name.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR- HOUSE.

OVER the hill to the poor-house I'm
 trudgin' my weary way—
 I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle
 gray—
 I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the
 years I've told,
 As many another woman, that's only half
 as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't
 make it quite clear!
 Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems
 so horrid queer!
 Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,
 But this is a sort of journey I never thought
 to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's
 shame?

Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
 True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful
 stout,
 But charity ain't no favor if one can live
 without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day,
 To work for a decent livin', an' pay my
 honest way;
 For I can earn my victuals, an' more too,
 I'll be bound,
 If any body is only willin' to have me
 round.

Once I was young and han'some—I was
 upon my soul—
 Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as
 black as coal;
 And I can't remember, in them days, of
 hearin' people say,
 For any kind of a reason, that I was in their
 way.

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over
 free,
 But many a house and home was open then
 to me;
 Many a han'some offer I had from likely
 men,
 And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden
 then.

And when to John I was married, sure he
 was good and smart,
 But he and all the neighbors would own I
 done my part;
 For life was all before me, an' I was young
 an' strong,
 And I worked the best that I could in try-
 in' to get along.

And so we worked together: and life was
 hard but gay,
 With now and then a baby for to cheer us
 on our way;

Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed
clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had
enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'r'n, and raised
'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as
we ought to have done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some
good folks condemn,
But every couple's child'r'n's a heap the
best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed
little ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have
died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but
when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to
work the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an'
girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us
there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an'
dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he come one day an'
took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never
to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was
now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with
scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a courtin', and brought
a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a
pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap
o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with
her, I know,
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't
make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for
her;
But when she twitted me on mine 'twas
carryin' things too fur;
An' I told her once 'fore company (an' it
almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et
a'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing
was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I
another one;
And a very little cottage for one family will
do,
But I have never seen a house that was big
enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never
could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I
didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like
a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told
me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's
house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it
was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and
what with childr'n three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't
room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son
I've got,
For Thomas' buildings'd cover the half of
an acre lot;
But all the childr'n was on me—I couldn't
stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was
comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca,—my girl who
lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some
twenty miles at best;

And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there,
for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was
too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an'
shifted me about—

So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore
my old heart out;

But still I've borne up pretty well, an'
wasn't much put down,

Till Charley went to the poor-master, an'
put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my
childr'n dear, goodbye!

Many a night I've watched you when only
God was nigh;

And God'll judge between us; but I will
al'ays pray

That you shall never suffer the half I do
to-day.

WILL M. CARLETON.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURS-
ERY.

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"

My little boy asked me

Thus, once on a time;

And moreover he tasked me

To tell him in rhyme.

Anon at the word,

There first came one daughter,

And then came another,

To second and third

The request of their brother,

And to hear how the water

Comes down at Lodore,

With its rush and its roar,

As many a time

They had seen it before.

So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;

And 'twas in my vocation

For their recreation

That so I should sing;

Because I was Laureate

To them and the King.

From its sources which well

In the tarn on the fell;

From its fountains

In the mountains,

Its rills and its gills;

Through moss and through brake,

It runs and it creeps

For a while till it sleeps

In its own little lake.

And thence at departing,

Awakening and starting,

It runs through the reeds,

And away it proceeds,

Through meadow and glade,

In sun and in shade,

And through the wood-shelter,

Among crags in its flurry,

Helter-skelter,

Hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling,

And there it lies darkling;

Now smoking and frothing

Its tumult and wrath in,

Till, in this rapid race

On which it is bent,

It reaches the place

Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong

Then plunges along,

Striking and raging

As if a war waging

Its caverns and rocks among;

Rising and leaping,

Sinking and creeping,

Swelling and sweeping,

Showering and springing,

Flying and flinging,

Writhing and wringing,

Eddying and whisking,

Spouting and frisking,

Turning and twisting
 Around and around
 With endless rebound:
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in;
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its
 sound.

Collecting, projecting,
 Receding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And hitting and splitting,
 And shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and going,
 And running and stunning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And dinning and spinning,
 And dropping and hopping,
 And working and jerking,
 And guggling and struggling,
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
 And gathering and feathering,
 And whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,

And clattering and battering and shattering;
 ing;

Retreating and beating and meeting and
 sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and
 spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and
 dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boil-
 ing,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming
 and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and
 gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and
 slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and
 twirling,
 And thumping and plumping and bumping
 and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and
 clashing;
 And so never ending, but always descend-
 ing,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are
 blending
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty up-
 roar,—
 And this way the water comes down at
 Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE ARMADA:

A FRAGMENT.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble
 England's praise;
 I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought
 in ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible against her
 bore in vain
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest
 hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm
 summer day,
 There came a gallant merchant-ship full
 sail to Plymouth Bay;
 Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet,
 beyond Aurigny's isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heav-
 ing many a mile.
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's
 especial grace;
 And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held
 her close in chase.
 Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed
 along the wall;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edge-
 cumbe's lofty hall;
 Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry
 along the coast,
 And with loose rein and bloody spur rode
 inland many a post.
 With his white hair unbonneted, the stout
 old sheriff comes;
 Behind him march the halberdiers; before
 him sound the drums;
 His yeomen round the market cross make
 clear an ample space;
 For there behoves him to set up the stand-
 ard of Her Grace.
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gayly
 dance the bells,
 As slow upon the laboring wind the royal
 blazon swells.
 Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his
 ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the
 gay lilies down.
 So stalked he when he turned to flight, on
 that famed Picard field,
 Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and
 Cæsar's eagle shield.
 So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath
 he turned to bay,
 And crushed and torn beneath his claws
 the princely hunters lay.
 Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight:
 Ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
 Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: Ho! gal-
 lants, draw your blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye
 breezes, waft her wide;
 Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of
 our pride.
 The freshening breeze of eve unfurled
 that banner's massy fold,
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that
 haughty scroll of gold;
 Night sank upon the dusky beach and on
 the purple sea,
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor
 ne'er again shall be.
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from
 Lynn to Milford Bay,
 That time of slumber was as bright and
 busy as the day;
 From swift to east and swift to west the
 ghastly war flame spread,
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it
 shone on Beachy Head.
 Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along
 each southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those
 twinkling points of fire.
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's
 glittering waves:
 The rugged miners poured to war from
 Mendip's sunless caves:
 O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's
 oaks, the fiery herald flew:
 He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge
 the rangers of Beaulieu.
 Right sharp and quick the bells all night
 rang out from Bristol town,
 And ere the day three hundred horse had
 met on Clifton down;
 The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth
 into the night,
 And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the
 streak of blood-red light,
 Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the
 deathlike silence broke,
 And with one start, and with one cry, the
 royal city woke.
 At once on all her stately gates arose the
 answering fires;
 At once the wild alarum clashed from all
 her reeling spires;

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed
 loud the voice of fear;
 And all the thousand masts of Thames
 sent back a louder cheer:
 And from the furthest wards was heard the
 rush of hurrying feet,
 And the broad streams of pikes and flags
 rushed down each roaring street;
 And broader still became the blaze, and
 louder still the din,
 As fast from every village round the horse
 came spurring in:
 And eastward straight from wild Blackheath
 the warlike errand went,
 And roused in many an ancient hall the
 gallant squires of Kent.
 Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew
 those bright couriers forth;
 High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor
 they started for the north;
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired
 they bounded still:
 All night from tower to tower they sprang;
 they sprang from hill to hill:
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er
 Darwin's rocky dales,
 Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the
 stormy hills of Wales,
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on
 Malvern's lonely height,
 Till streamed in crimson on the wind the
 Wrekin's crest of light,
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth on
 Ely's stately fane,
 And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all
 the boundless plain;
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to
 Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the
 wide vale of Trent;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on
 Gaunt's embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the
 burghers of Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY.

TO IANTHE, SLEEPING.

FROM "QUEEN MAB."

How wonderful is Death!
 Death and his brother Sleep!
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,
 With lips of lurid blue;
 The other, rosy as the morn
 When throned on ocean's wave,
 It blushes o'er the world:
 Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
 Seized on her sinless soul?
 Must then that peerless form
 Which love and admiration cannot view
 Without a beating heart, those azure
 veins
 Which steal like streams along a field of
 snow,
 That lovely outline which is fair
 As breathing marble, perish?
 Must putrefaction's breath
 Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
 But loathsomeness and ruin?
 Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
 On which the lightest heart might moral-
 ize?
 Or is it only a sweet slumber
 Stealing o'er sensation,
 Which the breath of roseate morning
 Chaseth into darkness?
 Will Ianthe wake again,
 And give that faithful bosom joy,
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
 Light, life, and rapture from her smile?

Yes! she will wake again,
 Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
 And silent those sweet lips,
 Once breathing eloquence
 That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
 Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror.
 Her dewy eyes are closed,
 And on their lids, whose texture fine
 Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
 The baby Sleep is pillowed:

Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

* * * * *

A gentle start convulsed Ianthe's frame:
Her veiny eyelids quietly unclosed;
Moveless awhile the dark blue orbs remained.

She looked around in wonder, and beheld
Henry, who kneeled in silence by her couch,

Watching her sleep with looks of speechless love,

And the bright-beaming stars
That through the casement shone.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone over fair women and
brave men:

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to those which
spake again

And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like
a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No, 'twas but the
wind,

Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined:
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure
meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying
feet.

But hark that heavy sound breaks in once
more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening
roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high
hall

Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did
hear

That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic
ear;

And when they smiled because he
deemed it near,

His heart more truly knew that peal too
well

Which stretched his father on a bloody
bier

And roused the vengeance blood alone
could quell:

He rushed into the field, and foremost
fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to
and fro,

And gathering tears and trembling of
distress,

And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour
ago,

Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;

And these were sudden partings, such as
press

The life from out young hearts, and choking
sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated; who
could guess

If ever more should meet those mutual
eyes

Since upon night so sweet such awful
morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste:
the steed,

The mustering squadron and the clattering
car,

Went pouring forward with impetuous
speed

And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;

And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning
star;
While thronged the citizens with terror
dumb
Or whispered with white lips, "The foe!
They come! They come!"

LORD BYRON.

THE TELLTALE.

ONCE, on a golden afternoon,
With radiant faces and hearts in tune,
Two fond lovers in dreaming mood
Threaded a rural solitude.
Wholly happy, they only knew
That the earth was bright and the sky was
blue,
That light and beauty and joy and song
Charmed the way as they passed along:
The air was fragrant with woodland scents;
The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence;
And hovering near them, "Chee, chee,
chink?"
Queried the curious bobolink;
Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
As saucily questioning all they said;
While the ox-eye danced on its slender
stem,
And all glad nature rejoiced with them.
Over the odorous fields were strown
Wilting windrows of grass new-mown,
And rosy billows of clover bloom
Surged in the sunshine and breathed
perfume.
Swinging low on a slender limb,
The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
And, balancing on a blackberry-brier,
The bobolink sung with his heart on
fire,—
"Chink? If you wish to kiss her, do!
Do it, do it! You coward, you!
Kiss her! Kiss, kiss her! Who will
see?
Only we three! we three! we three!"

Under garlands of drooping vines,
Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed
vines,
Past wide meadow-fields, lately mowed,
Wandered the indolent country road.
The lovers followed it, listening still,
And loitering slowly, as lovers will,
Entered a low-roofed bridge that lay,
Dusky and cool, in their pleasant way.
Under its arch a smooth, brown stream
Silently glided, with glint and gleam,
Shaded by graceful elms that spread
Their verdurous canopy overhead,—
The stream so narrow, the boughs so wide,
They met and mingled across the tide.
Alders loved it, and seemed to keep
Patient watch as it lay asleep,
Mirroring clearly the trees and sky
And the fitting form of the dragon-fly,
Save where the swift-winged swallow
played
In and out in the sun and shade,
And darting and circling in merry chase,
Dipped, and dimpled its clear dark face.
Fluttering lightly from brink to brink,
Followed the garrulous bobolink,
Rallying loudly, with mirthful din,
The pair who lingered unseen within.
And when from the friendly bridge at last
Into the road beyond they passed,
Again beside them the tempter went,
Keeping the thread of his argument—
"Kiss her! kiss her! chink-a-chee-chee!
I'll not mention it! Don't mind me!
I'll be sentinel—I can see
All around from this tall birch-tree!"
But ah! they noted—nor deemed it strange,
In his rollicking chorus a trifling change:
"Do it! do it!" with might and main
Warbled the telltale—"Do it *again*!"

ANONYMOUS.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitchee Gumee,
By the shining big-sea-water,

At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
All before him through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest,
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing, in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him,
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing, in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest,
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha,
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow,
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Towards the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver?
Or the pelican the shade?
Or the heron the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose, Wa-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing
From its glossy neck and feathers?

It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,

O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch-canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine:
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black robe Chief the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale face,
With his guides and his companions

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited full of exultation
Till the birch-canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried and spake aloud in this wise:
"Beautiful is the sun, O Strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;
For your birch-canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

"Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!"

And the Black-robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,

Peace of prayer and peace of pardon.
Peace of Christ and joy of Mary!"

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet the peace-pipe
Filled and lighted for their smoking.
All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome:
"It is well," they said, "O brother
That you come so far to see us!"

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-robe chief, the Pale-face
From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
"It is well," they said, "O Brother,
That you came so far to see us."

Then the Black-robe chief the prophet
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed son the Savior,
How in distant lands and ages,
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed and labored;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer saying:
"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer;
With the drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it,
From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless
Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena;
And the guests of Hiawatha
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests that slumbered:
"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the sunset,
To the region of the home wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them;
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter
In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey,

Many moons and many winters
Will have come and will have vanished
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!"

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting,
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! Westward!"
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun decending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky like a prairie
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening,
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch-canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon, slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!",
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah
From her haunts among the fen-lands,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening

To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the northwest wind Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US."

THE world is too much with us; late and
soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon!

This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping
flowers;

For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn:

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

JIM BLUDSO

OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
 Is all pretty much alike,—
 One wife in Natchez-under-the-hill
 And another one here, in Pike;
 A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
 And an awkward hand in a row,
 But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
 To treat his engine well;
 Never be passed on the river
 To mind the pilot's bell;
 And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
 A thousand times he swore,
 He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
 And her day come at last,—
 The Movastar was a better boat,
 But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed;
 And so she came tearin' along that night—
 The oldest craft on the line—
 With a nigger squat on her safety-valve
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and
 pine.

The fire bust out as she clar'd the bar,
 And burnt a hole in the night,
 And quick as a flash she turned, and made
 For that willer-bank on the right.
 There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim
 yelled out
 Over all the infernal roar,
 "I'll hold her nozzle agin' the bank
 Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot black breath of the burnin'
 boat
 Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
 And they all had trust in his cussedness,
 And knowed he would keep his word.
 And, sure's you're born, they all got off
 Afore the smokestacks fell,
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone
 In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint, but at jedgment
 I'd run my chance with Jim,
 'Long side of some pious gentlemen
 That wouldn't shake hands with him.
 He seen his duty, a dead sure thing,—
 And went for it thar and then;
 And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
 On a man that died for men.

JOHN HAY.

"GRACIOUS SPIRIT DWELL WITH
 ME."

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,—
 I myself would gracious be,
 And with words that help and heal
 Would thy life in mine reveal;
 And with actions bold and meek
 Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
 I myself would truthful be;
 And with wisdom kind and clear
 Let thy life in mine appear;
 And with actions brotherly
 Speak my Lord's sincerity

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
 I myself would tender be;
 Shut my heart up like a flower,
 At temptation's darksome hour;
 Open it when shines the sun,
 And his love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me,—
 I myself would quiet be,
 Quiet as the growing blade
 Which through earth its way has made;
 Silently, like morning light,
 Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,—
 I myself would mighty be,
 Mighty so as to prevail
 Where unaided man must fail;
 Ever by a mighty hope
 Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
 I myself would holy be;
 Separate from sin, I would
 Choose and cherish all things good;
 And whatever I can be
 Give to Him who gave me Thee.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

THE DEATH OF MARMION.

FAR on the left, unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
 Though there the western mountaineer
 Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the targe aside,
 And with both hands the broadsword plied:
 'Twas vain:—For Fortune on the right,
 With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight,
 Then fell that spotless banner white,
 The Howard's lion fell;
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle yell.
 The border slogan rent the sky!
 "A Home!" "a Gordon!" was the cry:
 Loud were the clanging blows;
 Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now
 high,
 The pennon sunk and rose;
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It wavered mid the foes.
 No longer Blount the view could bear;
 "By Heaven and all its saints I swear,
 I will not see it lost!
 Fitz Eustace, you with Lady Clare
 May bid your beads and patter prayer,—
 I gallop to the host."
 And to the fray he rode amain,
 Follow'd by all the archer train.
 The fiery youth with desperate charge,
 Made, for a space, an opening large,—
 The rescued banner rose,—
 But darkly closed the war around,
 Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
 It sunk among the foes.

Then Eustace mounted too:—Yet staid,
 As loath to leave the helpless maid,

When, fast as shaft can fly,
 Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 The loose rein dangling from his head,
 Housing and saddle bloody red,

Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by;
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight,

A look and sign to Clara cast,
 To mark he would return in haste,
 Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
 Left in that dreadful hour alone:
 Perchance her reason stoops or reels;
 Perchance a courage, not her own,
 Braces her mind to desperate tone—
 The scattered van of England wheels;—
 She only said, as loud in air
 The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"—
 They fly, or madden'd by despair,
 Fight but to die,— "Is Wilton there?"—
 With that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,
 And in their arms a helpless load,

A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strained the broken brand;
 His arms were smeared with blood and
 sand:

Dragged from among the horses' feet,
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
 The falcon, crest and plumage gone,
 Can this be haughty Marmion! * * *
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,
 And gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
 That spear-wound has our master sped,
 And see the deep cut on his head!

Good night to Marmion.—"
 "Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease;
 He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
 Around, gane Marmion wildly stare:—
 "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace
 where?"

Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
 Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
 Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!

Last of my race on battle plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
 Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
 To Dacre bear my signet ring:
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring,—
 Fitz Eustace, to Lord Surry high;
 Tunsfall lies dead upon the field:
 His life blood stains the spotless shield:
 Edmund is down:—my life is left;
 The Admiral alone is left.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host
 Or victory and England's lost,—
 Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly,
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die!"

They parted, and alone he lay;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain rung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmured,—“Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nurst,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst!”

O woman in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A mistering angel thou!—

Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
 To the high streamlet ran:
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears—
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew;
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,
 Where waged the war, a dark red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue,
 Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
 A little fountain cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
 Above, some half-worn letters say,

**Drink: weary: pilgrim: drink: and:
 pray:**

**For: the: kind: soul: of: Sybil: Gray:
 Who: built: this: cross: and: well**

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied,
 A monk supporting Marmion's head—
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fraught,
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave,—
 “Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,
 “Or injured Constance, bathes my head?”
 Then, as remembrance rose,—
 “Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
 I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!”—
 “Alas!” she said; “the while,—
 Oh! think of your immortal weal!
 In vain for Constance is your zeal;
 She—died at Holy Isle.”—
 Lord Marmion started from the ground
 As light as if he felt no wound;

Though in the action burst the tide,
 In torrents, from his wounded side.
 “Then it was truth,” he said,—“I knew
 That the dark presage must be true—
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs
 Would spare me but a day!
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar stone,
 Might bribe him to delay.
 It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand,
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand,
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
 And strove to staunch the gushing wound;
 The monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers;
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,

A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung:
*"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with the groans
 of the dying:"*

So the notes rung;—
 "Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
 O look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
 O think on faith and bliss!—
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."—
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now, trebly thundering, swell'd the gale,
 And—Stanley!—was the cry;—
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye:
 With dying hand, above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory!—
 "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley,
 on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata pango;
 Funera plango;
 Solemnia clango.

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.

With deep affection
 And recollection
 I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would
 In the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
 Where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee,—

With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
 Full many a clime in,
 Toiling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine,
 White at a glib rate
 Brass tongues would vibrate;
 But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
 On each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry, knelling
 Its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard the bells tolling
 Old Adrian's Mole in,
 Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican,—
 And cymbals glorious
 Swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
 Than the Dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber,
 Pealing solemnly.
 O, the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
 While in tower and kiosk O
 In St. Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
 And loud in air
 Calls men to prayer,
 From the tapering summit
 Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant 'em;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

FRANCIS MAHONY (FATHER PROUT.)

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and
wide,
And that one talent which is death to
hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul
more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,
I fondly ask but patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not
need
Either man's work or His own gifts; who
best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him
best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without
rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

JOHN MILTON.

WILLY'S GRAVE.

THE frosty wind was wailing while across
the wintry wold;
The cloudless vault of heaven was bright
with studs of gleaming gold;
The weary cotter's heavy lids had closed
with closing day,

And on his silent hearth a tinge of dying
fire-light lay.

The ancient hamlet seemed asleep beneath
the starry sky;
A little river, sheathed in ice, came gliding
gently by;
The grey church, in the graveyard, where
the "rude forefathers lay,"
Stood, like a mother, waiting till her chil-
dren came from play.

No footstep trod the tiny town; the drowsy
street was still,
Save where the wandering night-wind sang
its requiem wild and shrill,
The stainless snow lay thick upon those
quaint old cottage eaves,
And wreaths of fairy frost-work hung
where grew last summer's leaves.

Each village home was dark and still, and
closed was every door;
For gentle sleep had twined her arms
around both rich and poor,—
Save in one little cot, where, by a candle's
flickering ray,
A childless mother sighing sat, and combed
her locks of gray.

Her husband and her children all were in
the last cold bed,
Where, one by one, she'd laid them down
and left them with the dead;
Then toiling on towards her rest—a lonely
pilgrim, she—
For God and poverty were now her only
company.

Upon the shady window-sill a well-worn
Bible lay;
Against the wall a coat had hung for many
a weary day:
And on the scanty table-top, with crumbs
of supper strewn,
There stood, beside a porringer, two little
empty shoon.

The fire was waning in the grate; the spinning-wheel at rest;
The cricket's song rang loudly in that lonely woman's nest.

As, with her napkin thin and worn, and wet with many a tear,
She wiped the little pair of shoon her darling used to wear.

Her widowed heart had often leaped to hear his prattle small:

He was the last that she had left—the dearest of them all;

And as she rocked her to and fro, while tears came dropping down,

She sighed and cried, "Oh, Willy, love! these little empty shoon!"

With gentle hand she laid them by, she laid them by with care,

For Willy he was in his grave, and all her thoughts were there;

She paused before she dropped the sneck that closed her lambless fold,

It grieved her heart to bar the door and leave him in the cold.

A threadbare cloak she wrapped around her limbs so thin and chill,

She left her lonely cot behind whilst all the world was still;

And through the solitary night she took her silent way,

With weeping eyes, towards the spot where little Willy lay.

The pale, cold moon had climbed aloft into the welkin blue,

A snow-clad tree across the grave its leafless shadow threw;

And as that mournful mother sat, upon a mound there by,

The bitter wind of winter sighed to hear her wailing cry!

"My little Willy's cowl and still! He's not a cheep for me;

Th' last leaf has dropt, the last tiny leaf, that cheered this withered tree.

Oh, my poor heart! my comfort's gone; aw'm lonely under th' sky!

He'll never clip my neck again, an' tell me not to cry!

"Nipt,—nipt i'th' bud, an' laid i'th' dust, my little Willy's dead,

And a' that made me cling to life lies in his frosty bed.—

He's gone! He's gone! My poor bare neest! What's a' this world to me?

My darlin' lad! aw'm lonely neaw! when mun aw come to thee?

"He's crept into his last dark nook, an' left me pinin' here;

An' never more his two blue e'en for me mun twinkle clear.

He'll never list his prayers again at his poor mammy's knee;

Oh, Willy! oh, aw'm lonely neaw, when mun aw come to thee?"

The snow-clad yew-tree stirred with pain, to hear that plaintive cry;

The old church listened, and the spire kept pointing to the sky;

With kindlier touch the bitter wind played in her locks of gray,

And the queenly moon upon her head shone with a softened ray.

She rose to leave that lonely bed—her heart was grieving sore,—

One step she took, and then her tears fell faster than before;

She turned and gave another look,—one lingering look she gave,—

Then, sighing left him lying in his little wintry grave.

EDWIN WAUGH.

TO A DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Enwreathes the circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charm,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;
The wild bee murmurs on its breast;
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page—in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair;
It opens with perennial grace
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland,*rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign;
The Daisy never dies!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MOTHER SHALL THREAD THEM A DAISY CHAIN.

HEIGH-HO! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in
the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender
and small:
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's
own lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-spar-
row,
That loved her brown little ones, loved
them full fain,
Sing, "Heart, thou art wide though the
house be but narrow,"—
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and
they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her
prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little
daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall—
A sunshiny world full of laughter and
leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow
and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing
its measure,
God that is over us all!

JEAN INGELow.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer show-
ers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life,
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away;
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones,
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—*there are no dead.*

LORD LYTTON.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT"

LEAD, kindly light, amid the encircling
gloom

Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step's enough for
me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past
years.

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it
still

Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
till

The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile!

Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path
Thyself has trod,
Lead, Savior, lead me home in childlike
faith,

Home to my God,
To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.



MOTHER SHALL THREAD THEM A DAISY CHAIN.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn, sits pokin' in
the ase,
Glowerin' in the fire wi' his wee round
face;
Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe—what sees he
there?
Ha! the young dreamer's biggin' castles in
the air!

His wee chubby face, an' his tousy curly
pow,
Are laughin' an' noddin' to the dancin'
lowe,
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his
sunny hair,
Glow'rin' at the imps wi' their castles in
the air.

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the
moon,
He sees little sodgers po'in' them a' doun,
Warlds whomlin' up an' doun, bleezin' wi'
a flare,
Losh! how he louns, as they glimmer in
the air!

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the lad-
die ken?
He's thinkin' upon naething, like mony
mighty men,
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing
mak's us stare,
There are mair folks than him biggin'
castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak him
cauld;
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon
mak him auld;
His brow is brent sae braid, so pray that
Daddy Care
Wad let the wean alane wi' his castles in
the air.

He'll glower at the fire, and he'll keek at
the light;
But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up
by Night;
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a
glare,
Hearts are broken—heads are turned—wi'
castles in the air.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

"LET there be light," said God; and forth-
with light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native
east,
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light
was good,
And light from darkness, by the hemis-
phere,
Divided: light the day, and darkness
night,
He named; thus was the first day even and
morn;
Nor passed uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birthday of heaven and earth: with joy
and shout
The hollow universal orb they filled,
And touched their golden harps, and hymn-
ing praised
God and his works; Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when
first morn.

JOHN MILTON.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A SONG to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
 Here's health and renown to his broad green
 crown,
 And his fifty arms so strong.
 There's fear in his frown when the sun goes
 down,

And the fire in the west fades out;
 And he showeth his might on a wild mid-
 night,
 When the storms through his branches
 shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old
 oak,
 Who stands in his pride alone;
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with
 cold

Had brightened his branches gray,
 Through the grass at his feet crept maidens
 sweet,

To gather the dew of May.
 And on that day to the rebeck gay
 They frolicked with lovesome swains;
 They are gone, they are dead, in the church-
 yard laid,
 But the tree it still remains.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old
 oak,
 Who stands in his pride alone;
 And still flourish he, a hale old tree,
 When a hundred years are gone!

He saw the rare times when the Christmas
 chimes

Were a merry sound to hear,
 When the squire's wide hall and the cottage
 small

Were filled with good English cheer.
 Nor gold hath the sway we all obey,
 And a ruthless king is he;

But he never shall send our ancient friend
 To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old
 oak,

Who stands in his pride alone;
 And still flourish he, a hale old tree,
 When a hundred years are gone!

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

TRIUMPH OF CHARIS.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love!
 Wherein my lady rideth!
 Each that draws is a swan, or a dove,
 And well the car Love guideth.
 As she goes, all hearts do duty
 Unto her beauty.
 And, enamored, do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
 That they still were to run by her side
 Through swords, through seas, whither she
 would ride.

Do but look on her eyes! they do light
 All that Love's world compriseth;
 Do but look on her hair! it is bright
 As Love's star when it riseth!
 Do but mark—her forehead's smother
 Than words that soothe her!
 And from her arched brows such a grace
 Sheds itself through the face,
 As alone there triumphs to the life,
 All the gain, all the good of the elements
 strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 Before rude hands have touched it?
 Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
 Before the soil hath smutched it?
 Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
 Or swan's down ever?
 Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?
 Or the nard i' the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet is she!

BEN JOHNSON.



THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

JESUS.

JESUS! the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind!

O Hope of every contrite heart,
 O Joy of all the meek!
 To those who fall how kind Thou art,
 How good to those who seek!

And those who find Thee, find a bliss
 Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 The love of Jesus—what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.

SAINT BERNARD.

EARLY RISING.

"God bless the man who first invented
 sleep!"

So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
 And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
 His great discovery to himself, nor try
 To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
 A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes,—bless the man who first invented
 sleep,

(I really can't avoid the iteration;)
 But blast the man with curses loud and
 deep,

Whate'er the rascal's name or age or sta-
 tion,
 Who first invented, and went round ad-
 vising,
 That artificial cut-off,—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to
 bed,"
 Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;

Maxims like these are very cheaply said;

But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
 Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
 And whether larks have any beds at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed
 Is in the morning, if I reason right;
 And he who cannot keep his precious head
 Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
 And so enjoy his forty morning winks.
 Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons,"
 said

It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
 But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
 At ten o'clock, A. M.,—the very reason
 He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact
 is,
 His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his
 practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes
 awake,—

Awake to duty, and awake to truth,—
 But when, alas! a nice review we take
 Of our best deeds and days, we find, in
 sooth,
 The hours that leave the slightest cause to
 weep
 Are those we passed in childhood, or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
 For the soft visions of the gentle night;
 And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
 To live as only in the angels' sight,
 In sleep's sweet realm, so cosily shut in,
 Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
 I like the lad who, when his father
 thought
 To clip his morning nap by hackneyed
 phrase
 Of vagrant worm by early songster
 caught,

Cried, "Served him right!—it's not at all
surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early
rising!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

THE SEA.

THE sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies,
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west wind doth blow!
I never was on the dull, tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh her mother's nest,
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean child.
I have lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change:
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea!

B. W. PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL.)

SOME MURMUR.

SOME murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through
a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way
hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work
pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of
Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises
loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet
much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war: new foes
arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular
chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the
paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their
maw.

JOHN MILTON.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes at morn to
twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's crea-
tion;

And dew-drops on her lovely altars sprinkle
As a libation.

Ye matin worshipers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Pour from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate—
What numerous lessons of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloister'd bough each floral bell that
swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ring-
eth

A call to prayer.

Not to those domes where crumbling arch
and column

Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planin'd;

To that cathedral boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and
moon supply;

Its choir, the wind and waves; its organ,
thunder;

Its dome, the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the lone aisles, or stretch'd upon
the sod,

Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made
for pleasure,

Blooming o'er hill and dale, by day and
night;

On every side your sanction bids me treas-
ure

Harmless delight!

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living
preachers;

Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book;
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
In loneliest nook.

Floral apostles, that with dewy splendor
Blush without sin, and weep without a
crime;

Oh! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surren-
der

Your lore divine!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like
ours;

How vain your glory—Oh! how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist,
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-
spread hall,

What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Posthumous glories—angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed and bulb interr'd in
earth;

Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth!

Ephemeral sages—what instructors hoary
To such a world of thought could furnish
scope?

Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands re-
maining,

Far from the voice of teachers and di-
vines,

My soul would find in flowers of thy ordain-
ing

Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORACE SMITH.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting
flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when
laid

In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that
waken

The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's
breast,

As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bow-
ers,

Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or
stream,

The spirit he loves remains;
And I, all the while, bask in heaven's blue
smile,
While he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor
eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

An eagle alit, one moment may sit,
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit
sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy
nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angel's hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's
thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built
tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me
on high,
Are each paved with the moon and
these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning
zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel
and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like
shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I
march
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to
my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;

The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing
below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and
shores;
I change, but I cannot die,
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their
convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost
from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

OF HEAVEN.

O BEAUTEOUS God! uncircumscribed trea-
sure
Of an eternal pleasure!
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,
Where Thou preparest a glorious place,
Within the brightness of Thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit
That builds his hopes upon Thy merit,
And loves Thee with a holy charity.

What ravished heart, seraphic tongue or
eyes
Clear as the morning rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity,
Where the great king's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone?
There the eye
O' the chrysolite,

And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase—
And, above all, thy holy face—
Make an eternal charity.

When Thou Thy jewels up dost bind, that
day
Remember us, we pray—
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There Thou mayest appoint us a place
Within the brightness of Thy face—
And our soul
In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enroll,
That we may praise Thee to eternity.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

PATIENT MERCY JONES.

Let us venerate the bones
Of patient Mercy Jones,
Who lies underneath these stones.

THIS is her story as once told to me
By him who still loved her, as all men
might see—
Darius, her husband, his age seventy years,
A man of few words, but, for her, many
tears.

Darius and Mercy were born in Vermont;
Both children were christened at baptismal
font
In the very same place, on the very same
day—
(Not much acquainted just then, I dare
say).
The minister sprinkled the babies, and said,
"Who knows but this couple some time
may be wed,
And I be the parson to join them together,
For weal or for woe, through all sorts of
weather!"

Well, they *were* married, and happier folk
Never put both their heads in the same loving yoke.

They were poor, they worked hard, but
nothing could try

The patience of Mercy, or cloud her bright eye.

She was clothed with content as a beautiful robe;

She had griefs—who has *not* on this changeable globe?—

But at such times she seemed like the sister of Job.

She was patient with dogmas, where light
never dawns,

She was patient with people who trod on
her lawns;

She was patient with folks who said blue
skies were grey,

And dentists and oxen that pulled the
wrong way;

She was patient with phrases no husband
should utter,

She was patient with cream that declined to
be butter;

She was patient with buyers with nothing
to pay,

She was patient with talkers with nothing
to say;

She was patient with millers whose trade
was to cozen,

And grocers who counted out ten to the
dozen;

She was patient with bunglers and fault-
finding churls,

And tall, awkward lads who came courting
her girls;

She was patient with crockery no art could
mend,

And chimneys that smoked every day the
wrong end;

She was patient with reapers who never
would sow,

And long-winded callers who never would
go;

She was patient with relatives, when, unin-
vited,

They came, and devoured, then complained
they were slighted;

She was patient with crows that got into the
corn,

And other dark deeds out of wantonness
born;

She was patient with lightning that burned
up the hay,

She was patient with poultry unwilling to
lay;

She was patient with rogues who drank
cider too strong,

She was patient with sermons that lasted
too long;

She was patient with boots that tracked up
her clean floors,

She was patient with peddlers and other
smooth bores;

She was patient with children who dis-
obeyed rules,

And, to crown all the rest, she was patient
with fools.

The neighboring husbands all envied the
lot

Of Darius, and wickedly got up a plot
To bring o'er his sunshine an unpleasant
spot.

"You think your wife's temper is proof
against fate,

But *we* know of something her smiles will
abate.

When she gets out of wood, and for more
is inclined,

Just send home the *crookedest* lot you can
find;

Let *us* pick it out, let *us* go and choose it,
And we'll bet you a farm, when she comes
for to use it,

Her temper will crack like Nathan Dow's
cornet,

And she'll be as mad as an elderly hornet."

Darius was piqued, and he said, with a *vum*,
"I'll pay for the wood, if *you'll* send it
hum;

But depend on it, neighbors, no danger will
come."

Home came the gnarled roots, and a crooked
 eder load
 Never entered the gate of a christian abode.
 A ram's horn was straighter than any stick
 in it;
 It seemed to be wriggling about every minute;
 It would not stand up, and it would not lie
 down;
 It twisted the vision of one-half the town.
 To *look* at such fuel was really a sin,
 For the chance was strabismus would surely
 set in.

Darius said nothing to Mercy about it:
 It *was* crooked wood—even *she* could not
 doubt it:
 But never a harsh word escaped her sweet
 lips,
 Any more than if the old snags were
 smooth chips.
 She boiled with them, baked with them,
 washed with them through
 The long winter months, and none ever
 knew
 But the wood was as straight as Mehitable
 Drew,
 Who was straight as a die, or a gun, or an
 arrow,
 And who made it her business all male
 hearts to harrow.

When the pile was burned up, and they
 needed more wood,
 "Sure, now," mused Darius, "*I shall* catch
 it good;
 She has kept her remarks all condensed for
 the Spring,
 And my ears, for the trick, now deserve
 well to sing.
 She never *did* scold me, but now she will
 pout,
 And say with *such* wood she is nearly worn
 out."

But Mercy, unruffled, was calm, like the
 stream

That reflects back at evening the sun's perfect
 beam;
 And she looked at Darius, and lovingly
 smiled,
 As she made this request with a temper
 unriled:
 "We are wanting more fuel, I'm sorry to
 say,
 I burn a great deal too much every day,
 And I mean to use less than I have in the
 past;
 But get, if you can, dear, a load like the
 last;
 I never had wood that I liked half so well—
 Do see who has nice *crooked* fuel to sell:
 There's nothing that's better than wood full
 of knots,
 It lays so complete round the kettles and
 pots,
 And washing and cooking are really like
 play
 When the sticks nestle close in so charming
 a way.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

BETTER IN THE MORNING.

"You can't help the baby, parson,
 But still, I want ye to go
 Down an' look in upon her,
 An' read an' pray, you know,
 Only last week she was skippin' 'round
 A pullin' my whiskers 'n' hair,
 A climbin' up to the table
 Into her little high chair.

"The first night that she took it
 When her little cheeks grew red,
 When she kissed good night to papa,
 And went away to bed—
 Sez she, 'Tis headache, papa,
 Be better in mornin'—bye;
 An' somethin' in how she said it,
 Just made me want to cry.

"But the mornin' brought the fever,
And her little hands were hot,
An' the pretty red uv her cheeks
Grew into a crimson spot,
But she laid there jest ez patient
Ez ever a *woman* could,
Takin' whatever we give her
Better 'n a grown woman would.

"The days are terrible long an' slow,
An' she 's goin' wus in each;
And now she 's jest a slippin'
Clear away out uv our reach.
Every night when I kiss her,
Tryin' hard not to cry,
She says in a way that kills me—
'Be better in mornin'—bye.'

"She can't get thro' the night, parson,
So I want ye to come an' pray,
And talk with mother a little—
You'll know jest what to say;—
Not that the baby needs it,
Nor that we make any complaint
That God seems to think He's needin'
The smile uv the little saint."

I walked along with the Corporal
To the door of his humble home,
To which the silent messenger
Before me had also come,
And if I had been a titled prince,
I could not have been honored more
Than I was with his heartfelt welcome
To his lowly cottage door.

Night falls again in the cottage;
They move in silence and dread
Around the room where the baby
Lies panting upon her bed.
"Does baby know papa, darling?"
And she moves her little face
With answer that she knows him;
But scarce a visible trace,

Of her wonderful infantile beauty
Remains as it was before—

The unseen, silent messenger
Had waited at the door.
"Papa—kiss—baby;—I'se so tired."
The man bows low his face,
And two swollen hands are lifted
In baby's last embrace.

And into her father's grizzled beard
The little red fingers cling,
While her husky whispered tenderness
Tears from a rock would wring,
"Baby—is—*so*—*sick*—papa—
But—don't—want you to cry;"
The little hands fall on the coverlet—
"Be—*better*—in—mornin'—bye."

And night around the baby is falling,
Settling down hard and dense;
Does God need their darning in heaven
That He must carry her hence?
I prayed, with tears in my voice
As the Corporal solemnly knelt
With grief such as never before
His great warm heart had felt.

Oh, frivolous men and women!
Do you know that round you, and
nigh—
Alike from the humble and haughty
Goeth up evermore the cry:
"My child, my precious, my darling,
How *can* I let you die!"
Oh! hear ye the white lips whisper—
"Be—*better*—in—mornin'—bye."

LEANDER S. COAN.

XERXES AT THE HELLESPONT.

"CALM is now that stormy water,—it has
learned to fear my wrath:
Lashed and fettered, now it yields me for
my hosts an easy path!"
Seven long days did Persia's monarch on
the Hellespontine shore,
Throned in state, behold his armies without
pause defiling o'er;

Only on the eighth the rearward to the
other side were past,—
Then one haughty glance of triumph far
as eye could reach he cast;
Far as eye could reach he saw them, mul-
titudes equipped for war,—
Medians with their bows and quivers, link-
éd armor and tiar;
From beneath the sun of Afric, from the
snowy hills of Thrace,
And from India's utmost borders, nations
ga hered in one place:
At a single mortal's bidding all this pomp
of war unfurled,—
All in league against the freedom and the
one hope of the world!

"What though once some petty trophies
from my captains thou hast won,
Think not, Greece, to see another such a
day as Marathon:
Wilt thou dare await the conflict, or in bat-
tle hope to stand,
When the lord of sixty nations takes him-
self his cause in hand?
Lo! they come, and mighty rivers, which
they drink of once, are dried;
And the wealthiest cities beggared, that for
them one meal provide,
Powers of numbers by their numbers infi-
nite are overborne,
So I measure men by measure, as a hus-
bandman his corn.
Mine are all,—this sceptre sways them,—
mine is all in every part!"
And he named himself most happy, and he
blessed himself in heart,—
Blessed himself, but on that blessing tears
abundant followed straight,
For that moment thoughts came o'er him
of man's painful brief estate:

Ere a hundred years were finished, where
would all those myriads be?
Hellespont would still be rolling his blue
waters to the sea;

But of all those countless numbers, not one
living would be found,—
A dead host with their dead monarch, silent
in the silent ground.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

THE BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes
faints?
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden from our longing eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and His word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus; grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So thall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end! Amen.

MICHAEL ALTENBURG.

HOW BETSY AND I MADE UP.

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer, how do
you do to day?

You drew up that paper—I s'pose you
want your pay.

Don't cut down your figures; make it an
X or a V;

For that 'ere written agreement was just the
makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was
blue,

Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was
goin' to do;

And if my hosses hadnt been the steadiest
team alive,

They'd have tipped me over, certain, for I
couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load;
No—for I was travelin' an entirely different
road;

For I was a tracin' over the path of our
lives ag'in,

And seein' where we missed the way, and
where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to
a quarrel led,

When I ought to 've held my temper and
driven straight ahead;

And the more I thought it over, the more
these memories came;

And the more I struck the opinion that I
was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin'
in my mind,

Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsy
was good and kind;

And these things flashed all thro me, as you
know things sometimes will,

When a feller's alone in the darkness, and
everything is still.

"But" says I, "we're too far along to take
another track,

And when I put my hand to the plow I do
not oft turn back;

And 'taint an uncommon thing now for
couples to smash in two;"

And so I set my teeth together, and vowed
I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house, 'twas
some'at in the night,

And just as I turned a hill-top I see the
kitchen light;

Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry
person makes;

But it don't interest a feller much that's
going to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house, the table
was set for me—

As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever
want to see;

And I crammed the agreement down my
pocket as well as I could,

And fell to eating my victuals, which some-
how didn't taste good.

And Betsy, she pretended to look about the
house,

And she watched my side coat pocket like
a cat would watch a mouse;

And then she went to foolin' a little with
her cup,

And intently reading a newspaper, a holdin'
it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drewed
the agreement out,

And gave it to her without a word, for she
knowed what it was about,

And then I hummed a little tune, but now
and then a note

Was busted by some animal that hopped
up in my throat.

Then Betsy she got her specs from off the
mantel-shelf,

And read the article over quite softly to
herself—

Read it by little and little, for her eyes is
getting old,
And lawyer's writin' ain't no print, especi-
ally when its cold.

And after she'd read a little she gave my
arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was lovin'
her too much;

And when she was through she went for
me, her face a streaming with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over
twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think sir, I didn't
come to enquire—

But I picked up that agreement and stuffed
it into the fire;

And I told her we'd bury the hatchet
alongside of the cow;

And we struck an agreement never to have
another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't
speak cross or rash,

If half the crockery in the house was
broken all to smash;

And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd
try and learn its worth,

By startin' a branch establishment, and
runnin it here on earth.

And so we sat a talkin' three quarters of
the night,

And opened our hearts to each other until
they both grew light;

the days when I was winnin' her away
from so many men,

Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her
over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains
to call on us,

Her lamp all trimmed and a burnin' to stir
up another fuss;

But when she went to pryin' and openin' of
old sores,

My Betsy rose politely and showed her out
of doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a
word or two,

But we've got our eyes wide open, and
know just what to do;

When one speaks cross the other just
meets it with a laugh,

And the first one's ready to give up con-
siderable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a talkin' in
this style,

But, somehow, it does me lots of good to
tell it once in a while;

And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that
you can see

That that there written agreement of yours
was just the making of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer; don't
stop short of an X;

Make it more if you want to, for I have
got the checks;

I'm richer than a National Bank with all
its treasure told,

For I've got a wife at home now that's
worth her weight in gold.

WILL M. CARLETON.

BOSTON HYMN.

Read in Music Hall, January 1st, 1863.

The word of the Lord by night
To the watching pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said I am tired of kings—
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways East and West,
And 'fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best.

I show Columbia of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas,
And soar to the air-born flocks
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave;
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers, and choppers, and plowmen,
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest,
And trim the straightest boughs;
Cut down trees in the forest,
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest-field
Hireling, and him that hires.

And here in a pine state house
They shall choose men to rule,
In every needful faculty,
In church, and state, and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men
Can govern the land and sea,
And make just laws below the sun
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;
'Tis nobleness to serve;

Help them who cannot help again:
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave,
Free be his heart and hand henceforth,
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow;
As much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But laying hands on another
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim,
For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound.

Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honor, O South! for his shame;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags,
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long,
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as behemoth strong.

Come East, and West, and North,
By races, as snow-flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My way fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BREVITY OF LIFE.

BEHOLD!

How short a span
Was long enough of old
To measure out the life of man!
In those well-tempered days his time was
then
Survey'd, cast up, and found but three-
score years and ten.

ALAS!

And what is that?
They come, and slide, and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The posts of time are swift, which, having
run
Their sev'n short stages o'er, their short-
liv'd task is done.

OUR DAYS

Begun, we lend
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end:
Twelve waning moons, twice five times
told, we give
To unrecover'd loss—we rather breathe
than live.

HOW VAIN,

How wretched is
Poor man that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this!
His days are short, at longest; few, at
most;
They are but bad, at best; yet lavished
out or lost.

THEY BE

The secret springs,
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagles' wings.
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of
breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time
shall strike a death.

How soon

Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this, how soon to grey-hair'd night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we
blast,
Ere we can count our days, our days they
flee so fast.

THEY END

When scarce begun,
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done.
Man! count thy days; and if they fly too
fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count
every day thy last.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

AN IDLE POET.

'Tis said that when the nightingale
His mate has found,
He fills no more the woodland deeps
With songful sound.

I sing not since I found my love,
For, like the bird's
My heart is full of song too sweet
Too deep for words.

T. H. ROBERTSON.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

A BIRD sang sweet and strong
In the top of the highest tree;
He sang,—“I pour out my soul in song
For the summer that soon shall be.”

But deep in the shady wood
Another bird sang,—“I pour
My soul on the silent solitude
For the springs that return no more.”

GEORGE WM. CURTIS.

LOVE.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
 All remedies refusing;
 A plant that most with cutting grows,
 Most barren with best using.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies,
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries

Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
 A tempest everlasting;
 And Jove hath made it of a kind
 Not well, not full, nor fasting.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries

Heigh-ho!

SAMUEL DANIEL.

MIGNONETTE.

As I sit at my desk by the window, when
 the garden with dew is wet,
 On the morning incense rises the breath of
 the mignonette,
 Laden with tender memories of thirty
 years ago,
 When she gave me her worthless promise,
 and we loved each other so,
 Till her tough old worldly mother let her
 maiden charms be sold,
 To a miser, as hard and yellow as his hoard
 of shining gold.
 As in the park I met them on their
 cheerful morning ride,
 As she snarled at her henpecked husband
 who was crouching by her side,
 I thought in the dust of the pathway, "I
 have the best of you yet!"
 Far better the dream of a fadeless love in
 the breath of the mignonette,

And little Alice and Mabel, and the child-
 ren that might have been,
 Come dancing out on the paper at a twirl
 of the magic pen,—
 Not a horrid boy among them, but a bevy
 of little girls
 With great brown eyes, love shining, 'mid
 a halo of golden curls.
 They never grow old or naughty; and in
 them I fail to see
 The slightest fault or taint of sin which
 could have been charged to me
 They are mine, all mine forever!
 No lover to them can come,
 To steal away their loving hearts to grace
 a doubtful home.
 And so, when the tender evening or morn-
 ing with dew is wet,
 I dream of my vanished darlings in the
 breath of the mignonette.

GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

GOLD.

GOLD! gold! gold! gold!
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
 Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
 Heavy to get, and light to hold;
 Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
 Spurned by the young, but hugged by the
 old
 To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
 Price of many a crime untold;
 Gold! gold! gold! gold!
 Good or bad a thousand-fold!
 How widely its agencies vary,—
 To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,—
 As even its minted coins express,
 Now stamped with the image of good
 Queen Bess,
 And now of a Bloody Mary.

THOMAS HOOD.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a patient mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But the lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;

For my inmost heart is taught "the truth,"
That makes Thy children "free,"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

A. L. WARING.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

YE sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts re-
solved
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate
raise;
The dogs of war, let loose are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruving.
To arms! to arms! ye brave.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee!
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

FRIENDSHIP.

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
 The surging sea outweighs;
 The world uncertain comes and goes,
 The lover rooted stays.
 I fancied he was fled,—
 And, after many a year,
 Glowed unexhausted kindness,
 Like daily sunrise there.
 My careful heart was free again;
 O friend, my bosom said,
 Through thee alone the sky is arched,
 Through thee the rose is red;
 All things through thee take nobler form,
 And look beyond the earth;
 The mill-round of our fate appears
 A sun-path in thy worth.
 Me too thy nobleness has taught
 To master my despair;
 The fountains of my hidden life
 Are through thy friendship fair.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling
 bird,
 That wantons through the flowering
 thorn;
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return.
 Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
 And, fondly, sae did I o' mine
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover stole my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE GREENWOOD.

O, WHEN 't is summer weather,
 And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
 The waters clear is humming round,
 And the cuckoo sings unseen,
 And the leaves are waving green,—
 O, then 'tis sweet,
 In some retreat,
 To hear the murmuring dove,
 With those whom on earth alone we love,
 And to wind through the greenwood to-
 gether.

But when 't is winter weather,
 And crosses grieve,
 And friends deceive,
 And rain and sleet
 The lattice beat,—
 O, then 'tis sweet
 To sit and sing
 Of the friends with whom, in the days of
 spring,
 We roamed through the greenwood together

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

HUMILITY.

THY home is with the humble, Lord!
 The simplest are the best;
 Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
 Thou makest there Thy rest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
 If Thou wilt stay with me,
 Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
 I'll build a house for Thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine
 But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
 Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
 And let it be Thy rest!

ANONYMOUS.

"NIGGER MIGHTY HAPPY."

Hog start a-runnin' when de overseer
callin';
Whipperwill holler when de jew-draps
fallin';
Duck keep a-quakin' when de hard rain
po'in';
Crows flock togedder when de young corn
growin';
Pig gwine to squeal when de milk-maid
churnin';
Nigger mighty happy when de blackber-
ries turnin'!

Squ'el go to jumpin' when de scaly-barks
comin';
Bee-martin sail when de honey-bee hum-
min';
Lean horse nicker when de pumpkin-vine
spreadin';
Rabbit back his ear when de cabbage-stalk
headin';
Rooster start a-crowin' when de broad day
breakin';
Nigger mighty happy when de hoe-cake
bakin';

Big fish flutter when he done cotch de
cricket;
Bullfrog libely when he singin' in de
thicket;
Mule git slicker when de plantin'-time
over;
Colt mighty ga'ly when you turn him in
de clover;
An' it come mighty handy to the nigger
man nater
When he soppin' in de gravy wid a big
yam 'tater!

Black-snake waitin' while de old hen
hatchin';
Sparrer-hawk lookin' while de little chick-
ens scratchin';
Big owl jolly when de little bird singin';
'Possum gwine to clam whar de ripe 'sim-
mons swingin';

Nigger mighty happy—ef he aint wuf a
dollar—

When he startin' out co'tin' wid a tall
stan'in' collar!

J. A. MACON.

SHAPING THE FUTURE.

WE shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side?

Oh, no! we live our life again;
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The picture's of the past remain—
Man's work shall follow him.

ANONYMOUS.

TO BE NO MORE.

To be no more—sad cure; for who would
lose

Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through
eternity,

To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?

JOHN MILTON.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
 Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean;
 I'm wearing awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
 There's neither could nor care, Jean,
 The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;
 Your task's ended noo, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith guid and fair, Jean:
 And oh, we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
 My soul lings to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal!
 Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
 This warld's care is vain, Jean;
 We'll meet and aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

CAROLINA, BARONESS NAIRN.

ENID'S SONG.

FROM "IDYLS OF THE KING."

TURN, fortune, turn thy wheel and lower
 the proud:
 Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine,
 storm and cloud;
 Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor
 hate.

Turn, fortune, turn thy wheel with smile
 or frown;
 With that wild wheel we go not up or
 down;
 Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many
 lands;
 Frown and we smile the lords of our own
 hands;
 For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring
 crowd;
 Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the
 cloud;
 Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor
 hate.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
 Will ye give it up to slaves?
 Will ye look for greener graves,
 Hope ye mercy still?
 What's the mercy despots feel?
 Hear it in that battle peal,
 Read it on yon bristling steel,
 Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
 Will ye to your *homes* retire?
 Look behind you,—they're afire!
 And before you, see
 Who have done it! From the vale
 On they come—and will ye quail?
 Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
 Die we may,—and die we must:
 But, O where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
 As where heaven its dews shall shed
 On the martyred patriot's bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell?

JOHN PIERPONT.

MY DAUGHTER AND THE DAISIES.

I GAVE my little girl back to the daisies,
From them it was that she took her name;
I gave my precious one back to the daisies
From where they caught their color she
came;

And now when I look in the face of a
daisy,
My little girl's face I see, I see!
My tears, down dropping, with theirs com-
mingle,
And they give me my precious one back
to me.

GEORGE HOUGHTON.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THOU wast not born for death, immortal
bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was
heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown,—
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a
path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when
sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the
foam

Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

JOHN KEATS.

RISE AND LABOR. "

I HAD drank with lips unsated
Where the founts of pleasure burst,
I had hewn out broken cisterns,
But they mocked my spirit's thirst;
And I said life is a desert
Hot, and measureless and dry,

And God will not give me water,
Though I thirst and pant and die!

Spoke there then a friend and brother:
"Rise and roll the stone away,
There are wells of life up springing
To thy pathway every day."

But I said: "My lips are sinful,
Very sinful in my speech,
And the wells of God's salvation
Are too deep for me to reach."

Then he answered "Rise and labor,
Doubt and Idleness are Death,
Shape thee out a goodly vessel
With the strong hand of thy faith."

Then I rose and shaped a vessel
And knelt lowly, humbly, there
And I drew up living water,
By the golden chain of prayer.

ANONYMOUS.

CUI BONO?

WHAT is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet:
'Tis not here—still yonder, yonder;
Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore:
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives and fights and frets:
Demanding all, deserving nothing,
One small grave is all he gets.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

WRITTEN IN HOSPITAL, WHILE LYING
MORTALLY WOUNDED AT CHICKA-
MAUGA.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."—*Shakespeare.*

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark, Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O Queen, support me!
Hush thy sobs, and bow thine ear!
Hearken to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow.
Hear, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere his star fades quite away,
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away!

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her, say the gods have told me,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile;

Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell!
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra! Rome!—farewell!

WILLIAM H. LYTLE.

LONG TIME AGO.

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow:
Dwelt a maid beloved and cherished,
By high and low;
But with Autumn's leaf she perished
Long time ago!

Rock and tree, and flowing water,
Long time ago!
Bee and bird, and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know!
While to my fond words she listened,
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened,
Long time ago!

Can I now forget her? Never!
No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given
Ever to flow;
She's the star I missed from heaven
Long time ago.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.



LONG TIME AGO.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS!

My mind to me a kingdom is!
 Such present joy therein I find
 That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind;
 Though much I want which most would
 have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

I see how plenty suffers oft,
 And hasty climbers soon do fall;
 I see that those which are aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all.
 They get with toil, they keep with fear;
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay;
 I seek no more than may suffice;
 I press to bear no haughty sway;
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
 I little have, and seek no more:
 They are but poor though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store:
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lack, I leave; they pine, I live!

I laugh not at another's loss;
 I grudge not at another's gain;
 No worldly waves my mind can toss;
 My state at one doth still remain.
 I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
 I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lu
 Their wisdom by their rage of will;
 Their treasure is their only trust,
 A cloaked craft their store of skill;
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
 My conscience clear my choice defence

I neither seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by deceit to breed offence:
 Thus do I live, thus will I die:
 Would that all did so well as I!

SIR EDWARD DYER.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

LET us go, lassie, go,
 To the braes o' Balquhither,
 Where the blae-berries grow,
 'Mang the bonny Highland heather;
 Where the deer and the roe,
 Lightly bounding together,
 Sport the lang summer day
 On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
 By the clear siller fountain.
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flowers of the mountain;
 I will range through the wilds
 And the deep glens sae drearie,
 And return wi' the spoils
 To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the linn
 On the night-breeze is swelling,
 So merrily we'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 Till the dear sheiling ring
 Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer's in prime
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
 And the wild mountain thyme
 A' the moorlands perfuming;
 To our dear native scenes
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls !

I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above ;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose ;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before !
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this
prayer !
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the
most fair,
The best-beloved Night !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LA BELLE AMERICAINE.

'Tis very sweet to sit and gaze, dear girl,
On thy fair face,
As glowing as a crimson-shaded pearl
Or lightèd vase.
Young beauty brightens, like an Eden-
dream,
On thy pure cheek,
And joy and love from every feature seem
To breathe and speak.

I love to kneel in worship to the Sprite
In thy dark eyes,
Dark as the fabled Stygian stream, and
bright

As Paradise.

Not oft the radiance of such eyes is given
To light our way ;

And oh, to me there's not a star in heaven
So bright as they.

I've known thee but a few brief days, and
yet

Thou wilt remain

An image of undying beauty, set
On heart and brain.

Each thought, each dream of thee, fair girl,
will seem

Mid toil and strife,

A pure white lily swaying on the stream
Of this dark life.

The months will pass, the flowers will soon
be bright

On plain and hill.

And the young birds, with voices of delight,
The woodlands fill ;

Oh, in that fairy season thou shalt be—
'Mid budding bowers—

My heart's young May-queen, and I'll twine
for thee

The Heart's wild flowers.

GEO. D. PRENTICE.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern :
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the ferns,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges ;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river ;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles:
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

TO VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honor,
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y' are the Maiden Posies,
And so graced,
To be placed,
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And, after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide,
Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

MARY ANN.

SHE is right weary of her days,
 Her long lone days of dusty kneeling;
 And yet "The thoughts o' you," she says,
 "Has took away my tired feeling."
 "For when I've done the room," she says,
 "And cleaned it all from floor to ceiling,
 A-leaning on my broom," she says,
 "I *do* have such a tired feeling!"

But he, the other laborer,
 Has left behind his moorland shieling,
 And comes at last to comfort her,
 Because he knows her "tired feeling."

"I know'd you was to come," she says,
 "For why? I see'd the swallows wheel-
 ing;
 And that's a sign to me, I says,
 "I soon shall lose my tired feeling."

"I'll ax my Misses leave, I says;
 I canna work; my heart wants healing:
 She gave it me, and smiles and says,
 'Well *that'll* cure your tired feeling.'

"And so it will. For days and days
 I'm strong again and fit for kneeling;
 The thoughts o' seeing you," she says,
 "Has took away my tired feeling."

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

—

"I KNOW A LITTLE GARDEN
 CLOSE."

I know a little garden close
 Set thick with lily and red rose,
 Where I would wander if I might
 From dewy morn till dewy night
 And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing,
 And though no pillared house is there,
 And though the apple boughs are bare
 Of fruit and blossom, would to God
 Her feet upon the green grass trod,
 And I beheld them as before.

There comes a murmur from the shore
 And in the place two fair streams are,
 Drawn from the purple hills afar
 Drawn down unto the restless sea;
 The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee,
 The shore no ship has ever seen,
 Still beaten by the billows green,
 Whose murmur comes unceasingly
 Unto the place for which I cry,

For which I cry both day and night
 For which I let slip all delight,
 That maketh me both deaf and blind,
 Careless to win, unskilled to find,
 And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am and weak,
 Still have I left a little breath
 To seek within the jaws of death
 An entrance to that happy place,
 To seek the unforgotten face
 Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me
 Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

—

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF
 THE DEEP.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
 I lay me down in peace to sleep;
 Secure I rest upon the wave,
 For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.

I know thou wilt not slight my call,
 For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
 Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
 Or though the tempest's fiery breath
 Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!

In ocean's caves still safe with Thee,
 The germ of immortality;
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA WILLARD.

HALF-WAY IN LOVE.

You have come, then; how very clever!
 I thought you would scarcely try;
 I was doubtful myself—however,
 You have come, and so have I.

How cool it is here, and pretty!
 You are vexed; I'm afraid I'm late;
 You've been waiting—O what a pity!
 And it's almost half past eight.

So it is; I can hear it striking
 Out there in the gray church tower
 Why, I wonder at your liking
 To wait for me half an hour!

I am sorry; what have you been doing
 All the while down here by the pool?
 Do you hear that wild dove cooing?
 How pleasant here, and cool!

How that elder piles and masses
 Her great blooms snowy-sweet;
 Do you see through the serried grasses
 The forget-me-nots at your feet?

And the fringe of flags that encloses
 The water; and how the place
 Is alive with pink dog-roses,
 Soft-colored like your face?

You like them? Shall I pick one
 For a badge and coin of June?
 They are lovely, but they prick one,
 And they always fade so soon.

Here's your rose! I think love like this
 That buds between two sighs,
 And flowers between two kisses,
 And when it's gathered dies.

It were surely a grievous thing, love,
 That love should fade in one's sight;
 It were better, surely, to fling love
 Off while its bloom is bright.

The frail life will not linger—
 Best throw the rose away;
 Though the thorns, having scratched one's
 finger,
 Will hurt for half a day.

What! you'd rather keep it, and see it
 Fade and its petals fall?
 If you will, why, amen—so be it!
 You may be right, after all.

ANONYMOUS.

PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.

IN the merry month of May,
 In a morn by break of day,
 Forth I walked by the woodside,
 When as May was in his pride.
 There I spied, all alone,
 Phillida and Coridon.

Much ado there was, God wot!
 He would love, and she would not;
 She said, "never man was true;"
 He said, "none was false to you;"
 He said, he had loved her long;
 She said, "Love shall have no wrong."

Coridon would kiss her then;
 She said, "maids must kiss no men
 Till they did it for good and all;"
 Then she made the shepherd call
 All the heavens to witness truth,
 "Never loved a truer youth!"

Thus, with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
 Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not love abuse,
 Love, which had been long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded;
 And Phillida, with garlands gay,
 Was made the Lady of the May.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

A RHYME OF ONE.

You sleep upon your mother's breast,
 Your race begun,
 A welcome, long a wished-for guest,
 Whose age is One.

A baby-boy, you wonder why
 You cannot run;
 You try to talk—how hard you try!
 You're only One.

Ere long you won't be such a dunce;
 You'll eat your bun,
 And fly your kite, like folk, who once
 Were only One.

You'll rhyme and woo, and fight and joke,
 Perhaps you'll pun;
 Such feats are never done by folk
 Before they're One.

Some day, too, you may have your joy,
 And envy none;
 Yes, you, yourself, may own a boy
 Who isn't One.

He'll dance, and laugh, and crow, he'll do
 As you have done;
 (You crown a happy home, tho' you
 Are only One).

But when he's grown shall you be here
 To share his fun,
 And talk of days when he (the dear!)
 Was hardly one?

Dear child, 'tis your poor lot to be
 My little son;
 I'm glad, though I am old, you see—
 While you are One.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,

Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!
 Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud;
 Love gives it energy—love gave it birth!
 Where, on thy dewy wing—
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless grace,
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling
 place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm yet eloquent
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

LORD BYRON.

THE OLD DAME'S PRAYER.

Ah, dark were the days of winter
On the Pomeranian strand;
The snow fell fast in the wintry blast,
And foes were in the land.

It was in a humble cottage,
Apart from the village street,
An old dame spun by the fire and sung,
And the words were truthful and sweet;

"And what though the foe assail us,
We need not faint nor fear,
For God in their need can build with speed
A wall round His people dear."

A step is heard in the doorway;
'Tis the widow's only son,
Who with moody brow is entering now,
When his long day's toil is done.

"Mother, the Cossacks are on us,
The cruel and ruthless foe;
With the beat of drum I heard them come
Through the wind and the driving snow.

"Plunder and rapine and murder
Go with them hand in hand.
The psalms that you sing will no succor
bring;
God has forsaken the land."

"Fear not, my son," said the mother.
"For God, who reigneth on high,
Can scatter this host like leaves in frost,
And save us from danger high.

"Nor dread, although they be coming
With drum and with trumpet sound:
The Lord at our need can build with speed
A wall to compass us round."

"Fond is the fancy, my mother;
For wonders are done no more.
Ere an hour can pass they'll be here, alas!
To plunder our little store."

"Build, Lord, a rampart around us;
Stretch forth Thy mighty arm!"
Was all that she said, as she knelt and
prayed—
"Shield, Lord, and save us from harm!"

By the glare of the enemy's trumpets,
Borne on the wintry blast,
By the roll of the drum, she knew they had
come,
And the tramp of their feet as they
passed.

Thick and fast fell the snow flakes,
Wild blew the wintry blast;
Dark was the night—not a star shed its
light—
And slowly the hours went past.

Sounds were heard on the midnight,
Wailing of bitter woe,
That told in their rage, nor childhood nor
age
Were spared by the pitiless foe.

"Build, Lord, a rampart around us!"
Meekly the mother prayed,
And the drifting snow on the fields below
A wall round the cottage made.
And ere night was done it was clear to the
son
That the hand of the Lord was there.

Noon came. The sun at the dawning
Shone, but they saw him not;
And no foeman's eye through the snow-
drifts high
Had lit on their tiny cot.

Later, when winter was over,
The Cossacks gone from the land,
No cot was seen like the dame's, I ween,
On the Pomeranian strand.

For the peace of God was upon it,
No longer with moody brow

Did the widow's son, when his work was
done,

Enter the cottage now.

He had learned the faith of his mother;
He knew that the Father's arm
Could build at their need a wall with speed
To shelter His people from harm.

M. E. TRAQUAIR.

AFFINITY.

You came to me by ways that love has
shown you,
Emerging radiant from the vast un-
known;
You came to me, and I did not disown you,
But with wild kisses clasped you for my
own.

You claimed me in the tumult where you
found me,
'Mid toil, and strife, and laughter—yet
alone;
I felt the spell your presence threw around
me—
I knew you mine—you knew me for
your own.

Dark were the shadows which my soul
surrounded,
And deep as night ere yet the stars had
shown.
But bright as dawn when morning first
was sounded
You gleamed on me, my morning star,
my own.

As a proud city to some waste transplanted
By magic, and for ages still as stone,
My spirit lay in woeful trance enchanted
Till waked by you, who sought me for
your own.

Yet o'er that trance swept prophecies mys-
terious,

I knew you when you came—your look,
your tone;
I knew those eyes whose glance made
Hope delirious—
Those haunting eyes, so long a dream—
my own.

It was no frenzy of a brain sick fever,
No phantom from a sickly fancy thrown
Which bade me to your sovereign claim
deliver
My heart—my soul—my being—all
your own.

Ah, me! the Past is one strange allegory,
By sibyl years disclosed as they have
flown,
Whose science now I read in passing story,
Our blended loves tell with each throb—
my own.

In spiced Arabian isles, far mystic ocean,
From whence to us Sabæan airs have
flown—
Our river bears us, rapt in sweet emotion,
Your mine in all, and I in all—your own.

Yet why, I know not, yearned my spirit to
you,
Nor why for you it kept a vacant throne;
I only know it came, and that I knew you
By Love's authentic token—for my own!

ANONYMOUS.

I WONDER.

I WONDER if ever a song was sung,
But the singer's heart sang sweeter?
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung,
But the thought surpassed the meter?
I wonder if ever the sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his inmost
thought?
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost soul betrayed?

ANONYMOUS.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE
LUTE.

MENAPHON AND AMETHUS.

MENAPHON. Passing from Italy to
Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet com-
panions
Than the old inmates to my love, my
thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing conten-
tion,
That art and nature ever were at strife in.
AMETHUS. I cannot yet conceive what
you infer
By art and nature.
MEN. I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or
rather
Indeed, entranced my soul: As I stole
nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his
lute,
With strains of strange variety and har-
mony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a chal-
lenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the
birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood
silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I won-
dered too.

AMET. And so do I; good! on.

MEN. A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she
sung her own;

He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to; for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear
again.

AMET. How did the rivals part?

MEN. You term them rightly;
For they were rivals, and their mistress,
Harmony.

Some time thus spent, the young man grew
at last

Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods,
or notes,

Should vie with him for mastery, whose
study

Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
'That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

AMET. Now for the bird.

MEN. The bird, ordained to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds: which, when her
warbling throat
Failed in, for grief, down dropped she on
his lute,

And brake her heart! It was the quaint-
est sadness,

To see the conqueror upon her hearse,
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
That trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
My own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.

AMET. I believe thee.

MEN. He looked upon the trophies of
his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then
sighed and cried:

'Alas poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it:
Henceforth, this lute, guilty of innocent
blood,

Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end: and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stepped in.

AMET. Thou hast discoursed
A truth of mirth and pity.

JOHN FORD

TAKE TIME FOR LOVE.

What is the use of this impetuous haste?
The end is certain, let us take our time,
And hoard the vital forces that we waste
Before our day has reached its golden
prime.

What is the use of rushing with spent
breath
After old age, its furrows, its white hair?
Why need we hurry so to welcome Death?
Or go half-way, with hands stretched out to
Care?

There is no use, dear heart; if we but wait
All things will find us. Let us pause, I
say:

We cannot go beyond the silent gate
That lies a short day's journey down the
way.

Let us take our time in Youth's fair bow-
ers—

The summer season is so brief at best,
Let us look on the stars, and pluck the
flowers—

And, when our feet grow weary, let us rest.

Let us take time for love and its delight;
It is the one sweet thing that pays for all
The bitterness of life, for sorrows blight,
For pain's despair, and death's funereal pall.

In that lost era when the world was new
Love was men's first pursuit and life's ex-
cuse.

Now has that time come back to me and
you:

Why should we seek for more? What is
the use?

ELLA WHEELER.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew
Summon Clan-Conuil!
Come away, come away—
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded!
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster—
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come—
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Kneel for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"DIEM PERDIDI."

Through the dim chambers of my secret
soul

A strange ghost wanders;
As one who has o'er all it sees control,
It walks and ponders.

Sometimes where gay and subtle fancies
fare

It shows its features,
And straight the bright things vanish in
thin air—
Elusive creatures!

Sometimes it fills my trembling heart with
dread

Of the to-morrow,
To see the wraith of what I thought was
dead
Its likeness borrow.

And yet, and yet I cannot bid it go
From me for ever;
It were so sad if I, with all its woe,
Could see it never.

For it was once filled up with a delight,
A passing pleasure,
Which, though in truth it left my soul less
white,
Was mine to treasure.

So just to give this formless thing a name
Must bring me sadness,
Since it no more can know Life's glowing
flame
And fragrant gladness.

For 't is the spirit of my yesterday
That restless wanders,
And, spite of all the prayers my lips can
say,
In silence ponders.

Of yesterday, o'er which all men repine
With bitter grieving,

Because it took away some joy divine,
Some firm believing.

Still yesterday—a loss without an end
Each day another,
That leaves behind one more frail hope to
tend,
Of grief to smother.

But sometimes in a recompense of pain
And vain endeavor,
Our sweetest yesterdays we shall regain
To keep forever.

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

NOT OURS THE VOWS.

Nor ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are
bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have looked as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer;
And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,
Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

BERNARD BARTON.

IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY
LOVE.

IF thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when at morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor mild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they
say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

REGINALD HEBER.

THE THRONE OF LOVE.

THE throne of Love is in my lady's eyes,
Whence everything she looks on is en-
nobled;

On her all eyes are turned, where'er she
moves,

And his heart palpitates whom she salutes,
So that, with countenance cast down and
pale,

Conscious unworthiness his sighs express;
Anger and pride before her presence fly,
Oh, aid me, gentle dames, to do her honor!
All sweetness springs, and every humble
thought,

Within the heart of him who hears her
speak;

And happy may be deemed who once hath
seen her.

What she appears when she doth gently
smile

Tongue cannot tell nor memory retain, --
So beauteous is the miracle and new!

GABRIEL DANTE.

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE.

THE might of one fair face sublimed my
love,

For it hath weaned my heart from low de-
sires;

Nor death I need, nor purgatorial fires;

Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,

Instructs me in the bliss that saints ap-
prove;

For oh, how good, how beautiful must be
The God that made so good a thing as
thee,

So fair an image of the heavenly Dove!

Forgive me if I cannot turn away

From those sweet eyes that are my earthly
heaven,

For they are guiding stars benignly given

To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;

And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,

I live and love in God's peculiar light.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

"WAKE NOW, MY LOVE AWAKE."

FROM THE EPITHALAMIUM.

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time;
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious
head.

Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant
their lays,

And carol of Love's praise.

The merry lark her matins sings aloft;

The thrush replies; the mavis descant
plays;

The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles
soft;

So goodly all agree; with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.

Ah! my dear love! why do you sleep thus
long,

When meeter were that thou should'st now
awake,

T' await the coming of your joyous mate,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned
song,

The dewy leaves among!

For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their
echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed
were

With darksome cloud, now shew their
goodly beams

More bright than Hesperus his head doth
rear.

Come now, ye damsels, daughters of de-
light,

Help quickly her to dight.

But first come, ye fair Hours, which were
begot

In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and
Night;

Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all, that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and still repair:

And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian
Queen,

The which do still adorn her beauty's pride
Help to adorn thy beautifullest bride;

And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;

And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The while the woods shall answer, and
your echo ring,

Now is my love all ready forth to come;

Let all the virgins therefore well await;

And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her
groom,

Prepare yourselves, for he is coming
straight.

Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:

The joyfullest day that ever sun did see.

Fair Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,

And let thy lifeiful heat not fervent be,

For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.

O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse!

If ever I did honor Thee aright,

Or sing the thing that might Thy mind de-
light,

Do not Thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.

Then I thy sovereign praises loud will
sing,

That all the woods shall answer, and their
echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly
pace,

Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,

Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best,
So well it her beseems, that ye would
ween

Some angel she had been.

Her long loose yellow locks, like golden
wire,

Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers
atween,

Do like a golden mantle her attire;
 And being crowned with a garland green,
 Seem like some maiden queen,
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
 So far from being proud.
 Natheless do ye still loud her praises sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their
 echo ring.

EDMUND SPENSER.

A VALENTINE.

WHEN evening spreads her mantle wide,
 And calls each weary laborer home,
 I turn from care and toil aside,
 And bid my roving fancies roam,
 My loved one's matchless form I see;
 I think of her who thinks of me.

Though time should keep us long apart,
 And stormy seas should roll between,
 Full well I know that faithful heart,
 Though distant far, unchanged has been.
 Regardless of the raging sea,
 I think of her who thinks of me.

Should sleep proclaim her gentle power,
 And bid my wandering fancies rest,
 E'en at the silent midnight hour
 Her smile is seen, her hand is pressed,
 For in the chains of slumber free,
 I dream of her who dreams of me.

The busy, changing world around
 Holds many a gem of beauty rare,
 And captive hearts are daily bound
 In fetters by the conquering fair.
 But this alike unmoved I see—
 I love but her who loves but me.

Should He who rules in Heaven above
 Be pleased to spare my worthless life,
 No earthly cause shall change my love—
 No other maid shall be my wife.
 Each plighted vow shall honored be—
 live for her who lives for me.

And should the same Almighty power
 In wisdom call me hence away,
 Then shall that dark and trying hour
 Bear witness to the words I say—
 My latest prayer on earth shall be
 A prayer for her who prays for me.

DR. A. E. JAMIESON.

TREASURES AT HOME.

YE tradeful merchants, that with weary
 toil
 Do seek most precious things to make
 your gain,
 And both the Indies of their treasure spoil,
 What needeth you to seek so far in vain:

For lo! my love doth in herself contain
 All this world's riches that may far be
 found!
 If sapphires, lo! her eyes be sapphires
 plain;
 If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies sound.

If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and
 round;
 If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
 If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
 If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen;
 But that which fairest is, but few behold,—
 Her mind, adorned with virtues manifold!

EDMUND SPENSER.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

GARDEN SCENE.

ROMEO. He jests at scars that never felt
a wound.—

But, soft! what light through yonder win-
dow breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than
she;

Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; Oh! it is my love;
O that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What
of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.—
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks;
Two of the fairest stars of all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they re-
turn.

What if her eyes were there, they in her
head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame
those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in
heaven

Would through the airy region stream so
bright,

The birds would sing, and think it were not
night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her
hand!

O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET. Ah me.

ROM. She speaks.

Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my
head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JUL. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art
thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROM. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak
at this?

JUL. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague,
What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot.
Nor arm, nor face—nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other
name!

What's in a name? That which we call a
rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet,
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo
called,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself;

ROM. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptised,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JUL. What man art thou, that thus, be-
screened in night,

So stumblest on my counsel?

ROM. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Had I it written I would tear the word.

JUL. My ears have not yet drank a hun-
dred words

Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the
sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROM. Neither, fair saint, if either thee
dislike.

JUL. How can'st thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to
climb;

And the place death, considering who thou
art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROM. With love's light wings did I o'er-
perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love at-
tempt:

Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder
thee.

ROM. Alack! there lies more peril in
thine eyes
Than twenty of their swords; look thou
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

JUL. I would not for the world they saw
thee here.

ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me
from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me
here;

My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JUL. By whose direction found'st thou
out this place?

ROM. By love, that first did prompt me
to inquire:

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the farthest
sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

JUL. Thou know'st the mask of night is
on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my
cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak
to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain
deny

What I have spoke—but farewell compli-
ment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say
—Ay!

And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou
swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false: at lovers' per-
juries,

They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo!

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay
So thou wilt woo: but, else, not for the
world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my 'hav-
ior light;

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more
true

Than those that have more coying to be
strange.

I should have been more strange, I must
confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROM. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I
swear,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.

JUL. O swear not by the moon, the in-
constant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROM. What shall I swear by?

JUL. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROM. If my heart's dear love—

JUL. Well, do not swear. Although I joy
in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to
be,

Ere one can say, It lightens! Sweet, good
night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening
breath,

May prove a beauteous flower, when next
we meet.

Good-night, good-night—as sweet repose
and rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my
breast!

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

DIONYSIUS THE PEDAGOGUE.

PRISON OF LA FORCE, 1829.

KICK'd out, in scorn, from Syracuse,
 King Dionysius stray'd
 To Corinth, where he fain must choose
 'Twixt starving and a trade.
 On that of schoolmaster he fix'd,
 Whereby, with tyranny unmix'd,
 To pow'r he still could cling,
 Tax and oppress to heart's content.
 History proves that banishment
 Could never change a king.

He claim'd from ev'ry urchin's lunch
 (On pain of fearful thwacks)
 Of honey, nuts, and raisin-bunch,
 Three-fourths, by way of tax.
 "There, boys, in grateful homage fall,"
 He cried, "you know I've right to all,
 Yet do the gen'rous thing.
 Here! kiss our hands; we give consent."
 History proves that banishment
 Could never change a king.

A cunning dunce, upon his slate,
 Finish'd an ill-spelt scrawl,
 With "Perish those, O monarch great,
 Who, impious, caus'd thy fall!"
 This wins a prize; and, "Ah, my son!
 A sceptre's weight is much for one:
 Aid me in governing.
 Take thou my rod—and don't relent."
 History proves that banishment
 Could never change a king.

Another sneak came whisp'ringly,—
 "A boy there writing, lo!
 Some satire on your majesty,
 No doubt,—they're laughing so!"
 Swift with his cane the tyrant flew,
 Thump'd the accus'd to black and blue,
 And thus addressed the ring:
 "Henceforth *all* writing I prevent!"
 History proves that banishment
 Could never change a king.

He dreamt of strange conspiracies
 Against his sovereign sway;
 One day he saw his urchin's tease
 Two passers by the way.
 "Dear strangers, pray walk in," he cried,
 "Avenge my wrongs on ev'ry hide,
 Thrash till they writhe and sing.
 'Tis for their good—you've our consent."
 History proves that banishment
 Could never change a king.

Parents and friends at length outlash'd
 In one indignant cry;
 Their boys, they vowed, were overthrashed
 Again must Dion fly.
 Yet driven forth from home and school,
 To tax, mislead, oppress and rule,
 He saw a third chance spring;
 Into the priest-line Dion went.
 History proves that banishment
 Could never change a king.

DE BERANGER.

THANKSGIVING.

LORD, for the erring thought
 Not into evil wrought:
 Lord, for the wicked will
 Betrayed and baffled still:
 For the heart from itself kept,
 Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant nopes that were
 Broken to our blind prayer:
 For pain, death, sorrow, sent
 Unto our chastisement:
 For all loss of seeming good,
 Quickened our gratitude.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

HALF WAY.

Slow is the painful ascent up to fame,
 And few are the feet that clamber to the
 height;
 Ambitious throngs press at the mountain's
 base,
 Filled with the love of glory; and the path
 That shines above them in the morning
 light
 Seems beautiful, nor difficult to scale.

But further on, a little higher up,
 The easy slope grows broken, and so steep
 That careless feet slip back and lose their
 hold,
 And dizzy brains reel downward and are
 lost;
 And those who press on to the pausing
 place,
 A little higher, stand with weary limbs
 And aching hearts, just near enough to
 hear
 The sneers and hisses of the crowd below—
 The angry crowd that cannot climb at all,
 Or, having climbed, has fallen back again.

Half way they stand upon the mountain
 side,
 Where cold winds blow and loose rocks
 crumble down,
 And strange birds beat them with their
 wide, wild wings;
 No longer of the hurrying throng beneath,
 Not yet of that immortal few above,
 How lonely and how all alone are they!

Be not afraid, O toilers up the height!
 The gods are very near, though out of sight;
 They reach out helpful hands and say,
 "come higher."
 All earnest souls must climb if they aspire.

ELLA WHEELER

AS STARS LOOK ON THE SEA.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies
 Then most I pine for thee;
 Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
 As stars look on the sea—
 For thoughts, like waves that glide by
 night,
 Are stillest when they shine;
 Mine earthly love lies hushed in light,
 Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
 Familiar watch o'er men;
 When coarser souls are wrap'd in sleep—
 Sweet spirit meet me then.
 There is an hour when holy dreams,
 Through slumber, fairest glide,
 And in that mystic hour it seems
 Thou should'st be by my side.

The thoughts of thee too sacred are
 For daylight's common dream;
 I can but know thee as my star,
 My angel, and my dream.
 When stars are in the quiet skies,
 Then most I pine for thee;
 Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
 As stars look on the sea.

E. L. BULWER.

A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day;
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And breathed the long, long night away,
 In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She passed through glory's morning-gate,
 And walked in Paradise!

JAMES ALDRICH.

A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew
 Shed from the bosom of the morn
 Into the blowing roses,
 Yet careless of its mansion new,
 For the clear region where 'twas born,
 Round in itself encloses;
 And in its little globe's extent
 Frames, as it can, its native element.
 How it the purple flower does slight,
 Scarce touching where it lies!
 But, gazing back upon the skies,
 Shines with a mournful light,
 Like its own tear,
 Because so long divided from the sphere.
 Restless it rolls and insecure,
 Trembling, lest it grow impure;
 Till the warm sun pities its pain
 And to the skies exhales it back aga

So the soul, that drop, that ray
 Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
 Could it within the human flower be seen,
 Remembering still its former height
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms
 green,
 And, recollecting its own light,
 Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, ex-
 press
 The greater heaven in a heaven less.
 In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away;
 So the world excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the day;
 Dark beneath, but bright above;
 Here disdaining, there in love.
 How loose and easy hence to go;
 How girt and ready to ascend;
 Moving but on a point below,
 It all about does upwards bend.
 Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
 White and entire, although congeal'd and
 chill;
 Congeal'd on earth; but does, dissolving,
 run
 Into the glories of th' almighty sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE'S
FAREWELL.

WE part on this green islet, love,
 Thou for the eastern main,
 I for the setting sun, love,
 Ah, when to meet again.

My heart is sad for thee, love,
 For lone thy way will be;
 And oft thy tears will fall, love,
 For thy children and for me.

The music of thy daughter's voice
 Thou'lt miss for many a year,
 And the merry shout of thine elder boys
 Thou'lt list in vain to hear.

When we knelt to see our Henry die,
 And heard his last, faint moan,
 Each wiped the tear from other's eye;
 Now each must weep alone.

My tears fall fast for thee, love:
 How can I say farewell!
 But go; thy God be with thee, love,
 Thy heart's deep grief to quell.

Yet my spirit clings to thine, love;
 Thy soul remains with me,
 And oft we'll hold communion sweet,
 O'er the dark and distant sea.

And who can paint our mutual joy,
 When, all our wanderings o'er,
 We both shall clasp our infants three,
 At home, on Burmah's shore!

But higher shall our raptures glow,
 On yon celestial plain,
 When the lov'd and parted here below
 Meet, ne'er to part again.

Then gird thine armor on, love,
 Nor faint thou by the way,
 Till Boodh shall fall, and Burmah's sons
 Shall own Messiah's sway.

MRS. ADONIRAM JUDSON.

THERE COMES A GALLEY SAILING

THERE comes a galley sailing
With amplest cargo stored;
It bears God's Son most loving,
The Lord's Eternal Word.

That galley, calmly floating,
Bears freight of priceless cost;
Love is the sail that wafts it,
Its mast the Holy Ghost.

The earth now holds the anchor,
The ship to land hath won;
God's Word our flesh hath taken,
To mankind comes the Son.

In Bethlehem an infant,
Born in a manger-stall,
He gives Himself to save us;
Then praise Him, one and all.

And whoso seeks that Infant,
In loving clasp to hold,
Must first with Him bear anguish,
And sorrows manifold.

And then with Jesus dying,
Again with Jesus rise,
An heir of life eternal,
Where Jesus gives the prize.

JOHN TAULER.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEET- ING SHOW.

THIS world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;

And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's
bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers o'er a stormy sea,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

THOMAS MOORE.

ST. AGNES' EVE.

DEEP on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven like vapor goes;
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord;
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back, and far within

For me the heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
 The Sabbaths of Eternity,
 One Sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea—
 The Bridegroom with his bride!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

FOUR seasons fill the measure of the year;
 There are four seasons in the mind of man;
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty in an easy span;
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously
 Spring's honeyed cud of youthful thought
 he loves

To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
 Is nearest unto heaven; quiet coves
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
 He furlth close; contented so to look
 On mists in idleness—to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
 He has his Winter, too, of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

JOHN KEATS.

THE DOOR BETWEEN.

I KNOW that it was my own hand that shut
 it,
 And locked it—but I threw away the
 key,
 And so the door can never more be opened
 That stands so grimly betwixt you and
 me.

Though sometimes I have fancied that I
 heard you
 Pleading and knocking on the other side,

I would not answer, for my heart was
 sullen,
 And made so cruel by my wounded
 pride.
 And there are hours when I have knelt
 beside it,
 Nigh to death for just one word from
 you;
 And you in turn were proud and would
 not answer,
 For anything that I could say or do.

And sometimes, when I lie 'twixt sleep
 and waking,
 I think the door swings back to let you
 in,
 But when I spring to give you eager wel-
 come,
 I only meet the ghost of What Has
 Been!

And often in my sleep my heart is asking
 "Where is the key? Alas! Where is
 the key?"
 And I arise and vainly try to open
 The closed door that is 'twixt you and
 me!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

"GOOD MORNING."

LIFE! we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy
 weather;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time;
 Say not "Good-Night," but in some bright-
 er clime
 Bid me "Good-Morning."

ANNIE LETITIA BARBAULD.

THE ETERNAL YEARS.

How shalt thou bear the Cross that now
 So dread a weight appears?
 Keep quietly to God, and think
 Upon the eternal years.

Austerity is little help,
 Although it somewhat cheers;
 Thine oil of gladness is the thought
 Of the Eternal Years.

Set hours and written rule are good
 Long prayer can lay our fears:
 But it is better calm for thee
 To count the Eternal Years.

Rites are as balm unto the eyes,
 God's word unto the ears:
 But He will have thee rather brood
 Upon the Eternal Years.

Full many things are good for souls
 In proper times and spheres;
 Thy present good is in the thought
 Of the Eternal Years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
 Though meekness it appears;
 More humbling is it far for thee
 To face the Eternal Years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
 Chiding thy scrupulous fears;
 Learn to be real, from the thought
 Of the Eternal Years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
 Nor be ashamed of tears;
 Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
 Sing of the Eternal Years.

Thy Cross is quite enough for thee
 Though little it appears;
 For there is hid in it the weight
 Of the Eternal Years.

And knowst thou not how bitterness
 An ailing spirit cheers?

Thy medicine is the strengthening thought
 Of the Eternal Years.

One Cross can sanctify a soul,
 Late saints and ancient seers
 Were what they were, because they mused
 Upon the Eternal Years.

Pass not from flower to pretty flower;
 Time flies; and judgment nears;
 Go! make thy honey from the thought
 Of the Eternal Years.

Death will have rainbows round it, seen
 Through calm contrition's tears,
 If tranquil hope but trims her lamp
 At the Eternal Years.

Keep unconstrain'dly in this thought,
 Thy loves, hopes, smiles, and tears;
 Such prison-house thine heart will make
 Free of the Eternal Years.

A single practice long sustained
 A soul to God endears:
 This must be thine—to weigh the thought
 Of the Eternal Years.

He practices all virtue well,
 Who his own Cross reveres,
 And lives in the familiar thought
 Of the Eternal Years.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree,
 In bulk, doth make man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred
 year

To fall at last a log, dry, bald and sere:

A lily of a day

Is fairer far in May,

Although it fall and die that night

It was the plant and flower of light.

In small proportions we just beauties see;

And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

A LETTER TO MOTHER NATURE.

" You dear old Mother Nature, I am writing you a letter,
To let you know you ought to fix up things a little better.
The best of us will make mistakes—I thought perhaps if I
Should tell you how you might improve, you would be glad to try.

" I think you have forgotten, ma'am, that little girls and boys
Are fond of dolls and tops and sleds and balls and other toys;
Why didn't you—I wonder, now!—just take it in your head
To have such things all growing in a lovely garden bed?

" And then I should have planted (if it only had been me)
Some vines with little pickles, and a great big cooky tree;
And trees, besides, with gum-drops and caramels and things;
And lemonade should bubble up in all the little springs.

" I'd like to have the coasting and the skating in July,
When old Jack Frost would never get a single chance to try
To nip our cheeks and noses; and the Christmas trees should stand
By dozens, loaded!—in the woods!—now wouldn't that be grand?

" Ah! what a world it would have been! How could you, madam make
Such lots of bread and butter to so very little cake?
I'd have it just the other way and every one would see
How very, very, very, very nice my way would be.

" But, as I cannot do it, will you think of what I say—
And please, ma'am, *do* begin and alter things this very day—
And one thing more—on Saturdays don't send us any rain.
Good-bye. If I should think of something else, I'll write again."

SYDNEY DAYRE.

NINE TIMES ONE!

My little son, my little son,
You are nine years old to day;
And I've wondered and pondered, again and again,
For some wise kind words to say.

Nine years ago, a little child
You lay on your mother's breast;
And we were glad and blythe that day,
With a little bird in our nest.

You opened wide your little eys,
And you lifted your sweet young voice;
And there was light and music there,
That made us both rejoice.

Nine changeful years have quickly sped,
Since our baby boy was given;
And we look in your face to day, my boy,
And thank our Father in heaven.

Nine happy years, my little man,
Amid a world of toys;
Horses and waggons, ships and books,
Have made your little joys.

I take your hand in mine, my boy,
My little man of nine;
And pray that, that little head and heart,
May be filled with grace divine.

ELMO.

HEART'S EASE.

Of all the bonny buds that blow
 In bright or cloudy weather,
 Of all the flowers that come and go
 The whole twelve months together,
 This little purple pansy brings
 Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

I had a little lover once
 Who used to give me posies;
 His eyes were blue as hyacinths,
 His lips were red as roses,
 And everybody loved to praise
 His pretty looks and winsome ways.

The girls that went to school with me
 Made little jealous speeches,
 Because he brought me loyally
 His biggest plums and peaches,
 And always at the door would wait
 To carry home my books and slate.

"They couldn't see," with pout and fling,
 "The mighty fascination
 About that little snub nosed thing
 To win such admiration,
 A if there weren't a dozen girls
 With nicer eyes and longer curls."

And this I know as well as they
 And never could see clearly
 Why more than Marion or May
 I should be loved so dearly;
 So once I asked him why was this?
 He only answered with a kiss.

Until I teased him—"Tell me why?—
 I want to know the reason,"
 When from the garden bed close by
 (The pansies were in season)
 He plucked and gave a flower to me
 With sweet and simple gravity.

"The garden is in bloom," he said,
 With lilies pale and slender,
 With roses and verbenas red,
 And fuschias' purple splendor,

But over and above the rest,
 This little heart's ease suits me best."

"Am I your little heart's-ease then?"
 I asked with blushing pleasure;
 He answered "Yes! and yes again—
 Heart's-ease and dearest treasure;
 That the round world and all the sea
 Held nothing half so sweet as me!"

I listened with a proud delight,
 Too rare for words to capture,
 Nor ever dreamed what sudden blight
 Would come to chill my rapture
 Could I foresee the tender bloom
 Of pansies round a little tomb?

Life holds some stern experience,
 As most of us discover,
 And I've had other losses since
 I lost my little lover;
 But still this purple pansy brings
 Thoughts of saddest, sweetest things.

MARY E. BRADLEY.

GOD IS LOVE.

God is love: His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove:
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But His mercy waneth never,
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove;
 From the mist His brightness streameth,
 God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above.
 Everywhere His glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THAT NIGHT.

You and I, and that night, with its perfume
and glory!
The scent of the locusts—the light of the
moon;
And the violin weaving the waltzers a
story,
Enmeshing their feet in the web of the
tune,
Till their shadows uncertain
Reeled round on the curtain,
While under the trellis we drank in the
June.

Soaked through with the midnight the
cedars were sleeping,
Their shadowy tresses outlined in the
bright
Crystal, moon smitten mists, where the
fountain's heart, leaping
Forever, forever burst, full with delight;
And its lisp on my spirit
Fell faint as that near it
Whose love like a lily bloomed out in the
night.

O your glove was an odorous sachet of
blisses!
The breath of your fan was a breeze of
Cathay!
And the rose at your throat was a nest of
spilled kisses!
And the music!—in fancy I hear it to-
day,
As I sit here, confessing,
Our secret, and blessing
My rival who found us, and waltzed you
away.

ANONYMOUS.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the star of Bethelhem.

Once on the raging sea I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was
dark,
The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
The wind that tossed my foundering
bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethelhem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore.
The star!—the star of Bethelhem!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

ART thou a type of beauty or of power,
Of sweet enjoyment, or of disastrous sin?
For each thy name denoteth, Passion-
flower?

O no! thy pure corolla's depth within
We trace a holier symbol; yea, a sign
'Twixt God and man; a record of that hour
When the expiatory act divine
Cancelled that curse which was our mortal
dower,

It is the Cross! Never hath Psalmist's
tongue

Fitlier of hope to human frailty sung
Than this mute teacher in a floret's breast—
A star of guidance the wild woods among,
A page with more than lettered lore im-
prest,

A beacon to the havens of the blest.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

THE PASSAGE.

MANY a year is in its grave,
 Since I crossed this restless wave;
 And the evening, fair as ever,
 Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
 Sat two comrades old and tried—
 One with all a father's truth,
 One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
 And his grave in silence sought;
 But the younger, brighter form
 Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
 Back upon the days gone by,
 Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me
 Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
 But that soul with soul can blend?
 Soul-like were those hours of yore;
 Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
 Take, I give it willingly;
 For, invisible to thee,
 Spirits twain have crossed with me.

UDWIG UHLAND.

CALL TO THE FLOWERS.

Oh! daffodil open your balmy buds
 In ruffles of vivid gold;
 For softly the sweet rain spirits sigh
 For your blossoms to unfold;
 Oh! bravest bloom of the flow'ry throng
 The morn is here; though the night was
 long.

The cascade's silvery trumpet calls
 Oh! violet, sweet, awake!
 'Neath your wind-built tent of dead, brown
 leaves

Your long, deep slumber break;
 In a bower of your own bright leaves arise
 With your chalice blue as the April skies.

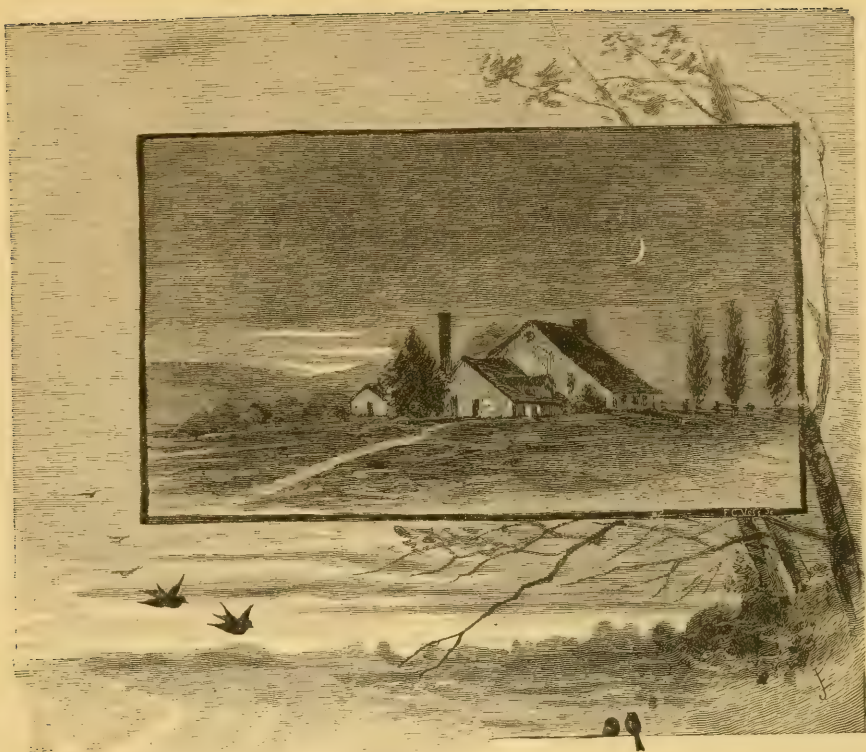
Oh! cowslip, lift your sunny head
 From under its leafy hood;
 The mellow music of south winds blows
 In the depths of the budding wood;
 And the breezy haunts of the bluebirds
 ring
 With the first rejoicing songs of spring.

The beautiful May will soon be here;
 The maples soon will burn
 With scarlet bloom, where the shadbush
 shows
 O'er shady banks of fern;
 There, darlings, awake from your winter
 dreams;
 To the call of the wind, the rain and
 streams.

TEARS.

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer
 not
 More grief than ye can weep for. That is
 well—
 That is light grieving! lighter none befell
 Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
 Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in
 its cot,
 The mother singing; at her marriage-bell
 The bride weeps, and before the oracle
 Of high-faned hills the poet has forgot
 Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God
 for grace,
 Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,
 Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place
 And touch but tombs,—look up! those tears
 will run
 Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
 And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



Evening Brings Us Home.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold ;
 The sweet young grasses wither on the wold ;
 And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold ;
 But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
 Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
 Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks ;
 But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
 Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
 Their pitiful complaints ; oh, rest is sweet
 When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts ;
 Our eyes are heavy, and our hearts
 Search for Thy coming ; when the light departs
 At evening bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
 Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.
 Without Thy lamp we know not where we are ;
 At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken.
 O Thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
 In the waste night : our tardy footsteps quicken ;
 At evening bring us home. ANON.

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